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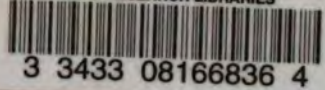
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THE

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

DEVOTED TO

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SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES,  
AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c. &c.

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VOLUME XVI.—VII. NEW SERIES.

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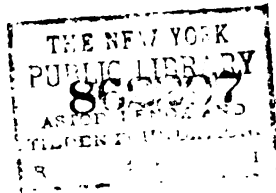
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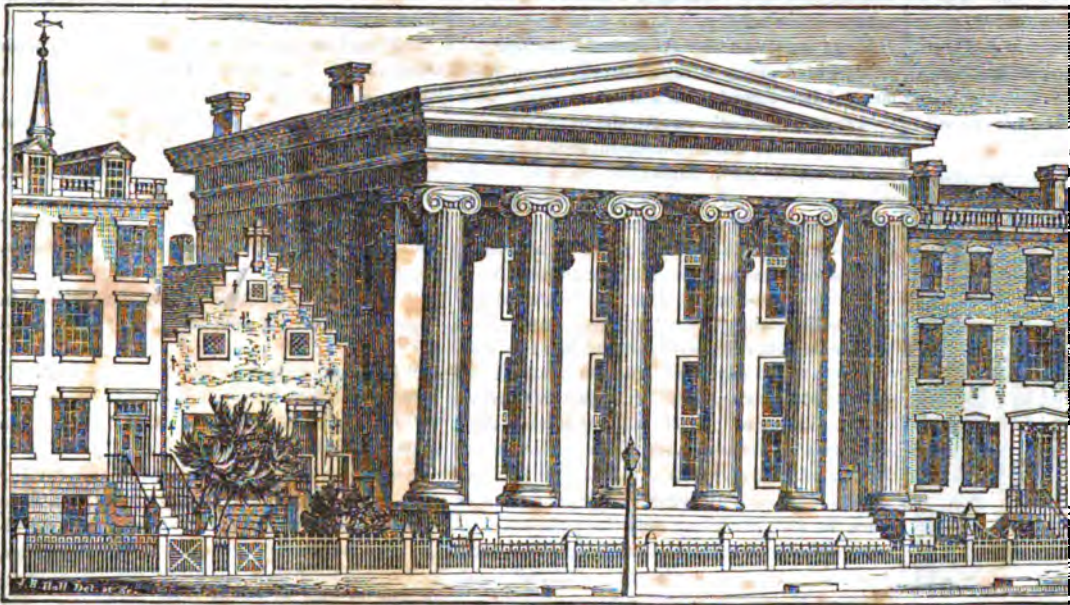
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1839.

NUMBER 1.

## ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY.



This beautiful and classic edifice was erected for the purposes of a Female Academy, in the year 1831, and is one of the greatest ornaments of the city in which it stands.

The plan of the building is about 65 feet by 77, including the portico, and the height about 55 feet, containing in all, four stories and a cellar. The four stories are divided into sixteen spacious rooms; with halls sufficient for the accommodation of the stair cases, and communications to the several apartments. The front faces to the east, and is ornamented with a beautiful *Hexastyle* portico of the Ionic order, which for sublimity of effect and taste in arrangement, is not surpassed by any in the United States. The proportions of the columns, capitals, bases and entablature, are taken from the temple on the *Illissus*, the most beautiful example of the Ionic, among the remains of antiquity. A flight of six steps of marble supports the colonade; and this elevation, the great length of the columns, (which are 40 feet) the bold and lofty entablature, so well adapted to this order, give a majesty and effect to the front which can only be duly appreciated by a critical examination. The angles are finished with *antæ*; and the ceiling of the *pronaos* or vestibule formed into a single panel surrounded with an appropriate entablature.

The judicious arrangement of the front windows, dividing the front into two stories instead of four, deserves notice. If the front had been perforated for four tiers of windows, its architectural beauty would have been much impaired;

but by lengthening the windows, so that one serves to light two stories, as has been done, and throwing a transom across them at the intermediate floors, ornamented with Grecian fret, the beauty of the whole has been increased.

The principal entrance into the exterior, is from the vestibule above mentioned. The door is quite plain, no ornament having been admitted which would not strictly accord with the general character of the front. The entrance is nevertheless, spacious and convenient, and corresponds well with the Venetian windows above. A bold, well constructed stair-case, ascending to the fourth story, is presented immediately on entering the lower hall, and though divested of all fantastic ornament, it will be much admired on account of its strength and convenience, and the durable quality of the materials with which it is constructed.

The finish of the rooms (the Exhibition room excepted, of which I shall presently speak,) is plain, and of Grecian detail; and while all superfluous ornament has been studiously avoided, strength, boldness and propriety have been kept steadily in view. The success has been in this case, as in every other where reference has been had to these objects, complete: the whole is in perfect harmony with itself, adapted to the use to which these rooms are to be appropriated.

The Chapel exhibits a slight departure from that plainness of style which is a marked feature in the general finish of this edifice. But this slight variation creates not the least confusion.

a fashionable and judicious ornament much used by the architects of antiquity. The *antæ* and entablature with which this room is ornamented, are in imitation of those of the *Erectheum*, and cannot fail to attract particular attention. They exhibit a highly finished specimen of the Grecian Ionic, and display a judicious use of ornament without profusion; and if this specimen of the Ionic order be contrasted with that used in the front portico, it will be readily conceded, that though the latter, on account of its boldness, should have preference in external decoration, it must yield the palm to the former for internal finish.

The Academy was founded in the year 1814, and incorporated by the legislature of the state in the year 1821; and from a small though auspicious beginning, has advanced rapidly but safely to its present highly prosperous condition and elevated rank. The present number of pupils is upwards of five hundred, who are arranged into six departments, exclusive of the classes composed of those scholars from the higher departments, who are pursuing the study of the French and Spanish languages, Natural History, Chemistry and Botany. The present number of teachers is twenty; four male teachers viz: the Principal, also Professor of Mental Philosophy and Rhetoric; a Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Botany; a Professor of Modern Languages and a Professor of Sacred Music; and sixteen female teachers, of whom, three devote themselves to instruction in Instrumental Music.

It seems in harmony with the rest; and while the shade of difference is so small as scarcely to be noticed, we are presented with the most classically finished room in this city, and one probably not surpassed by any in the state. This room is 37 by 61 feet, the ceiling about 17 feet high, and the entrance by two spacious doors at the east side. It is lighted by a range of windows along the west side; and the walls of the opposite side and end have recesses corresponding in number and location with the windows, which preserve a rigid symmetry as regards the various openings. The doors, windows, and recesses are finished with plain casings, having pedimental lintels crowned with carved mouldings. The plainness of the face of the casings is relieved by pateras, or rosettes,



two in drawing, two in Penmanship and one in Composition. The system of instruction pursued in this institution is practical, and the examinations, which are two in each year, one in February and one in July, show that the efforts of those who have the direction of it, have been eminently successful. It is intended that in this academy thorough instruction in every branch of English literature, which may be appropriately studied by young ladies, shall be furnished to its pupils, and not a few from a distance are now availing themselves of the opportunity it affords to them of completing their education. Ample arrangements for the accommodation of such, have been made by the Trustees, in establishments under the superintendence of the Principal and his family.

The annexed plate presents another view of the Academy, on a smaller scale.



Applications for admission into this Institution, may be made to the Principal, Mr. ALONZO CRIT-  
TENTON, A. M. at the Academy, or at his residence, Nos. 55 and 57, North Pearl-street.

### SERIES OF TALES.

#### THE GUNSMITH OF ORLEANS, Or the Dead Woman's Secret.

BY MRS. ELIZA SHERIDAN.

##### Chapter First.

IN a humble street in Paris, occupying the third floor of a respectable house, lived the hero and heroine of the present tale, Richard and Cephise Morin.

They were orphans, brother and sister. Richard was by some years the elder, Cephise having just attained her nineteenth year. Their mother, on her dying bed, bequeathed the sister to the brother's care, with an earnestness that long left its impression on the heart of Richard, and that he faithfully adhered to his mother's appeal of protection for her daughter, will be seen in the events which follow.

After his mother's death, his father having died while he was yet an infant, Richard found a situation for his sister, with a respectable milliner and dress maker, with whom she remained until she had learned the business in all its branches. Richard then took the apartments where himself and Cephise now resided; she attending to her little household arrangements, and doing needle-

work for the store of Madam Dumas, while he was engaged as journeyman gunsmith, by a master whom he had served for eight years, and who thought highly of him, both as a man and workman. Indeed, the two orphans possessed among their friends and neighbors, high characters for virtue, honesty and industry.

Cephise sat at work in the principal room of their little domicile, every thing around her bespeaking neatness and order. A small work table stood at her side, on which lay all the implements requisite for her occupation. The manufacture of some dresses were to be completed the following day.

There was a restless anxiety in the hurried manner of drawing forth her needle to the detriment of her thread, which broke at every stitch or two. The clock struck the hour of three, and as the last stroke reverberated through the apartment, she threw down her work, rose hastily from her seat, and listened, as if to catch the sound of a step. "Some one ascends the stairs! It's Edward, perhaps!" A pause of a second, and footsteps passed on to the floor above. With the same air of uneasiness, she resumed her work, soliloquizing as she from time to time raised her eyes from her employment to wipe away a tear.

"Two whole days and I have not seen him! two days!—what an age! 'Tis the first time he ever staid away so long, he will not come to day; he knows 'tis near the hour my brother comes to dinner. I long to see him to talk over our love and the prospect of our marriage, and to learn when he will inform my dear Richard of his intentions. His employment surely could not have detained him so long, he has been away all night, too, for I have watched his window opposite and saw no light shine from it as usual. What can have happened? If he had not so strongly prohibited my avowing our love to Richard, I would entreat my brother to seek him out. O! why should this secrecy exist? this concealment of our affection; surely, he would not oppose the bestowal of my hand where I had already given my heart! I will tell Edward when next we meet, of my firm determination in having no longer any concealment from one who has been—  
is so kind to me."

Appearing better satisfied with herself after forming the above resolution; she resumed her almost forgotten work which she had suffered to lie untouched upon her lap, when a knock at the door started her once more from her occupation.

A hurried "come in," and the door opened not to give admittance to the person Cephise half anticipated seeing, but to Madam Dumas.

"Ah," said Madam, "at work, eh, Cephise? I always find you with your needle in your hand. Your brother at his employment too, I suppose? Well, how do you do my dear?"

"Quite well, thank you, madam, I'm not late with my work am I? I think this dress was promised by to-morrow."

"It was," replied madam. "You are never behind your time my good girl. 'Tis not to hasten your completion of this dress which brought me here; I am more anxious about the two wedding dresses."

"They are already cut, and will be finished at the appointed time," said Cephise.

"Those dresses," continued madam, "must change their destination. I have a hurried order from a family of distinction, for a wedding suit. Will you then, my good Cephise, for the credit of my establishment, sacrifice one night's rest to complete this order?"

"Willingly, madam. Have you the measure?"

"Exactly like those you have begun, only a little shorter, as the lady has a well turned ancle."

"I shall be particular, madam."

"The bride is from Orleans—her mother a baroness, and immensely rich," said the loquacious madam.

"From Orleans, did you say?" and Cephise thought for an instant, "I once knew, but 'tis some time since, a rich baroness who resided in that part of the country; she had a daughter then about twelve years of age. Ah, I shall never forget them. I wonder if this is the same baroness; do you know the name madam?"

"O yes," said madam, taking a card from her pocket, and reading the superscription—"Baroness Decourcy."

"'Tis she! 'Tis she!" exclaimed Cephise in an ecstasy of delight—"and her daughter's name is Leonie."

"How came you to the knowledge of persons in such high rank?" inquired madam.

"I'll tell you all about it, madam," and Cephise began a simple tale.

"After leaving your employment, my brother and I had been about two years at our little house-keeping, when he was seized with an illness which threatened his life! Alas! I trembled to think of the result. We were orphans without money or friends richer than ourselves. My tears were of no avail—they offered no relief. I knew not what to do, when an old and charitable neighbor who assisted me in the care of my brother, told me that a lady traveling with her daughter, to whom she had recommended me, desired me to wait upon her at the hotel.—That day my brother was worse, I felt the necessity there was for exertion on my part, and summoning fortitude, I hastened to the hotel. They showed me many handsome dresses, and explained what they wished done. I tried to listen to their orders without betraying my emotion. I thought of my poor dying brother, and in spite of my efforts to repress them, tears rushed to my eyes. The lady looked astonished, and kindly inquired the cause of my anxiety. I told her all. She ordered her carriage, and, bidding me enter it with her, drove to the humble habitation of my poor suffering brother. She endeavored to cheer and encourage the invalid, and at her departure left us gold! yes, gold! to supply the many wants of my poor brother! He at length recovered, and 'tis to that angel of goodness I owe all my present happiness. The Baroness Decourcy, she whom I shall now work for with so much pleasure. O, take me with you when you go with the dresses, will you, dear madam Dumas?"

"Surely, surely, if you wish it," said madam. "I have promised the dress by twelve o'clock to-morrow; you shall accompany me then."

At this moment voices were heard outside the door, as if in warm discussion. Cephise's heart

beat as she listened in fearful expectation of hearing the sound of his voice. Her anxiety was quickly relieved when she heard the well known tones of her brother's voice, speaking to a fellow workman and companion of his.

Madam Dumas, with a kind "good morning," took her departure as Richard entered and passed her with a polite salutation. He threw himself into a chair—his countenance appeared flushed. Cephise took his hand, and kindly inquired what had disturbed him.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing, dearest sister; see, I have bought you a trifle; 'tis your birth day"—and taking from his bosom a small casket, displayed to her view a necklace and bracelets.

"Dear Richard," said Cephise, "you will quite spoil me! If I should ever get a husband he would never be so indulgent as you are!"

"Richard's brow lowered—do you think of marriage, Cephise? Are we not happy as we are?"

"Yes," faltered Cephise, "very happy."

"Tell me, Cephise, will you promise never to leave me—never to marry, if I take a vow of celibacy? You shall be mistress of our little domicile, the purse and myself!"

"And would you, dear Richard, be content to devote your life to your sister?"

"Hear me, Cephise. I am not the disinterested brother you think me; there is much of selfishness in my affection. 'Tis my happiness I fear to lose, in losing you. 'Tis now nine years since our mother died; you were then scarcely more than a child. Her dying words were—"Be a father to your infant sister." The week after she died, I set to work with the hope of gaining sufficient to educate and provide you with a marriage portion. I laid by something from week to week. In a few years you grew too pretty to remain longer at the milliner's. I procured a home, and here we have lived happy in each other's love, and in you and this little home, is comprised all I hold dear on earth! Judge then the vacuum your absence would create."

Poor Cephise checked a rising sigh as she thought of Edward. "But if a good and honorable man, dear Richard, loved me, would you then object to my marrying?" and she listened for his reply with an anxiety she could ill disguise.

"No, no, not if you wished it. But pshaw, you are not in love yet. Cephise bent her head to conceal a blush—so there's no chance of marriage, love—dinner, dearest, dinner! I must back to work."

Their little table was soon spread, and they prepared to despatch their frugal meal.

"O! by the by," said Cephise, "allow for our sex's characteristic curiosity and tell me what was the subject of your discussion with Julien, on the stairs as you came in?"

"We were speaking of a circumstance that occurred this morning.—Julien and I were left in charge of the shop, when two young men of fashion, came in to examine some pistols; while making choice, a third fashionable joined them, and with the voice of a hunter, cried, "aha Count Chevalier, how are you?" and with a hearty slap on the one he called "count," he continued—"how comes on your little amour with the pretty sempstress? Have you ended the

romance, or do you still act the disguised innamorato?" In short, dear Cephise, we learnt from their conversation, that this count, in disguise, and under a false name, was seeking the ruin of a young sempstress, poor but virtuous; that which they spoke on as pleasantry, I looked upon as a crime! My heart throbbed quickly, my hands rested on my work, and I half raised myself to confront this villain nobleman, when at that moment he enjoined silence on his companion, as he said he was to be married in three days!"—

"To the poor sempstress?" hastily inquired Cephise, as she listened with breathless attention.

"No! Not to the good and virtuous girl who toils for that subsistence she will not gain by infamy; but to one of noble birth! Ah! I have no patience to think that to the world, high birth and wealth are passports to vice! a sanction to crime! and are the means of spreading destruction among our poor but honest families, of bringing misery and ruin upon our wives and sisters!"

"Do you know the name of this man, Richard?"

"I have his address where the pistols are to be sent," and handing a richly embossed card to Cephise, she read the name of *Count Theodore Preval*. Neither of them had ever heard the name before.

"I must go to my forge and files," said Richard, rising. "I'll make haste to return as soon as possible; bless you, bless you, Cephise," and snatching up his hat, Richard darted down stairs, and was at his accustomed work in a few seconds.

Cephise sat in a deep thought. The fate of the poor somstress possessed her mind.

"Yet, after all, she may be in fault; a young woman in her situation should not listen to the love of one in high rank. But then he was in disguise, and she was not to blame—yet how easy to see where the deceit guides the action! In my case for example, I have nothing to fear. Edward has told me all. Neither richer or higher in life than I; he loves and seeks me for his wife!"

At this moment her meditations were interrupted by the door slowly opening, and a young man, habited like a mechanic, entered the apartment. He looked anxiously as if to assure himself Cephise was alone, then hastily taking her hand in his, he affectionately inquired how she had been since last they met.

"Well, quite well. But where have you been so long dear Edward?"

"I have been deeply engaged in my employment, dearest," he replied, "and out of town on business, from whence I am but just returned. I shall be compelled to absent myself again shortly, but only for a few days, to settle some family arrangements."

"I thought you had no family, Edward."

Edward's face flushed to the temples as he hesitatingly replied—"Only an aunt, dearest, who wishes to have a will drawn up, and desires my presence as a witness; that done, I shall return and pass with you the happiest hours of my life!"

"But, henceforth, Edward, it must be only

with my brother's sanction that I encourage your addresses; give me leave then to tell him all our prospects."

"Not yet, dear Cephise, mystery has always a charm for lovers, and 'tis only a momentary obstacle which forces me still to conceal our projects. From this Aunt I expect to inherit property which, should I marry without her consent, falls to another heir."

"I only ask to make my brother the confidant of my happiness. It is my wish—nay my duty so to do. Judge what my feelings would be, did he learn from another that which I should have been the first to disclose."

"And would you be satisfied, dear Cephise, with the cold and formal interviews which the presence of a third person naturally imposes? The warm and buoyant feelings of our present freedom 'changed to silent bondage. O! Cephise, if you loved me!"—

"If I loved you, Edward! that word conveys a reproach I do not merit."

"Listen to me, Cephise, grant me an interview to-morrow—the last secret one I shall ever ask—nay, do not deny me. I have much to say to you, and after that, you shall be free to disclose to Richard all our love."

A knock was heard at the lower street door.

"Quick—leave me! leave me, Edward, unless you wish to face my brother."

"Promise then an interview to-morrow!"

"I do! I do! Now leave me, I implore you—ah! you are too late."

Edward retreated towards the door, and as it opened to admit Richard, favored by the twilight and dexterity, it gave egress to Edward, who softly descended the stairs, and gently closing the house door after him, found himself once more in safety in the open street.

Richard addressed his sister.

"Here I am, Cephise, I promised a speedy return. Why haven't you a light? 'tis a gloomy day without, and rendered double gloomy by having no light within."

"I—I—was waiting your return.—Richard—I have something to say to you—something I must say to-night."

And Cephise determined to disclose all to Richard, and be no longer the guilty thing she felt herself. Richard asked the cause of her agitation, but ere she could reply, a low tap at the chamber door startled them. Richard unlatched the door, on the threshold of which stood a venerable looking man of most benign aspect. He inquired if "this was the residence of Richard Morin." An answer in the affirmative brought him a few steps further into the apartment.

"Cephise, a light," said Richard, handing the stranger a seat.

The light was instantly procured, and as its ray fell upon the countenance of the old man, Richard exclaimed, "'tis he, 'tis he!"—Good father Antoine!

"You remember me, then, my good children?" said the father.

"Aye, do we," replied Richard. "You raised our mother's dying head as with the glassy eye of approaching dissolution, she took her last look on her poor orphans."

"My visit now to these orphans," said the

pricest, "is neither one of chance, ceremony or curiosity. I am here to comply with a sacred promise made that dying mother, but I can only explain myself in the absence of your sister."

"Let her presence be no hindrance, good father, we have no secrets one from the other."  
"Nevertheless, *you* alone must be the master of the one I have now to disclose."

Richard kindly dismissed his sister to her little apartment, and as he led her to the door, she bid him summon her the instant Father Antoine was gone; and she added, "I too have a secret for your private ear, dear Richard, the revealing of which will relieve my heart of a weight it now labors under."

Richard closed the door, and drawing a chair near Father Antoine waited the disclosure of the coming secret.

The good man drew from under his gray gown, a small wallet which he laid upon the table, and thus began.

"'Tis now nine years since I was sent for to attend your mother's dying bed, and received her confession, as I prayed Heaven to grant her the pardon she implored for; the expiring woman with much difficulty drew from under her pillow a sealed packet, and putting it into my hands, spake these words."

"Father, this is my *will*. In the name of Heaven! promise to take charge—*especial* charge of it!"

I promised and she continued. "'Tis a long concealed secret I do not yet wish my children to know. Cephise is now ten years of age; if before her nineteenth birth day, my daughter should marry, do you open that paper; your own conscience will direct you how to act. Should she attain that age without quitting her brother's protection, you, father, find out my son, *see him alone!* give him that packet to be opened before you, and as regards the *secret* it contains, I leave him to act as his own heart shall dictate, with the aid of your advice."

"My dear mother's will shall be strictly obeyed. Speak father, what are her requests?"

Father Antoine selected a small sealed packet from the wallet, and handed it to Richard, who pressed it to his lips with reverence, then hastily breaking the seal, he read as follows:

"Feeling assured of my approaching death, before God—my conscience—and you, my son, I declare the disclosure I am about to make to be *sincere* and *veritable*; do not call me culpable. If I have done wrong, *you* at least, my son, will pardon me"—

"Read, father, for I *cannot*."

Father Antoine took the paper and continued. "Heaven is witness to the truth of what I here affirm. Cephise Morin died ten years ago. The child I leave is not my daughter!"

Richard's heart beat loudly. His blood rushed rapidly through his veins.

"Go on, father, go on!"

The old man continued.

"I was a widow, and poor Richard, my son, always at school, when my daughter Cephise was born. Misery and misfortune rendered my constitution unfit for nursing my child, and it died! Just six months after I took my child to the baptismal font, I followed her to the grave. It was

night, and raining fast. I threw myself on my knees by the grave of my daughter.—At that moment I heard the cry of an infant. I searched among the leaves from whence the cry proceeded and there lay a child as if just thrown there. I caught it up, pressed it to my breast, and fled from the church yard. I was ignorant of the road I took, and at daylight, found myself in the wood of Romanville. I looked at the infant closely nestled in my bosom. It was a girl about the age of Cephise. On searching its garments, I found a purse filled with gold—a certificate of its birth—and a note from its mother."

The father here laid down the confession, and opened the papers that were enclosed, and selecting the certificate of the child's birth, read as follows:

"On the 12th of March, 18—, was baptized at the church at St. Pierre, at Bellville—Evelina —. Father unknown."

"And the Mother?" eagerly exclaimed Richard.

"The mother's name is effaced," replied father Antoine, and he muttered to himself—"12th of March—Bellville—should it be?"

"But the note, Father. The note found with the child! read that!"

The old man complied, and read a note written in pencil as follows:

"Whoever you are that may find this infant its mother implores you to cherish and protect it. Leave in this bush an address, and every year on this date, you will receive a sum equal to that contained in the purse found about the child. Should the day arrive when its mother can claim it with happiness to herself, she will not fail to do so."

"And the signature," said Richard. "It has none said father Antoine. "Now to finish your mother's will."

"Heaven pardon me! I did not steal the child! I was wild with anguish, and knew not what I did. I never again could find the spot from whence I took the infant. I then become its parent, and you its brother. She has ever since gone by the name of Cephise Morin, and now I die, my children, asking pardon of you both, and of my God. CATHARINE MORIN."

At the closing of the will, both the mechanic and the priest appeared distracted; each as if he labored with some great excitement, yet dreaded its confirmation.

Richard's elbow rested upon the table, and his head upon his hand.

Father Antoine's hand fell by his side, still grasping the document he had been reading.

Richard started from his lethargy.

"She's ~~not~~ my sister! Thank God! Thank God!"

"What means this burst of joy, my son?" inquired Father Antoine.

"She is not my sister, father, and now I feel rising strong within me the love that I have so long and strangely borne her! yes, pure, holy, and unaltered love! sanctioned as it is by Heaven now, what happiness may I not anticipate! She loves me, too, father, I'm sure she does, for she has known no other who could win her young affections; what then remains for us but to be wedded to each other?"

"Be it so, my son, and may you both be happy as you deserve. And when next we meet, I may

have another as important secret to communicate. In the mean time, confide to my care the certificate and the note in pencil."

Richard gave them to him, and gained from the old man the promise of joining their hands as soon as Cephise was informed of their relative positions.

"Willingly, my son; to-morrow we meet again; till when, farewell. Heaven bless you."

And as the door closed on the departing priest, Cephise was heard descending the stairs from her chamber.

Richard met her with a face radiant with expectant joy. But O, how different looked the bowed down creature, pale with intense anxiety, who placing her cold hand into that warm one extended to receive it, and looking in his eye, was innocently preparing to inflict a death blow on all his highly colored anticipations of happiness.

"Dear Richard," began Cephise, "I can no longer conceal from you the secret that presses on my heart. I feel, O! how culpable I have been in so long concealing from you that which so nearly concerns my honor."

"Cephise, explain, I beseech you."

"Richard, dearest brother, I have deceived you. Often when we have been speaking of our affection for each other, I have said I love none but *you*, my brother!"

"You did! you did!" exclaimed Richard, doubting what was to follow.

"Richard," continued Cephise, in a calm, low tone, "Richard, I uttered *falsehood*. I did, I do love another!"

Richard dropped her hand, and stood like one paralyzed, his eye intently fixed on hers. She continued:

"You shall know all; *you* shall decide my fate, dear brother. O, frown not on me Richard, but hear me out."

"Go on, go on," said Richard, in a voice scarcely audible.

"'Tis now two months since I have known him; since he has promised to demand of you my hand in marriage. His name is Edward Dorville, a journeyman like yourself, and an orphan."

Cephise paused. Richard replied not. She gazed upon his face. Not a muscle showed the inward working of despair. All without was calm, statue-like and firm.

"You do not speak to me, Richard," said Cephise, getting close to him, and taking his hand. This at once recalled him to himself.

"Sure, 'tis some dream! and I have been too roughly awakened!" and pressing her hand with a convulsive grasp, "and you—you—*love him*, Cephise?"

"I do, dear brother."

"Enough! you shall be his! you shall be his!" and throwing himself into a seat, he buried his face in his hands, and no longer struggling to o'ermaster the tide of bitter feeling that oppressed him, he wept! The sturdy mechanic wept! Cephise fell at his feet. The big drops trickled through his rough fingers, and fell upon the upraised forehead of the only being he had ever loved intensely, and who now *clung* to his knees in the agony of self-reproach.

[To be Continued.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE TREMBLING EYE-LID.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, that during our war of Revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston.—She was strongly built, and carried twenty guns, with a well-appointed crew, of more than a hundred, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad, white sails, and steered from the harbor, with a fair, fresh breeze—she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage; for she bore a company of as bold, and skilful seamen, as ever dared the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they came to anchor with difficulty near the harbor of Plymouth. The strong gale that buffeted them, became a storm, and the storm, a hurricane.

Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe.—The vessel was driven from her moorings and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck, sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt, or hardihood endure. But so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the masts, without being relieved by another.—The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, but could obtain neither provisions or fresh water.—They were all covered by the deep sea, when the vessel became a wreck. But unfortunately the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication. Insubordination, mutiny and madness ensued. The officers remained clear-minded, but lost all authority over the crew, who raved around them. A more frightful scene, can scarcely be imagined. The dark sky, the raging storm, the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the half frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason, and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity, others, with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in palaces, surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants, who they supposed refused to do their bidding. Others there were, who amid the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home that they never more must see, and with hollow, reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear. A few whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend-like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making their shrieks of defiance and their curses heard above the roar of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes. At length, Death began to do his work. The miserable creatures fell dead every hour

upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse, as it became breathless, was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely, were the first to perish. On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle!—Lifeless bodies, stiffened into every form, that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile.—Others sat, with their heads reclining on their knees;—others grasping the ice-covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator;—others, with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate. Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid the mass of dead, only by the trembling of one of his eye-lids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth and every effort used for their restoration. The Captain and Lieutenant and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits, survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves—and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen, on the southwest side of the burial-ground in Plymouth. The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When the clergyman who was to perform the last services, first entered, and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected, as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others, were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost, as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother, with her daughter were seen constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer.—It was the boy whose trembling eye-lid attracted the notice of pity, as he lay among the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone, "God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do, to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight. Others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst. But I knew if I drank with them, I must lose my reason, as they did, and perhaps, blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one, they died, those poor, infuriated wretches. Their shrieks and groans, still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the Captain and other officers and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink—and tried every method in their power to restore them to order. They still fed upon the intoxicating liquor. They grew delirious.—They died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings from hunger, and cold, you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box, among fragments of the wreck, far under water. I toiled with a rope to drag it

up. But my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. At length, it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage. Uniting our strength, we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive-oil. Yet we gave God thanks. For we found that by occasionally moistening our lips with it and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing burning pain in the stomach. Then my comrade died. And I lay beside him, as one dead—surrounded by corpses. Presently, the violence of the tempest, that had so long raged—subsided—and I heard quick footsteps, and strange voices amid the wreck, where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger, to save us. They lifted in their arms, and wrapped in blankets, all who could speak. Then they earnestly sought all who could move. But every drunkard was among the dead. And I was so exhausted with toil and suffering and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again and again. They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind. Then I prayed earnestly in my heart, 'Oh Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, for the sake of my dear sister save me.' Methought the last man had gone, and I besought the Redeemer to receive my spirit. But I felt a warm breath on my face. I strained every nerve. My whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immoveable as marble. Then a loud voice said, 'Come back, and help me out with this poor lad.—One of his eye-lids trembles—he lives.' Oh, the music of that sweet voice to me! The trembling eye-lid—and the prayer to God, and your lessons of temperance, my mother, saved me."

Then the loving sister embraced him with tears—and the mother said, "praise be to Him who hath spared my son, to be the comfort of my age."

Hartford, June 5th, 1839.

For the Rural Repository.

LYDIA D——.

A TRUE STORY.

Who has not experienced that mysterious feeling, that sometimes rests like a cloud on the mind? Who has not at times felt melancholy creep over his heart, banishing joy and happiness, and giving place to gloom and despondency? Nature herself is constantly changing her aspect. Sometimes as calm and placid as the sleeping infant, winds and waves, and all the elements hushed to repose. Again all nature is convulsed. The heavens are rocked with storms, the sun is obscured, the lightnings flash, and the thunder echoes through the sky. So the heart of man is sometimes the seat of agitation and commotion. Gloomy Melancholy will sometimes reign over the heart when we would gladly bid him depart.

It was at the close of a Sabbath day that I sat at my window, pensive and dejected. What had occasioned these feelings I cannot tell. The day had been beautiful, the season was the loveliest of the lovely, the groves were beginning to assume a new appearance, all the vegetable kingdom was rapidly putting on its mantle of green, and as the day drew to a close, the birds sung their merriest songs, and the doves cooed to each other with

joy. But why was sadness on my heart? Perhaps my mind had been dwelling more than usual upon the distresses and sufferings of human life, on the miseries and sorrows and disappointments which attend us through this uncertain world. Be this as it may, I left my seat by the window, and thought I would walk to the burying ground. The sun was sending his last beams from the horizon, the soft breezes of spring were gently moving the rapidly expanding leaves of the forest, and every thing seemed calculated for reflection and meditation.

As I arrived at the spot to which the remains of many had been committed, "here," thought I, "is a place of rest. Though many now reposing here have drank the cup of affliction to its very dregs, yet not a bosom is now disturbed, not a heart now throbs with anguish, every one is now alike unconscious of all that is passing beneath the sun."

On this hallowed spot were the graves of the young and the old, here lay the infant, and there the man of fourscore; all ages and ranks here found the same resting place. But I came not here to weep over the graves of the aged or the young, nor to sigh for the fate of those who had, years ago, here found their long repose. I came not here to ascertain how many times the ground had been broken for the reception of the dead, or how many times the gate had been thrown open for the funeral train. No, I had come to shed a tear over one who had a few weeks previously been numbered with the living. Alas! Alas! for poor Lydia D. Hers was a sad lot. Her sun went down before it reached its meridian. She was like the rose that withered and died, ere it had hardly begun to shed its perfume upon the morning air.

Her history is short and told in few words. Her youthful days were spent in W. in the eastern part of Berkshire County, Mass.

A kind and tender mother led her in the paths of virtue, and as her youthful days passed on, it was evident to all who were acquainted with her, that her disposition was most amiable and lovely, so much so, that it was not seldom that she was pointed out, as an example worthy of imitation, and whoever became acquainted with her, loved and respected her for this trait of character.

A few years since, she went to reside in S. Here she became acquainted with a Mr. G. who was a virtuous and worthy young man. Their acquaintance soon ripened into a growing and a mutual attachment, and a proposal of marriage was the result. On her return to W. to spend a season previous to her marriage, her friends saw that her health was slightly impaired! Alas! the seeds of that fatal disease, consumption, were perhaps then sown, which were at no distant period to ripen, and thereby bring sorrow and mourning to many hearts.

The time appointed for the nuptials at length arrived. It was in the lovely season of spring, the day was pleasant, numerous were the friends that attended, many were the salutations exchanged, all was joy and gladness; and every thing went on in the most pleasant and agreeable manner. The ceremonies over, they returned to S.

A few weeks passed rapidly away, and they were strangers to sorrow and trouble. Soon however her health began to decline, and fears

were at times entertained that a fatal disease was lurking in her system. As her health continued gradually to fail, it was thought advisable that she should spend a few weeks with her friends in W. hoping that the mountain air would restore her to good health. A few months only had passed since she left the paternal roof, when she returned to her friends, not to leave them again till life itself should become extinct. A disease was preying upon her, which neither change of air, the anxiety of friends, nor the skill of physicians could remove. Hard was it for friends to see her wasting and pining away; hard for a mother, who had repeatedly drank deep of the cup of affliction, to see the progress that disease was making in the system of her daughter; hard was it for that kind and affectionate husband to see his partner drawing near the grave, without a possibility of checking the progress of the destroyer, or affording any effectual aid; and when the physician told them there were no hopes of her recovery, hard and bitter were the pangs it cost them, to give up all their fondly cherished hopes, and to believe that she must soon die—soon become a tenant of the cold and silent tomb. But such was the case. Consumption was doing its work, and friends were compelled to witness its ravages. Slowly but surely did this fell disease sap the warm current of life, and long did she linger, when her friends were expecting that each day would be her last. But the grim messenger of Death finally arrived, and her spirit took its flight to the Being who gave it.

Just a year previous to the day of her death, the intentions of marriage of this couple, had been published. On that day she looked forward to the future; and her thoughts with regard to it, she committed to paper. "What," thought she, "will be my condition a year from this day? Shall I then be amid scenes of joy and happiness, looking forward to happy days, and cloudless skies, or shall I then be amid scenes of sorrow and adversity, or will my spirit ere that have taken its flight to the Being who gave it." Such were her thoughts on that day with regard to the future.

At the funeral, the minister who married them was present. The lines which she had written a year before were read by him, and remarks were made, to which those who listened can testify were most affecting. He alluded to the joyful occasion there witnessed a year before, to the happy days and bright prospects which that couple then anticipated, then spoke of the contrast on the present occasion. The services over the remains of the deceased were committed to the grave, there to remain till the trump of God shall awake the sleeping dead. Such was the short and sad history of Lydia D——.

West Plainfield, Mass.

W.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### GENERAL SCOTT.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born June 13, 1782, near Petersburg, Va. He was early intended for the bar, and went through the usual course of studies, which he concluded at William and Mary College. He settled at Petersburg in 1806, and commenced the practice of the law with flattering indications of future success.

The attack upon the frigate *Chesapeake* by the British, which kindled into a flame every young and active spirit of the nation, roused him from the calm pursuits of peace; and the measures taken by Congress at their next session, making it probable that a war with Great Britain would ensue, he accepted, in 1808, a captaincy in a regiment of our military establishment.

In 1812, Gen. Scott was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel in Izzard's regiment of artillery. Early in the autumn of that year, he arrived at the Niagara, with two companies of his regiment, and took post at Black Rock to protect the navy yard. The Adams, in dropping down the Niagara, grounded under the guns of the British batteries, Gen. Scott prevented the enemy from taking possession of her, and held her until she was burnt by order of a superior officer. Early in morning of the 13th of October, he arrived by forced marches at Lewiston to join the attack against Queenston Heights. During the battle Scott exposed his person in the most fearless manner. He was in full uniform, and being besides remarkable for his stature, was evidently singled out as a mark.

From Queenston, Scott was sent a prisoner to Quebec; thence about a month after, he embarked for Boston. He was exchanged in January, 1813, soon after his return to the United States. At the surrender of Fort George, he was the first to enter, and took with his own hand the British flag yet waving on the works.

In April, 1813, he established a camp of instruction at Buffalo. In this camp were taught those tactics which gave to our army an accuracy and celerity of movement, which had never been displayed on this continent, either by British or American troops. At the battle of Chippewa, Scott with 1,200 men, gained a victory over 1,700 regular troops. At the battle of Bridge-water, or as it should be called, the battle of Niagara, he was disabled by a wound from a musket ball through the right shoulder, which he received before the close of the action. He had been wounded two hours before in the left side; had two horses killed under him; and lieutenant Worth and major Smith were both wounded by his side. The total loss of his brigade, was 490 killed and wounded, out of 925, including in this number more than thirty officers. Besides his military rank, he has received every testimonial of respect and gratitude which his country could bestow; among these are a vote of thanks and a medal from Congress; a sword and a vote of thanks from the legislature of Virginia; and his name has been given to a new county in that state.

His name, *Winfield*, is truly an appropriate one.

## MISCELLANY.

### CONCERNING YOURSELF.

You cannot find a more companionable person than yourself if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you whenever you like, and come away when you please—approve your jokes, assent to your propositions, and in short be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practice the true art of being really on "good terms with yourself." This, however, is



not so easy as many imagine who do not often try the experiment. Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other person, is apt to be a severe critic on your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the severest and most intolerable species of reproach. It is on this account that you are often afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. Yourself is likewise a jealous friend. If neglected and slighted, it becomes a "bore," and to be left for even a short time "by yourself" is then regarded as actually a cruel penance, as many find when youth, health, or wealth have departed. How important is it then to know thyself, to cultivate thyself, to respect thyself, to love thyself warmly but rationally. A sensible self is the best of guides, for a few commit errors but in broad disregard of its admonitions. It tugs continually at the skirts of men to draw them from their cherished vices. It holds up its shadowy finger in warning when you go astray, and it sermonizes sharply on your sins after they have been committed.

Our nature is twofold and its noblest part is the self to which we refer. It stands on the alert to check the excess of the animal impulses, and though it becomes weaker in the fulfillment of its task by repeated disappointments, it is rarely so enfeebled as to be unable to rise up occasionally sheeted and pale, like Richard's victims, to overwhelm the offender with bitter reproaches. Study therefore, to be on good terms with yourself—it is happiness to be truly pleased with yourself. Pleasures and successes cannot compensate for the loss of this good understanding and amicable relationship between the parties who occupy "the house you live in."

"One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs,  
Of stupid starrers and of loud buzzars."

### THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

A POPULAR TURKISH TALE.

An aged widow had an only son, who repeatedly transgressed. His mother, rendered superlatively unhappy by his misconduct, tried numberless methods to reclaim him, but without effect. At last with great difficulty, she prevailed on him, when he committed a bad action, to drive a nail into the wall of his chamber, and when he had done a good action to take one out. In a short time the wall was nearly covered with the marks of his guilt; but the worst people may become the best. After a long time had elapsed, he began to refrain from his evil courses and conducted himself with so much propriety that the nails gradually diminished, and were at last all drawn out; of which circumstance he exultingly informed his venerable parent, who, with the greatest composure addressed him as follows:

"My son," said she, you have dutifully attended to my advice, and entered into the pleasant path of virtue; but be not so proud that the nails are drawn out, for the marks where they have been still remain; so, likewise, the odium of your former misconduct will not be erased from your character, unless you continue to pursue the road to the blessed water of paradise and never replunge into the gulf of pollution, from which you have fortunately escaped."

### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon the tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must soon follow; when I see kings lying by the side of those whom they deposed; when I consider rivals laid side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs of some who died yesterday, and some sixteen hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all be cotemporaries and make our appearance together.—Addison.

COMMITTEE OF ONE.—It is proposed in a Boston paper that every man should constitute himself into a self-examining committee, to inquire into his own conduct. It is believed that the business each committee would have to transact, would keep it constantly and usefully employed.

MAN.—Adam Smith says:—"Man is an animal that inakes bargains: no other animal does this; one dog does not change a bone with another."

## Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1839.

THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.—With this number commences another volume of the Repository. It is printed on new type, and we have endeavored in other respects, to render it acceptable to our readers; whether with good or ill success, will best be shown by the extent and liberality of their patronage. The commencement of a new volume is ever to the publisher a season of peculiar anxiety, and we trust our friends will excuse us, if we again direct their attention to the necessity of all who feel an interest in the continued prosperity of our journal, using their utmost exertions in its favor, at this time. We fear they may attach too little importance to their individual aid—but they must remember the old proverb, "many a little makes a mickle," and that as our expenses, for the present volume, have been more than usual, so must our returns be, to enable us to meet our current expenses. We hope our patrons of the past year, will take these things into consideration, and not only conclude to travel with us another stage of our journey, but add to the obligation by bringing many new ones in their train, and also by forwarding their orders, as far as may be practicable, without delay.

We are happy in being able to enrich the columns of our first number, with both a prose article and a pretty poetic gem, from the pen of that chaste and beautiful writer, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, and flatter ourselves, that our readers will receive many a choice intellectual repast from the same source.

DEATH OF THE POETS.—The death of William Leggett, Esq. has cast a gloom upon society—a light has gone out from the literary firmament, the loss of which, has thrown a melancholy shade upon our intellectual circle. He was a chaste and elegant writer of prose and poetry, and was engaged at different times in the publication of literary and politi-

cal works, which he ever conducted with skill and ability. He died in the 39th year of his age, having been recently appointed Confidential Agent, on the part of the U. S. Government, to Central America, to which he was on the point of sailing, when summoned to that dread "bourne" of all our earthly hopes and cares, "whence no traveler e'er returns."

We have also to record the death of that well known writer of popular songs, and many other good things, Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq. who died on the 29th of April last, at Cheltenham, England.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

B. P. Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. S. Delhi, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. Cabotville, Ms. \$1.00; E. A. S. Norfolk, Ct. \$1.00; R. W. L. Niles, Mich. \$1.00; W. C. R. New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1.00; H. J. H. North Lee, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Pompey, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Royalton, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Friendship, N. Y. \$2.00; J. A. New Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; G. F. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; R. W. New York, \$1.00; H. H. Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Hanover Center, N. H. \$10.00; J. B. G. Clinton, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$2.00; J. W. Center Independence, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. Grant Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. East Bern, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Stockport, N. Y. \$2.00; D. S. Prattville, N. Y. \$3.00; T. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Center Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Waterville, O. \$3.00; P. M. Wadsworth, O. \$2.00; P. M. Fosterdale, N. Y. \$5.00; F. P. Deposit, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. H. North Haverhill, N. H. \$5.00; J. W. Lawrenceville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pompey, N. Y. \$5.00; W. H. Galeville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. S. Derby, Ct. \$1.00; D. R. A. Massillon, O. \$1.00; M. C. Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. H. Schroom Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; J. M. Lexington Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. A. Ludlow, Vt. \$3.00; W. P. H. Oswego, N. Y. \$5.00; M. C. Rackett River, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. West Niles, N. Y. \$1.00; F. B. C. Montrose, Pa. \$1.00; J. D. Columbiaville, N. Y. \$5.00; J. A. L. Sullivan, N. Y. \$2.00; P. B. H. North Haverhill, N. H. \$5.00; P. M. Shelburne Falls, Ms. \$10.00; J. S. S. Bombay, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$2.00; D. P. Lockport, N. Y. \$1.00; C. L. Acra, N. Y. \$5.00; W. D. J. Evansburg, Pa. \$4.00; J. L. H. M'Donoghue, N. Y. \$2.00; M. H. Birdsall, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. C. Aurelius, N. Y. \$1.00; F. D. Nungesser, U. C. \$2.00; A. F. H. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$5.00; W. H. West Chazy, N. Y. \$5.00; C. W. E. jr. Dalton, Ms. \$1.00; W. B. Marshall, N. Y. \$1.00; T. W. Shrewsbury, Vt. \$1.00; C. W. H. Middle Granville, N. Y. \$2.00; E. M. Hamilton, N. Y. \$5.00; C. A. C. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$6.00; J. R. Athens, N. Y. \$6.00; W. R. K. Stormville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Winstead, Ct. \$5.00; E. W. B. Hilledale, N. Y. \$1.00; S. J. Shelburne Falls, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Mount Morris, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Woodville, N. Y. \$2.00; N. G. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; G. P. Ray, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Alexander, N. Y. \$5.00; G. P. A. Ratten Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. W. Scott, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. Dexter, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. J. Plymouth, Mich. \$0.75; E. B. South Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Ancram, N. Y. \$5.00; J. B. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. Conesville, N. Y. \$3.00; F. P. Bull's Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; J. L. Auburn, N. Y. \$1.00; C. J. W. Blissfield, Mich. \$5.00.

### Married,

In New-York, on Sunday evening, the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Vanvrantlin, Mr. Franklin W. Gilley, to Miss Laura Martin, all of that city.

On Sunday the 9th inst. by the Rev. S. Landon, Mr. Noah A. Spaulding of this city, to Miss Jane Ann Pulver, of Livingston.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. by John Millham, Esq. Mr. Peter S. Glover to Miss Rhoda M. Clapper, all of that village.

In Fishkill, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Eliphalet Price, Mr. Peter Shenck Ackerman to Miss Deborah Vail, all of Fishkill.

At Mollenville, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Harman Rhoda, of Copake, to Miss Eliza Kieselbrach, of Ancram.

At the same place, on the 13th inst. by the same, Mr. Sylvester Melius to Miss Millicena Howard, both of Ghent.

In Ghent, on the 11th inst. by the same, Mr. Jacob Jacobia, to Miss Jane Elizabeth New, both of that place.

### Deaths,

In this city, on the 18th inst. Mr. Thomas Cain, in his 34th year.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Cornelia Hanson, in her 74th year.

On the 4th inst. after a short illness, Julia Francis, daughter of the late Lawrence Teal, in the 11th year of her age.

In Clermont, on the 8th inst. Isaac Sheldon, formerly of this city, aged about 45 years.

At Claverack, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Eliza C. Clapper, in the 23d year of her age.

At Livingston, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Margaret Boals, in the 76th year of her age.

At Mollenville, on the 3d inst. James Lawrence, son of Peter H. and Ruth Stone, aged 5 months and 5 days.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## PARTING TRIBUTE,

*At the Separation of a School of Young Ladies.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

SISTERS!—'twas sweet to gather,  
Here in this favored clime,  
Those flowers of intellect and truth  
That brave the storms of time,—  
That cheer our footsteps, as the vale  
Of changeful life we tread,  
And breathe fresh fragrance thro' the soul  
When youth and bloom are fled.

Sisters! though far we wander,  
Beneath a distant sky,  
And Memory toward these scenes of love  
Shall turn with tearful eye,—  
The pious teacher's patient care,  
Instruction's sacred lore,  
We'll grave upon our grateful hearts  
Until they throb no more.

And when our sunny tresses  
Are sprinkled o'er with grey,—  
Or when beneath the lowly turf  
In mouldering dust we lay,—  
May many a fair one yet unborn,  
Here, in our places rise,  
And 'neath this hallowed dome obtain  
A passport for the skies.

For the Rural Repository.

## UPON HEARING A ROBIN SING.

I HEAR thee, bird of joyous wing,  
Thy note is shrill and clear,  
But why dost thou so sweetly sing?  
Is all so beautiful here?  
Thou canst not know, that brighter far  
Was the earth ere sin appeared;  
That shame could thus its beauty mar,  
That man his Maker feared.

Aye all below has felt the blight,  
Of man's unholy thought,  
Yes, almost now is quenched the light,  
His Maker's presence brought!  
Methinks thy note thou beautiful bird  
Has lost its tone of bliss,  
That thou hast too of sorrow heard,  
In a world so dark as this.

For I've heard thee sing, in times gone by  
A song all light and gay,  
I've seen thee flutter on the wing,  
When naught could bid thee stay.  
I see thee now on yonder tree,  
I hear thy plaintive tone,  
I look again—'tis even true,  
Thou too art left alone!

Aye, all must be left in this vale of tears,  
And the loss of loved ones mourn,  
And our love must burn amid our fears,  
'Till we to Heaven shall turn.  
Then woe shall take its flight,  
And sorrow hide its head,  
We shall feel no more its blight,  
Or sicken at its dread.

CASSIOPEA.

## THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

ALAS! the days of chivalry are gone,  
Of wild adventure and of thrilling story,  
When father Time his glittering wings put on,  
And knights and ladies lived for love and glory.  
Then the fair damsel graced the festal board  
By brave and courtly cavaliers surrounded,  
With tale and song the sparkling wine was poured,  
And the wide castle hall to mirth resounded.  
Would I had lived in those old times—ah me!  
When life was all romance and lovers plenty—  
When every dame of lengthy pedigree,  
Could number in her train no less than twenty.  
Not such cold hearted ones as we have now,  
Whose smiles to say the least are rather *shady*;  
Who think the passing notice of a bow,  
Sufficient homage to be paid a lady.  
Nor like the beau who reckless of the duds—  
All rules of etiquette and deference scorning—  
Seeks to surprise his mistress in the suds,  
And pops right in upon a Monday morning.  
Give me the valiant knight who breaks a lance  
With every cavalier my beauty doubting,  
And thinks himself repaid with one bright glance,  
For the light toil of a whole dozen routing.  
Who in his calender but marks the hour  
Which brings him to my feet with homage lowly,  
And if I chance to drop a faded flower,  
Among his relics treasures it as holy.  
See! in the bannered hall on dais high  
The queen of hearts all other maids excelling!  
While her fair damsel train are clustering nigh,  
And at her feet his tale the minstrel telling—  
How on some deed of high enterprise departs,  
A knight—"without reproach"—Orlando fearless,  
Who humbly worships in his heart of hearts  
Some lily of the vale, or rose the peerless.  
Or how he seeks a castle old and gray,  
When careless sentinels are peaceful dreaming,  
And a lone taper sheds its steady ray—  
Love's beacon light from the high turret gleaming.  
A ladder light will soon the lady find,  
Who on his honor places firm reliance;  
And their fleet steeds leave danger far behind,  
Bidding to warder and to watch defiance.  
But now we have a tale so tame and true,  
Of some plain Benjamin, and simple Norna,  
Who for a year or more will worry through  
A humdrum courtship in the chimney corner.  
Where knight and dame rode o'er the velvet green,  
With flowers and streams along their pathway  
lying;  
A host of hurrying bipeds now are seen,  
In rail road cars like evil spirits flying.  
No more may wandering minstrel prove to be  
Some gallant prince with love and valor burning;  
Or constant maid her own heart's idol see  
In paladin from Holy Land returning.  
For ah! the days of chivalry are o'er,  
Of wild adventure and romantic story,  
When father Time his jeweled pinions wore,  
And knights and ladies lived for love and glory.

## STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON.

THE hand that prints these accents here  
Was never clasped in thine;  
Nor has thy heart, with hope or fear,  
E'er trembled back to mine.

And yet, from childhood's early years,  
Some being like to thee,  
Unseen, amid my doubts and fears,  
Hath sweetly smiled on me.

And oft in dreams, I've twined the wreath  
Above her eye of flame;  
Then listened, if some bird might breathe  
The music of her name.

And oft have vainly sought to trace,  
Amid the fair and young,  
The living type of this sweet face,  
On Fancy's mirror slung.

But, in its unressembled form,  
The shadow dwelt with me,  
Till unperceived, life-like and warm,  
It softly fell on thee.

Then into substance passed the shade,  
With charms still more divine,  
As on thy face its features played  
And lost themselves in thine.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE

## Rural Repository,

16th Volume, (7th New Series,)

Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 22d of June, 1839, will be issued the first number of the Sixteenth Volume (Seventh New Series) of the Rural Repository.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

## CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Sixteenth volume, (Seventh New Series) will commence on the 22d of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1839.

✂ EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

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✂ All order and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839.

NUMBER 2.

## Columbus, on the Evening before the Discovery of America.



For the Rural Repository.

### COLUMBUS.

THE history of Columbus the great navigator—the glorious discoverer of America, is as familiar to the generality of our readers as “household words.” It would exceed the limits of our pages to follow the sanguine and daring Genoese, the humble son of a wool-comber, through all the stages of his adventurous career, till by the efforts of his mighty genius and determined spirit, after numerous and trying vicissitudes and vexations, he rose to be the companion and friend of monarchs—one whom the fair and the noble delighted to honor. It is sufficient that, after enduring poverty and scorn, being stigmatized as a visionary and a madman—after the lapse of years from the first promulgation of his great project of discovery, and when it had successively been laid before the principal potentates of Europe, as well as the government of his own native republic, Genoa—when sickening with the pains of “hope deferred” that the generous and magnanimous spirit of Isabella of Castile, prompted her, in spite of the coldness of Ferdinand, to stand forth as his patron saint. With the enthu-

siasm of a noble mind, one worthy of the cause she had espoused, she exclaimed, “I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds.” The impetus once given, by the fiat of royalty, the word was, onward! and Columbus was soon on his way to the new world.

The above plate represents this great man, after having been encompassed with perils, by sea and by land—penetrating seas before untraversed by man—struggling with secret cabal and open mutiny, as standing, on the evening before the long wished for discovery of land, on the deck of his own vessel, the Santa Maria, a prey to the most intense anxiety, eagerly watching for the least indication of land.

“He was,” says Irving, “now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation would have been desperate, but fortunately, the manifestations of land on the following day were such as no longer to admit a doubt. A green fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by the ships; and a branch of thorn with berries on it, floated by; they picked up, also, a reed, a small board, and, above all a

staff artificially carved. All gloom and murmuring was now at an end, and throughout the day each one was on the watch for the long sought land.

“In the evening, when according to custom, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean to the promised land. He expressed a strong confidence of making land that very night and ordered that a vigilant look-out should be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual;

at sunset they stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unrelenting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round house,



the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were those gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

"They continued on their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodriguez Bermejo, resident of Triana, a suburb of Seville, but a native of Alcala de la Gaudaria; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

"The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

"It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld, proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? were they like those of other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island, far in the Indian seas; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as he watched for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes and gilded cities, and all the splendors of oriental civilization."

But we must close this article, dropping a tear to the memory of Columbus, with the sad reflection of the instability of human greatness—the evanescence of earthly glory. The vista of future years, that now appeared so radiant to the vision of Columbus, was destined at its latter end to be overshadowed in gloom. Through treachery and ingratitude, he was suffered to pine out his last days in despondency and sorrow—the victim of poverty and neglect.

**A VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION.**—A gentleman gave his wife a dollar a day for every day she did not complain of ill-health. If she uttered any complaint her wages were stopped for that day. She was completely cured by this treatment.

## SELECTED TALES.

### THE GUNSMITH OF ORLEANS, Or the Dead Woman's Secret.

BY MRS. ELIZA SHERIDAN.

(Continued.)

#### Chapter Second.—The Mother.

THE Baroness Decourcey was seated in one of the splendidly furnished apartments of her mansion, at a table covered with parchments, deeds, &c. Opposite to her was the Counsellor Preval, father of Count Preval, who that morning was to go through the ceremony of betrothal to the baroness' daughter Leonie. The intended bride was in a remote part of the room, lounging on a crimson fauteuil, like a petted child, examining a casket of bridal jewels, and calling the attention of her cousin by frequent appeals to his taste in regard to the shape and setting of various pearls and diamonds, now thrown like toys into her lap. She was a light, fairy looking creature, scarce sixteen, with bright blue eyes, and hair like rays of sunshine. Her cousin, Henry Decourcey, and Theodore Preval stood by humoring and flattering the childlike beauty, whose loud peals of laughter would now and then draw a reproach from the baroness, who was employed in the settlement of her daughter's articles of marriage.

The count looked at his watch, and remembered an engagement that he had at a particular hour, at a particular coffee-house, and in making an apology for his absence, he betrayed more confusion than the occasion required.—Henry proposed joining him as far as the coffee-house, which proposition was not cordially acknowledged by the count. The counsellor having finished his business with the baroness, now rose to take leave, and the three gentlemen promising to return before the hour appointed for the notary's attendance, respectfully took their departure.

A liveried servant announced to the baroness that a priest, by name Antoine, desired to speak to her ladyship.

"Admit him," said the baroness.

"O, mamma!" cried Leonie, "perhaps it is the curate of St. Roche, who has come to attend the ceremony.—O, dear mamma, order a grand chorus to be sung; and have me married before the grand altar! it will be so delightful!"

"I have given orders for the ceremony as befits your rank, Leonie, and you will find I have not been unmindful of the decorations on the occasion.

The servant announced Father Antoine, then retired. The good man bowed to the baroness, at the same time steadfastly fixing his eye upon her.

The baroness remarking his scrutinizing air, assuming a dignified tone, requested to know the motive of his unexpected visit.

"That voice! 'Tis she!" muttered the priest to himself, then turning to the baroness, he continued, "I perceive your memory does not serve your ladyship to retrace a single recollection of me."

"Have we ever met before?" inquired the baroness.

"Once before, madam, under peculiar and impressive circumstances."

The baroness looked steadfastly at the priest.

"My memory seems confused: I may have seen you, holy father, but *where* or *when*, baffles my every effort to remember." Leonie here approached her mother. "Mamma, perhaps it is the priest who married you to papa."

"Your daughter?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, sir, I am mamma's daughter, and I'm going to be married soon! That's what brought you here, isn't it? And you're the curate of St. Roche, 'aint you?"

"Pardon me mademoiselle, I was entirely ignorant of your approaching marriage, nor am I the curate of St. Roche—I have been the last twenty years, vicar of Belville!"

"Of Belville!" echoed the baroness.

"I wish, madam," said Father Antoine, "to obtain *now* or *hereafter*, as may best suit your convenience a short but private interview."

"Well, sir," replied the baroness, "I will avail myself of the present time to be at liberty, and alone, as you request. Leonie, my love, leave us."

The door closed upon Leonie, and the priest and titled lady confronted each other. There was a pause; Father Antoine broke silence. "You are married, madam, where is your husband?"

"I am a widow," was the answer.

"Is the young lady that just left us the *only* child you have? My question I see surprises, perhaps offends you; hear me, madam. 'Tis now many years since I became curate of the humble chapel of Belville. One night, eighteen years ago, the second Sunday after Christmas, I had just finished vespers; the church was empty, and I was about leaving the sacristy, when a young female threw herself on her knees before me; she spoke not, but extended her hand which contained a written paper. It was evening, but a lamp yet burned in the church. I approached it, and as nearly as I can recollect, read these words:—

"To-morrow, by my father's command, I am to wed. I dare not approach the altar without first having received absolution for a crime I have hitherto concealed. Will you then, holy father, hear my confession at ten o'clock to-night, at which hour I shall be punctual.

Signed, A PENITENT."

The baroness could scarcely conceal her emotion, and in a low tone, requested him to go on.

"At ten o'clock that night she came. I heard her confession. She—"

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed the baroness, "do not repeat that confession!"

"Madam, that confession is a secret between the sinner and the Almighty!—and to the ear of the confessor—*sacred*! If my penitent has forgotten it, so have I, and the secret rests with Heaven alone! If guided by chance, or the power of humanity, I could inform a mother—doubtless an unhappy mother, of the fate of her lost child."

"O, God, proceed! proceed!" exclaimed the baroness with a shriek of mingled joy and fright. "I am that penitent! But do not, ah! do not betray me."

"Betray you! never. I wish to console a mother's heart, for much I fear she has suffered."

"O father, if I have not to grieve for the death of my child, I shall feel less like the guilty wretch I thought myself. Speak! does my daughter live?"

"She does."

"The proof! the proof!"

"'Tis here!" the priest handed the certificate and penciled note to the baroness.

"Evelina! 'Tis she; 'tis she!—Father, explain to me how you found these documents."

"I was sent for to attend the death bed of the woman who found your child."

"She was found! and lives?" exclaimed the baroness. "Oh! of what a burden of remorse you have relieved me, Father."

"Then you will own your child? inquired the good Father."

The baroness paused—then spoke.

"'Tis my wish to act from the dictates of my heart. Can you comprehend the cruel, imperious duty I am called on to fulfill. Can I brave public opinion! become a mark for scorn and cold contempt to point at! No! no! I must remember what is due to my name, my rank and Leonie. You would not exact from me that which the honest pride of a woman renders it impossible for her to perform."

"'Tis for your heart alone to decide this struggle between your pride and the world! Thus much I feel myself bound to say that your daughter Evelina would not disgrace the palace of a monarch."

Leonie's voice was heard calling outside the door.

"I want to say a word to you, dear mamma."

The baroness hastened to admit her, appealing to Father Antoine to remember her honor was in his hands, and depended on his silence.

"Dear mamma, excuse my interrupting you, but the day is going, Theodore will soon be here! Madam Dumas has come with my dresses, and they are so beautiful; but that's not what I came to tell you; who do you think has come with Madam Dumas?—Why that pretty girl, that had the sick brother in Orleans, works for Madam Dumas; shall I go and bring her to see you, mamma?"

The baroness acquiesced and Leonie instantly disappeared.

The baroness hurriedly addressed Father Antoine.

"You perceived we cannot longer continue a conversation, to me, so deeply interesting. I do not forget I am a mother; then assist me, Father, in my good resolves. Favor me by joining the wedding guests to day, and we will confer further on the subject."

"I shall be here, madam as you request; depend upon my assistance in aught that may serve yourself and child."

And Father Antoine took his departure till the hour of four.

The baroness was alone.

"Gracious Providence! after eighteen years she's found! My child is found! My astonishment has almost extinguished the joy of a mother!—Tears! No! no! Nature, strong and wonderful is paramount here! some one comes! Oh! trying task, I must conceal my emotion!"

Leonie advanced, preceded by Madam Dumas

and Cephise. The baroness extended her hand to Cephise, and inquired how her brother was.

"Well, quite well, Madam, your kindness saved his life, for which I can only return you my grateful heartfelt thanks!"

"I feel a thousand times repaid in finding my friendship was not unworthily bestowed; and so my girl, industry and good behaviour have repaired your circumstances, and relieved you from your trouble?"

"Your kindness, Madam, has been the means of our attaining our present contentment and happiness," modestly remarked Cephise.

Leonie in the mean time was examining the dresses.

"See, mamma, how very beautiful! I'm sure Theodore will be pleased with them! they are indeed worthy of the bride of Count Preval."

"Heavens!" inadvertently cried Cephise.

The baroness saw the start which accompanied the explanation, and demanded the cause: inquiring of Cephise if she had ever seen Count Theodore Preval.

Cephise replied, "Never, Madam, nor ever heard his name till yesterday; I intreat you not to question me before your daughter, but give me a few moments alone."

The baroness desired Leonie to accompany Madam Dumas to the dressing room, and Cephise should attend her in a few moments.

Leonie departed, followed by Madam Dumas. The baroness addressed Cephise.

"We are alone, Cephise, now explain to me the reason of your exclamation at the mention of Count Preval's name."

Cephise trembled for fear of committing a fault in revealing a secret that chance alone made known to her; but urged as she was by the baroness, she related all she had heard from her brother, concerning the count's intentions on the young sempstress; and having finished her communication the baroness inquired if that was all she knew regarding the count? All! thought Cephise, 'tis enough.

"I thank you Cephise, for your good intentions; it was of importance that I should know this little intrigue, in order to put a stop to it. The count is wrong, decidedly wrong, but so trivial an offence must not be the means of breaking off a marriage of interest and affection; the whole affair is only the caprice of a young man of fashion!"

"But suppose, madam, the count really loves this poor sempstress, and yet marries Mademoiselle Leonie?"

"In that case he will soon forget the sempstress."

"And the poor sempstress, madam?" said Cephise, half reproachfully.

"Was wrong to listen to his declarations," replied the baroness; "Leonie must know nothing of this story, and I'll answer for her future happiness."

"And these are the principles of the fashionable world!" thought Cephise.

After enjoying silence upon Cephise in regard to their private conference, the baroness dismissed her to attend the toilette of the intended bride; and as she curtsied and withdrew, the lady of high birth in her own heart acknowledged the

superiority of principle the mechanic's sister possessed over her.

"She is a model of honesty and candor. Oh; if my Evelina resembled her."

The folding doors were thrown open, and a voice was heard announcing the approach of the company.

"They come!"—said the baroness, "away with all traces of anxiety! and put on a face of joy!"

And with that dignified and graceful carriage which she could so well command, the mistress of the mansion received her guests, and bade them welcome, with a face, indeed, of joy.

The Counsellor Preval approached her, followed by Henry Decourcy.

"Every thing is in readiness," said the former, "the notary has added his zeal to my haste, you will find it all correct, madam. But where is my son? Surely the bridegroom should not loiter!"

The servant here announced "Monsieur Antoine," who entered the room with a firm step and modest air. His simple grey habiliments attracted general attention, and the whisper from one to the other of "who is he?" reached the ear of the baroness, who replied, "Allow me to introduce to the present assembly an old and worthy friend of my mother's."

"Room for the bride?" and the baroness led forward Leonie, who, after the usual civilities and salutations of the company, whispered to her mother.

"Dear mamma, I have forgotten my bridal bouquet, do bid Cephise bring it to me; she will place it in my bosom much more gracefully than Annette."

The announcement of "Count Preval" caused a general sensation in the different groups, and ladies vied one with the other to catch a look at the handsome bridegroom. The count advanced to the side of Leonie, and in an under tone apologized for his unavoidable delay.

The notary took his seat. The bride and bridegroom, attended by bride-maids took their station in the center of the apartment. At that moment, Cephise entered, the bouquet in her hand, and passing on to where Leonie stood, repaired to her side; raising her eyes, she encountered those of the Count Preval! "Edward!" she shrieked; at the same instant the count exclaimed in astonishment, "Cephise!" both appeared transfixed! "What does this mean?" exclaimed the baroness in a haughty tone. Father Antoine whispered close to her ear—"Tis Evelina! the daughter of my penitent!"

The baroness, overcome by the sudden announcement, fell back, deprived of sense, in the arms of her nephew. All was consternation and confusion!

Chapter Third.—The Mechanic's Triumph.

Richard Morin ascended the steps leading to the mansion of the councillor Preval. There was a firmness in his look and manner which ill accorded with his disordered and mechanic-like habiliments. A violent appeal to the knocker brought the valet of the count to the door—a perfumed lacquey to a fashionable of the nineteenth century!

"Is Monsieur Preval at home?"

"Monsieur Preval! Do you mean his old lordship?"

"No! the young man!"

"Young man! indeed!" retorted the valet, "you should say *Count* Preval."

"Announce me to him directly!" impatiently continued Richard.

"What can a fellow like you want with his lordship, I should like to know?"

"I'll tell him that myself when I see him! and let that be soon; I want no parly with a thing like you."

Dubois, concluding from Richard's manner that he was rather a *determined* character, did not venture a valet-like reply, but said he would go in and see if his master was at home; adding, "he really doubted the fact, as he had ordered not to be disturbed while writing and after that rang for his boots."

Richard gave an impatient wave of the hand, which Dubois thought as well to obey; he turned to ascend the stairs—Richard followed close behind. The valet reached a door which he opened, and looking into an apartment to which it communicated, and finding unoccupied, he turned to descend, and found Richard at his back. "My master is out," said he, "so you will have to call again young man—gentleman."

"I shall *not* call again! but shall wait here till he comes in, as the surest way of seeing him."

Richard entered the apartment, and throwing himself into a seat waited with a throbbing heart the return of the nobleman.

Dubois looked and wondered—and wondered and looked! and taking his own safety into consideration, determined to withdraw, and, watching his master's arrival, inform him of his strange and determined visitor and Richard found himself alone—in the mansion of his enemy!

"And I am *here!* in his house! Cephise loves him, spite of his deception, she *loves him!*—Villain! to wrong a soul like hers! Could I tear out his heart, it would not compensate for the one he has almost broken! I have told her I would lay my life down to see her happy! now is the time to prove my words! Of my mother's secret she is still ignorant, and must remain so! This is no time to deprive her of a brother's right to do her justice! Ah! some one comes!"

The count entered the apartment followed by Dubois. A cloak was wrapped around his person. He inquired quickly of Dubois for his father—"he was out." "Take this cloak, and dismiss that man, I cannot attend to him at present;" and the count seated himself at a table and began to write. Richard heeded not the dismissal. The count finished a hasty note, and giving it in charge to Dubois, bade him deliver it as directed, instantly. Dubois departed.

The count, turning to Richard, demanded his name and business.

"I am a poor mechanic! and have an affair to settle between your *lordship* and myself!"

"An affair between *us!*" And the nobleman sneered in derision on the gunsmith! "Who are you?"

"A man!" replied Richard, "and one whom you have seen before."

"Where?" demanded the count.

"At the King's Armory, where you purchased pistols yesterday; you were not alone, you spoke incautiously—I listened, and in a public warehouse you spoke of your amours, and of a young sempstress who loved you, and whose destruction you deliberately meditated."

"Well, sir, that does not concern you!"

"Ay, but it *does* though!—that girl's name is Cephise Morin; mine, Richard Morin; I am her brother!"

The color receded from the face of the count at the name of his victim! Richard continued,

"Yesterday I knew not whom you meant—to-day my sister has told me all; your bands of marriage are published with Mademoiselle Decourcey; you have promised my sister marriage; which of these two, sir, do you intend to make your wife?"

"Is this the commission your sister has charged you with?" demanded the count.

"My sister, sir, knows nothing of my being here. I left her at home in tears! tears wrung from a broken heart!"

"Young man, I will not attempt to justify my conduct. Young, rich, and without restraint; reared in the midst of pleasure and plenty! joining with the levity of the fashionable world, I sought to add to my consequence by adventures which my reason should have warned me must terminate in wretchedness."

"And," replied Richard, "rich and noble as you are, you sought to corrupt that virtue which was a poor girl's only dowry. And why descend to falsehood to obtain your purpose?"

"Because I loved her, and my rank was above hers."

"A man of *honor* does not meditate the ruin of the girl he *loves!* he makes her his *wife!*"

"When they are equals, yes; but think of the distance between your sister's station and my own."

"I have done so," replied Richard, "you are rich and noble, *she*, poor and virtuous; but, sir, my sister did not go to you and say, 'I am rich, of high rank, can you love me?' No; she lived peaceably under our humble roof; you sought her out and said; 'I am *poor* and *your equal*, will you love me?' She believed and listened to your protestations; you assumed a false name, and wore a dress like mine, to win her love. She loved, not for gold, or rank, but for *yourself!* I am Cephise's brother, sir; mark you! *her brother!* and here I demand to know, is it, or is it not, your intention to wed my sister?"

"I have given sufficient reason why I cannot make her my wife. For her welfare I shall ever be solicitous; and if part of my fortune can repair the error I—"

"Sir!" interrupted Richard, "all the wealth of your *race!* cannot efface the blush you have caused upon my sister's cheek. Here, sir; here are the pistols you ordered," taking two from his pocket, "I made them: you shall find I can use them also."

"Madman!" exclaimed the count, "you have had your answer."

"Your fashionable education, sir, has made you a scoundrel; do not let me find it has made you a *coward* too."

At this moment Dubois, out of breath, entered the room.

"Oh, sir, the devil surely is following me in the shape of an enraged colonel. Just as I turned the corner of a street he snatched your note out of my hand, and crack went the seal."

"Villain! traitor! exclaimed the count.

"So I thought," said the valet.

"Begone," said the exasperated count, "'tis you whom I call traitor; you have betrayed your master; begone, I say;" and the discomfited valet obeyed his master, as Henry Decourcey, unannounced, made his way into the apartment.

"Sir!" said the count, "by an act of treachery, unbecoming a gentleman, you have *dared* to break a seal, not addressed to yourself."

"I am ready to abide the consequences, sir; we will settle that point after we have adjusted that which so nearly concerns the honor of my family.—What have you to say in extenuation of your intrigue with that poor girl, upon the eve of your marriage with my cousin?"

"Your right to question me, I will not admit, till you have satisfied me for your deliberate insult."

"I will *assume* the right, at my own peril! you have offered to a mistress that love which you proffered to your intended *wife!* 'Tis here written!" and Henry Decourcey dashed the unfolded paper at the feet of the count. "Do you, sir, intend to lead Mademoiselle Decourcey to the altar, or do you not?"

Richard stood back, and anxiously awaited the count's answer.

"My engagement," replied the count, "was made with her mother and herself! and to *them* only will I answer."

"Vain boaster!" said Henry Decourcey, touching the hilt of his sword, "your reply, or I will demand satisfaction at the sword's point."

"You have thrown the gauntlet, sir, and I must stoop for it! You will find I cannot be forced to accept a wife even at the sword's point. You have dictated to me a choice, and I should now indeed, be both a coward and poltroon, did I not at once refuse the hand of Mademoiselle Decourcey."

The count rang the bell—Dubois attended the summons—"My sword!"—He then seated himself at the table and began to write.

"Ah!" thought the mechanic, "their rank entitles them to this mode of redress; were I to demand such, I should be banished from my country!"

Dubois entered with the sword, and handed it to his master, left the room. The count folded the paper he had been writing, and advancing to Richard, held it towards him, with these words,—"Take this paper to your sister; 'tis my voluntary and solemn promise of marriage, should I survive this encounter!"

"Villain!" muttered Henry Decourcey, between his clenched teeth. Richard, with an agitated hand, thrust the paper into his bosom. The count seized his sword from table, and darting a furious look at Henry Decourcey cried—

"Follow me, sir! follow me!"

[Concluded in our next.]

KING JAMES I, once wrote a book in Latin, and sent it to a printer, named Norton, to be published. Norton returned word that he "could not print it, without getting his money first."

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

## QUOTATIONS.

THERE is one class of writers whose whole aim appears to be, to intersperse their disquisitions with quotations. Scarcely a sentence can be framed without being decorated with some prosaic maxim or a beautiful line of poetry. What renders this fact more aggravating, the deed more unpardonable, is that many of these scribblers have only

"Just enough of learning to misquote."

They appear to be in such haste to get their communications before the public, that they cannot stop to examine the original—if indeed they know who the author is,—and thus be enabled to quote *verbatim*, but they take the language as memory hands it to them, and thus, mangled and with the sense not unfrequently destroyed, it comes before the eye of the reading community.

Again, there is often an inappropriateness about these quotations. They are not judiciously selected, nor are they naturally suggested, but are, apparently, dragged in merely to show how conversant the writer is with other authors. They have sometimes the appearance of being too weighty, overbending to the young sapling's ideas, resting upon them like a ponderous bird on a slender reed.

Many, who seem to have some good sense, and who might have considerable originality of thought are in the habit of borrowing much of their language—and consequently many ideas—because, as they appear to imagine, it is fashionable. Thus they have worn a few scraps of verse, and some other popular and charmingly expressed thoughts, entirely threadbare by their frequent usage. To talk of the advent of autumn without informing the reader that

"The melancholy days have come,  
the saddest of the year."

at the same time drawing a few moral reflections from the "sere and yellow leaf," would be ridiculously absurd. If the visitation of spring is referred to, we must be told—however plain it may appear to every one who has an eye or an ear—that "the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land"—chiming no doubt with that of the sweet mother of flowers herself—

"I come, I come, ye have called me long."

Should the "school-boy" be spoken of, however peaceful and quiet he may be, with them he is always "whining;" and if reference is made to his teacher, we shall certainly hear that his business is

"To teach the young ideas how to shoot."

But we cannot have patience to enumerate the ten thousand quotations, that we see daily from Shakespeare, Pope and Byron, and some others, multitudes of which the reader must have at this moment in his mind. One thing we deeply regret, that many sweet stanzas of poetry and bright truisms, are rendered actually insipid and unpalatable, by their being used as a spice, it is presumed in every dish of mental food which some writers serve up. Those delicious lines from Grey,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air,"

have been used so much in regard to neglected geniuses, that they are scarcely relishable. This remark might be applied to an incalculable host of poetic gems whose virtues are nearly lost by their frequent admixture with baser alloys.

From the lamentable facts herein briefly pointed out, one inference is very readily drawn. Those writers who are ever quoting whether correctly or incorrectly, appropriately or inappropriately, discover a want of taste, and are either pedantic or addle-pated.

J. C.

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

## ASCENT AND DESCENT OF A PYRAMID.

PYRAMIDS may be ascended to their summit, but it is a difficult undertaking. I went from Cairo in company with a party of sixteen, who sat out with this object in view; for the ascent is always made by a company, their mutual aid being indispensable in achieving it. It would be impossible for any man to accomplish it alone. The Pyramid consists of stone, each layer a little narrower than that below it, the whole representing some resemblance to an enormous flight of steps. If these were of the ordinary dimensions, the ascent would be easy, requiring only good legs, a steady head and determined perseverance; but the smallest of these steps are two feet high, and the largest of them five or six. If you should try to climb such a staircase alone, I venture to say you would soon be obliged to give it up. But with assistance it is practicable. We took with us guides and servants, and there were in our company some tall men, others of middle size, and some who were but youths of fifteen or sixteen. We arranged ourselves in line, placing the two boys at either extremity, and the stoutest and heaviest of the company in the center. We chose the hour of midnight, both because the coolness of the night enabled us the better to endure the fatigue, and because we wished to be on the summit at sunrise. We arrived at the foot of the Pyramid when the sun was setting, and reposed ourselves here till the middle of the night. The moon was at full and shone in cloudless splendor on the western front of the Pyramid. In mounting the first twenty or thirty layers, we found comparatively little difficulty, each getting on by his own strength. Then we took one of the boys by his ankles, and standing below, gave him a shove, thus enabling him to mount with little exertion of his own. Having been thus elevated, he would have been very ungrateful had he refused to reciprocate the good office by pulling up in turn the next below him. When two had been thus elevated, they lent their hands to the next, and so on, till one half being up, they could raise the heaviest of the company with ease. Thus we had alternately to push and pull, till we gradually surmounted the whole ascent; but it was so laborious, and we were compelled by fatigue to stop so often, that the journey occupied nearly six hours. We succeeded, however, in attaining the summit before the sun was above the horizon. Arriving there, instead of finding the apex of the Pyramid to be, what it appeared to the eye below a perfect point, we found ourselves on a platform

at least twenty feet square; and our first labor being thus completed, most of us were very glad to lie down to rest.

Before long, however, those of our company who had remained awake, as sentinels of the sun, aroused us with the welcome information that his rising was near. You are aware that as we approach the equator, the duration of twilight becomes less and less. Cairo lies in the latitude of thirty, and there the twilight is comparatively short, and day opens suddenly upon the world. The first indication of its breaking was perceived by us over Mount Makatty, or the "Hewn Mountains," (so called from their peculiar shape.) It was a long thin streak of light, extending from one side of the horizon to the other. Its effect was that of a curtain lifted a very little way, but sufficient to make you aware that there is a world of light behind it. The figure is frequent among the poets. "Night's ebony curtains," is a phrase used by Milton, who drew deep from the fountains of nature. The exact effect which we witnessed is given by another poetic figure where they speak of the "opening of the eyelid, of the morning." It was just as if one should hold over beauty asleep, and having watched with admiration its marble composure, should then behold the eyes, those windows of the soul, at length open and at once spread the beams of intelligence over the whole countenance. By and by this streak of liquid light was succeeded by a roseate hue, suffusing itself over that side of the heaven like the blush of Aurora but scarcely continuing long enough to be deliberately contemplated, before it passed into a saffron tinge, whence, among the ancients, the goddess is printed with a saffron vest, and her emblem among the eastern nations is to this day the saffron flower. While we were gazing in delight on this beautiful change, the god of day, the great Apollo himself, suddenly appeared in all the fulness of his orb, dazzling our sight with insufferable brilliance of his rays. This opened up to our view the city of Grand Cairo, which till now had lain in deep shade. It appeared beneath Mount Makatty, suddenly breaking into distinct view with all its mosques, minarets, caravan-serais, squares and gardens; while the sun threw a flood of glory on the enamelled roofs and slender spires, presenting one of the most picturesque objects on which the eye of a painter could desire to gaze. But, when we turned ourselves to the west, what a contrast did we behold! We had been looking on all the life and beauty, and agricultural riches of the valley of the Nile, and in a moment we beheld nothing but desolation. The Lybian sands stretched themselves interminably before us without mountain, or hillock, or lake, or stream, or tree, or blade of grass, or tent, or camel, or human habitation. Meanwhile the pale and fading moon was dimly seen, receding, with the shades of night, over the desert, like some routed queen with her scattered army before the advance of her triumphant conqueror. In the green landscape on the other, the river glittered like a current of silver flowing among emeralds; while not less than 500 or 600 boats, with their painted Latine sails, were seen gliding along its surface in the cheerful morning ray, "like orient pearls at random strung." These sails are triangular, and are made of cotton, which grows whiter, and whiter as it is bleached

by the sun; their snowy brilliancy being still more striking as relieved by the green banks of the river between which they were moving. The scene was impressive, at once beautiful and sublime. Our feet were resting on the oldest monument in the world, from which, as Bonaparte eloquently said in one of his general orders, "forty centuries were looking down with us, upon the wide spread land below." All our toil was now most amply rewarded, nay so ravishing was the spectacle as to be, of itself and alone, well worth the fatigue of a long journey.

After we had feasted our eyes, which seemed as if they could not be satisfied with gazing, the thoughts suddenly struck us—just as if we had not been previously aware of the fact—"now we must get down again." Strange as it may seem this consideration had never presented itself till now. All our thoughts, anxieties and efforts had been directed towards getting up. The risk or difficulties of the descent had never come into our minds; and when it did come, it brought with it a sudden and painful dejection of spirits. We went to the edge of the platform, and glancing our eyes downward, we recoiled as from a precipice. I do not remember that in any one of the many dangers I have passed through in the course of my travels, I was ever overtaken by such a thorough fright. The sensation produced by looking down from a great height is of itself most powerful and terrifying to many persons. Who has not felt the justice of those celebrated lines of Shakespeare, where he represents one as looking from the edge of Dover cliff?

"How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
\* \* \* I'll look no more,  
Lest my head turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong."

The balcony of St. Paul's, London is but 350 feet from the pavement below; and yet, for safety, it was deemed necessary to make the railing breast high, and many are still very reluctant to look over it. We were twice that height in the air, and not the frailest barrier surrounded the naked platform where we stood. And we had not only to look over the edge but to go over. We now held a council to deliberate on the mode of descent; whether we should attempt it like men, boldly facing outward, or crawl down in a more timid and ignoble style, going backward, as one descends a ladder. The bold, in such a state of hesitation, usually prevails over the timid and the prudent, and it was accordingly resolved that we should descend with faces looking outward; and so we did; but only for the first four or five steps. The operation proved too hazardous. Should the brain turn for a moment, we might be precipitated at once down the whole flight, the effect of which must be instant death. We clung to the face of each step, shrinking back with dread at every new descent; until, at last, we were fain to turn our backs and creep down the rest of the way with our faces inward. It was a most tedious and fatiguing, as well as a hazardous process. In some cases the layers of stone were of such a height that those of the company who were low of stature could not, even when hanging by their hands, reach the next step with their feet; but after dangling on the edge, were forced to let them-

selves drop; and though their feet might be within two or three inches of the platform, it was nevertheless a very unpleasant thing to let go. Those who had descended before, of course lent their countenance and aid to their more diminutive companions; but with every sort of the mutual assistance we could render each other, we found the descent ten times more arduous and exhausting, than the ascent had proved.—*Buckingham.*

## MISCELLANY.

### THE "KEY OF DEATH."

IN the collections of curiosities preserved in the Arsenal at Venice, there is a key of which the following singular tradition is related:

"About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men to whom extraordinary talent is the only fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house already affianced to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of a large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of the injury, but seized with a sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to the house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of his illness, and in a very few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They, too, perished miserable in a few days. The alarm which these deaths (which appeared almost miraculous,) occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when on close examination of the bodies, the instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal—every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will entreated to speak with her at the gate. The face of the foreigner had ever been displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her had become odious, (as she thought she had a presentiment of his guilt,) and her reply was most decisive in the negative.—Tebaldo beyond himself with rage attempted to wound her through the gate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movements from being observed. On her return to the room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and on uncov-

ing she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeon who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extricated the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The State Inquisition used every means to discover the hand which had dealt those insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous weapon discovered, and he perished on the gibbet."

### ACCUMULATION.

THE philosophy that denounces accumulation is the philosophy of barbarism. It places man below the condition of most of the native tribes on this continent.—No man will voluntarily sow that another may reap. You may place a man in a paradise of plenty on this condition, but its abundance will ripen and decay unheeded. At this moment the fairest regions of the earth—Sicily, Turkey, Africa, the loveliest and most fertile portions of the East; the regions that in ancient times, after feeding their own numerous and mighty cities, nourished Rome and her armies—are occupied by oppress and needy races, whom all the smiles of heaven and the bounties of the earth cannot tempt to strike a spade into the soil, further than is requisite for a scanty supply of necessary food. On the contrary, establish the principle that property is safe—that a man is secure in the possession of his accumulated earnings, and he creates a paradise on the barren earth—Alpine solitudes echo to the lowing of his herds—he builds up his dykes against the ocean, and cultivates a field beneath the level of its waves, and exposes his life fearlessly in sickly jungles and among ferocious savages. Establish the principle that his property is his own, and he seems almost willing to sport with its safety. He trusts it all in a single vessel, and stands calmly by while she unmoors for a voyage of circumnavigation around the globe. He knows that the sovereignty of his country accompanies it with a sort of earthly omnipresence, and guards it as vigilantly in the loneliest island of the Antarctic Sea, as though it were locked in his coffers at home. He is not afraid to send it out upon the common pathway of the ocean, for he knows that the sheltering wings of the law of nations will overshadow it there. He sleeps quietly, though all that he has is borne upon six inches of plank on the bosom of the unfathomed waters; for even if the tempest should bury it in the deep, he has assured himself against ruin, by the agency of those institutions which modern civilization has devised for the purpose of averaging the loss of individuals upon the mass.—*Gov. Everett.*

### ORIGIN OF THE WORD QUIZ.

VERY few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings as this monosyllable; and however strange the word, it is still more strange that none of our lexicographers, from Bailey to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious. It is because it has no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world



ever known from the Baylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatre he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day; gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken, all through the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language—wagers were laid and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and every shop and window in the town. Shops being shut all next day, every body going to and coming from their different places of worship saw the word, and every body repeated it, so that "Quiz" was heard all through Dublin; the circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window caused much surprise, and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression—you are *quizzing* me.

### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I REMEMBER vividly the circumstance of her departure. Consumption had already done its powerful work. Unlike many who are smitten with this disease, she preferred to die in the bosom of her family. Why should the stag, pierced to the heart in its own thicket, seek refuge in the deeper glades to bleed to death? It is a wrong idea this, of searching in a land of strangers for health which is "clean gone forever." How many are thus yearly cut down in the midst of their wanderings! In some desolate chamber, they lie in the agonies of death. No soft hand presses their brow; no familiar voice whispers in the ear; no cherished friend performs their funeral obsequies. Death is indeed bitter, under such circumstances, being without its usual alleviations. It is a sweet consolation to die at home.

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

There is something dreadful yet beautiful in consumption; it comes stealing on so softly and so silently. It comes, too, in the garb of mockery and deception, and clothes its victims in beautiful garments for the grave. The hectic flush, the snowy brow, the brilliant eye;—who could believe that these were death's precursors? the signet of the conqueror! It invests the patient with a preternatural patience and sweetness under sufferings, keeping alive, at the same time, in her breast the illusion of hope. Even in her moments of keenest sufferings she looks forward to days of returning happiness—and while the worm is forever preying at the core, and her slender form becomes each day more feeble and attenuated, she has before her a gilded prospect, and the mind and spirits are buoyant with the thought. But when the final struggle has at last commenced, how sublime is the spectacle! To behold the immortal mind so calm, so tranquil, and so triumphant—waxing brighter, while the tenement which contains it is but a poor fleshless skeleton—to behold the eye beaming with undiminished lustre toward the objects of its affection, until the soul at

last bursting the charnel vault which has too long confined it, takes one triumphant bound. Then is the body still and silent. The feather is unruffled by the breath, and the glass retains its polish; for dust has returned to dust again, and the spirit unto God who gave it.—*Knickerbocker.*

### NEATNESS.

EVERY man ought to have his house painted—the door yard fence kept in good repair; a number of beautiful trees set around it; a few pleasant walks laid out around his dwelling; the lanes leading from his house to distant fields shaded with ornamental and useful trees, and the general neatness and comfort universally preserved. However small be his farm he can still have something like this. A little diligence, contrivance and improvement of leisure hours, will give him all these.

The moral effect of these things on his wife and children will be delightful. They will contribute to make a contented and happy home. The child may be taught to love the young tree whose roots he has watered, and which is growing up by his side.

The family will be pleased with their home; and the love of home, and its pleasant localities, will have a healthful influence on the soul.

The library within, and the neatness and taste which surrounds, will be successful rivals to the tavern, and to wild and ruinous companionships. Who knows but what these few suggestions may make some farm houses, which we have seen, look a little more comfortable and attractive?—If they should; if they make one little tree grow, we shall be paid well for writing them.

### A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

THE late eminent judge, Sir Allan Park, once said at a public meeting—"we are in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely, how large a share of all is due to christianity. Blot christianity from the page of man's history, and what his laws have been—and what his civilization. Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around which does not wear a mark, not a being or thing which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of christian hope is on it, not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to christianity, nor a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the gospel."

A FEELER.—A surgeon and a lawyer, had very little good feeling towards each other, and the following conversation took place: "If," asked the surgeon, "a neighbor's dog destroys my ducks, can I recover damages by law?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer, "you can recover. Pray what are the circumstances?" "Why, sir, your dog last night, destroyed two of my ducks."—"Indeed, then, you certainly can recover the damages, what is the amount? I'll instantly discharge it." "Four shillings and sixpence," chuckled the surgeon.—"And my fee for attending and advising you is six shillings and eightpence," responded the attorney, "and unless you immediately pay the same my conduct will be *suit-able*."

ANECDOTE.—We once knew a man who on his return from a public meeting, burst open his door in a rage, upset his children, kicked his dog, hurled his hat behind the grate with the ferocity of a chased tiger. "What's the matter, my dear?" said his amazed wife. "Matter!" roared the angry husband, matter enough! Neighbor B. has publicly called me a liar!" "Oh never mind that, my dear," replied the good woman; "he can't prove it, and you know nobody will believe him." "Prove it, you fool!" roared the madman, more furiously than before, "he did prove it! He brought witnesses and *proved it on the spot*!"

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

C. B. North Granville, N. Y. \$5.00; C. W. B. Cincinnati, O. \$10.00; G. E. F. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. G. Franklinville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. W. Montpelier, Vt. \$15.00; P. M. Stockport, N. Y. \$4.00; M. H. Lexington Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; R. A. F. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; O. H. Union Society, N. Y. \$5.00; H. C. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; A. E. Troy, N. Y. \$2.00; D. F. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Vandalia, Ill. \$2.00; F. L. G. Lancaster, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Blooming Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stockbridge, N. Y. \$2.00; O. H. New Marlborough, Mass. \$1.00; W. W. R. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. Brattleborough, Vt. \$1.00; S. L. C. Danmerton, Vt. \$1.00; S. F. Jr. Springfield, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Norwich, N. Y. \$2.00; S. H. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; E. M. Palatine, N. Y. \$1.00; T. H. S. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; F. S. T. Townsend, Vt. \$1.00; D. L. P. Gilboa, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. West Stockbridge Center, Mass. \$1.00; F. A. B. Peekskill, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Peekskill, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Moretown, Vt. \$2.00; D. C. L. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$10.00; H. M. S. Columbus, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. D. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. S. Rushville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. Brattleboro', Vt. \$3.00; A. B. F. Ontario, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gorham, N. Y. \$5.00; O. R. B. Pittsfield, Mass. \$5.00; A. F. H. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Berlin, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Hinesdale, Mass. \$3.00; P. C. S. Waterbury, Vt. \$12.00; P. M. Collins, N. Y. \$5.00; P. R. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; R. J. W. Cohoes, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Shelburne Falls, Mass. \$1.00; A. K. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; D. N. G. Gilbert's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. B. Comstock's Landing, N. Y. \$10.00; A. L. J. Hanford's Landing, N. Y. \$0.024; T. E. T. Wayne's Ville, Ga. \$1.00; P. M. Cassville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Potsdam, N. Y. \$2.00; E. W. M. Martville, N. Y. \$0.81; A. D. C. West Stockbridge, Mass. \$1.00; S. H. Schaghticoke, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. Greenfield, Mass. \$1.00; A. A. E. Shelby, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Hartford, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Buskirk's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Whitney's Valley, N. Y. \$5.00; G. C. Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. C. Beaufort, S. C. \$1.00; S. T. F. Cornwall Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; M. H. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. C. Smyrna, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Unadilla, Mich. \$1.00; S. H. Upper Lisle, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. S. North Bennington, Vt. \$3.00; S. D. K. Bloomingdale, Ill. \$1.00; P. C. Niagara, U. C. \$5.00; J. B. R. Elmira, N. Y. \$5.00; M. E. H. South Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; M. W. Baldwinville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. R. Westminster, Vt. \$1.00; G. C. B. Yonkers, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Northumberland, N. Y. \$2.00; T. C. E. Fayetteville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Castleton, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. North White Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Brandon, Vt. \$1.00; S. H. C. Harrisburgh, Pa. \$1.00; P. C. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. North-east, N. Y. \$1.00.



### Parried,

In this city, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Jeffrey Decker to Miss Emeline, daughter of Mr. T. B. Perry, all of this city.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. Thomas M. Smith, Allen H. Jordan, M. D. of Egremont, Mass. to Miss Ann H. daughter of Mr. John Powers, of Catskill.

At Mellenville, on the 13th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Sylvester McIlhott to Miss McIlhenna Howard, both of Ghent.

### Wed,

In this city, on the 20th ult. Walter, son of Mr. Samuel and Altana Wescott, in the 3d year of his age.

At Athens, on the 15th ult. of Scarlet Fever, D. Casey Osborne, aged 4 years; and on the 17th ult. W. Hall-neck Osborne, aged 2 years, sons of Orrin E. Osborne, Esq.

In Austerlitz, on the 15th ult. Mrs. Sarah Brewer, widow of the late Joshua Brewer, of Tyringham, Mass. in the 69th year of her age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO —.

THE sky of June has tinged the lake !  
And lo !—upon its breast—  
A barque, gently careering,  
Uphears its snowy crest ;  
A radiant halo waking  
The tranquil waters o'er—  
O, seems it not a voyager,  
From some bright unknown shore ?

The tiny jeweled waves come round,  
Half murmur and half song ;  
And strange, gay birds, alighting,  
Their melodies prolong ;  
While to yon distant fairy isle,  
It points its gladdened way,  
In beauty and in loveliness,  
O'er ripple and mid spray.

Fair lady, may the barque that bears  
Thy being o'er life's sea,  
E'er so, be wafted brightly on—  
In trusting fondness, free !  
No wayward breath disturbing,  
By no rude billow pressed,  
As thou calmly speedest onward,  
To yon haven-bower of rest !

Fairfield Academy.

J. M.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY SISTER,

*On the Birth of her First Son.*

BY THE REV. S. S. MALLERY.

BEHOLD, dear sister, that sweet babe,  
Now smiling in thy arms,  
Who feels, while on thy bosom laid,  
Secure from every harm.

I know the fondness of thy love  
Must thrill thy heart with joy,  
And he will all thy fullness prove—  
That first-born darling boy !

Regard him as a precious gift,  
That God to thee has given ;  
And let it be thy pleasing task  
To train him up for heaven.

Be it thy duty and delight,  
His early thoughts to guide ;  
Teach him to walk in Wisdom's way,  
Nor from it turn aside.

Like him of old, whose name he bears,  
May he in favor grow,  
And as the child of many prayers,  
The God of Samuel know.

Blest with a tender father's love—  
Crowned with a mother's joy,  
May he to both a blessing prove—  
That first-born darling boy !

THE STRICKEN KING.

BY MISS JEWSSURY.

A KING sat on his stately throne,  
His people round him bowed ;  
He was an old and mighty one—  
Gorgeous, and fierce, and proud,

The friend of many kings was he,  
And oft, with kings for foes,  
He quaffed to death and victory,  
Where the wine of battle flows.  
Blood stained him in his early age,  
Blood steeped his latter day ;  
He had been a lion in his rage,  
A tiger in his play.

The king put on his royalty,  
The people shouted loud ;  
They knew not it was vanity—  
He felt not 'twas a shroud.  
He glittered in the noon-day sun,  
With golden crown and rod ;  
They hailed him the Eternal One,  
And shouted forth—"A God !"  
No angry thunder muttered "Nay,"  
The sun shone as before,  
Yet woe for Syrian holiday !  
Woe, woe, for evermore !

The king is on his dying bed,  
Ere stars are in the sky,  
And he that was a God they said,  
Must like a leazar die.  
He hath torture for his royal pall,  
And terror for his throne ;  
Grim crimes like spectres on the wall,  
And a heart like burning stone ;  
And fears of what he cannot see,  
And sense of Syria's scorn ;—  
He hath these for glittering company  
That thronged him in the morn !

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The Rev. Mr. GEORGE HERBERT, in one of his walks to Salisbury, to join a musical society, saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that had fallen under his load. Putting off his canonical coat, he helped him to unload, and afterwards to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man. And so like was he to the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, at the same time admonished him, that 'if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his poor beast.'"

"So, leaving the poor man, and coming unto his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder, that Mr. G. Herbert, who used always to be so trim and clean, should come into that company so soiled and discomposed ; but he told them the reason, and one of them said to him, 'he had disparaged himself by so mean an employment :' his answer was, that 'he thought what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass by the place.' 'For if,' said he, 'I am bound to pray for all who are in distress, I am surely bound, as far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy ; and I bless God for this opportunity. So now let us tune our instruments.'"

WHAT maketh music, when the bird  
Doth hush its merry lay,  
And the sweet spirit of the flowers  
Hath sighed itself away ?  
What maketh music, when the frost  
Doth chain the murmuring rill,  
And every song that summer woke,  
In winter's trance is still ?

What maketh music, when the winds  
To hoarse encounter rise,  
When Ocean strikes his thunder-gong,  
And the rent-cloud replies ?  
When no adventurous planet dares,  
The midnight arch to deck,

And in its startling dream the babe  
Doth clasp its mother's neck ?

But when the fiercer storms of life  
Do o'er the pilgrim sweep,  
And earthquake voices claim the hopes  
He treasured long and deep,  
When loud the threatening passions roar,  
Like lions in their den,  
And vengeful tempests lash the shore—  
What maketh music then ?

The deed to humble Virtue born,  
Which nursing memory taught  
To shun the boastful world's applause,  
And love the lowly thought—  
This builds a cell within the heart,  
Amid the weeds of care,  
And turning high its heaven-strung harp,  
Doth make sweet music there.

BEAUTY AND TIME.

BY MRS. PARDOE.

BEAUTY went out one summer day,  
To rove in Pleasure's bower ;  
And much she sported in her way  
With every opening flower.  
At length she reached a myrtle shade,  
And through the branches peeping,  
She saw among the blossoms laid,  
Time, most profoundly sleeping.

His head was pillowed on his wings,  
For he had furred his pinions,  
To linger with the lovely things  
In Pleasure's bright dominions ;  
His scythe and glass aside were cast—  
"How softly he reposes !"  
Cried Beauty, as she idly past,  
And covered him with roses.

Time awoke :—"Away !" he kindly said ;  
"Go trifle with the Graces ;  
You know that I was never made  
To toy with pretty faces.  
'Tis pleasant in so sweet a clime  
To rest a while from duty ;  
I'll sleep a little more," said Time,  
"No, do wake up !" said Beauty.

He rose ; but he was grim and old ;  
She felt her roses wither ;  
His scythe upon her heart was cold,  
His hour glass made her shiver :  
Her young cheeks shrank, her hair turned gray,  
Of grace he had bereft her ;  
And when he saw her droop away,  
He spread his wings and left her.

And thus I point my rhyme,—  
It is the minstrel's duty ;—  
Beauty should never sport with Time,  
Time always withers Beauty !

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

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## SELECT TALES.

### THE GUNSMITH OF ORLEANS, Or the Dead Woman's Secret.

BY MRS. ELIZA SHERIDAN.

[Concluded.]

#### Chapter Fourth.—The Marriage Promise.

RICHARD reached home, and throwing himself into a chair, waited the coming of Cephise. "No more tears—she will now be happy! yet I dare not tell her under what circumstances he gave this marriage promise!—No matter! she will become the Countess Preval! no longer the mechanic's sister! What then remains for me but to leave home, become a soldier, and bravely meet the death I so much covet! But I sit here suffering her to shed tears, with *that* in my possession which will assuage her grief at once; *her* marriage promise! but my death warrant!"

And opening the door, he called Cephise! she descended from her chamber, her face pale and her eyes dim with weeping.

"Where have you been, dear brother? I have missed you sadly."

"Cephise, I have been to the Count Preval's—nay, start not—he loves you and you will yet be his—wife!"

"He loves me?—he will not abandon me! O! Richard, speak those words again!"

"Here—here—is his promise of marriage!" and Richard, with a trembling hand, tendered the paper to her. She pressed it to her lips.

"Edward! dear Edward!"

"Give him his true title, Cephise, Count Theodore Preval!"

A knock was heard at the door.

"Cephise, guard well that paper; it is undeniable, and will ensure your right before any tribunal in the land."

Father Antoine accompanied by the Baroness Decourcy advanced. The Baroness spoke first.

"I wished to speak to you, Cephise, and Father Antoine was kind enough to show me the way."

"We are ever happy to see your ladyship," answered Cephise.

"Now, good father, and you Monsieur Morin, allow me a few moments conversation with Cephise, alone."

Richard withdrew followed by Father Antoine.

When left alone, the Baroness overcome with emotion burst into tears—the suppressed tears of maternal affection. Cephise handed a chair. The Baroness seated herself, and for an instant buried her face in her handkerchief. Cephise threw herself upon her knees before the Baroness and taking her hand, kissed it. The Baroness gently raised her—looked intently in her face, pressed her to her bosom, and again burst into a flood of tears.

"Dear madam, you are ill; what shall I do for you?"

"Nothing, nothing. I am already much better, and should feel more calm if my heart would utter what it feels.—Henceforth, Cephise, look upon me as a *dear friend*; 'tis my wish—nay, 'tis my command."

"O! madam!" replied Cephise, "*you* so good, *you* so kind to *me*!—You do not know the wrong I have innocently done your daughter. You do not know perhaps, the Count has given me his marriage promise."

"I know all Cephise; has your brother told you under what peculiar circumstances the Count gave that promise?"

"No madam."

"It is important you should know the truth; he is not the disinterested being you think him. Listen to me. To-morrow the Count was to have wedded Leonie, and but for the chance which disclosed to us the secret, you would now be waiting the expected visit of Edward. One hour after the cruel eclaireissement at my house, he left this letter for me; read it; 'tis of importance you should."

Cephise took it, and read as follows:

"Madam, a fatal event has disclosed what I hope in your eyes, will appear as it is—a fault, and not a crime. I need not say how much I regret the circumstances being made so public on your daughter's account, and I sincerely hope you will not make it an obstacle to my fulfilling my vows to her who alone possesses my love and has not, cannot find a rival in the heart of *Theodore Preval*."

Cephise handed the letter back to the Baroness, who continued.

"A note addressed to you, from the Count, was seen by my nephew, the purport of which was an outrage to the pride and feelings of Leonie. The Count provoked by Henry to decide between a recantation or a duel."

"A duel!" interrupted Cephise.

"Decided as a young and proud man would under similar circumstances.—And your marriage promise was the answer to Henry's challenge."

"O! madam, a duel! his life is in danger! Here, take it madam!—take this promise. I freely give up.—But do not let there be blood shed, and I the cause! Fly, madam, and destroy the fatal paper."

"The affair is already over; the Colonel has received only a slight wound, and the Count is free from hurt. Take care of this document; 'tis yours. The Count has timely freed himself from all engagement with Leonie. In that paper, my child, you hold your future destiny; *reflect*—do nothing rashly."

"Tell me, dear madam, what have I to fear?"

Remember, reader, the Baroness was striving to save a daughter from a marriage with a villain.

"Listen to me, Cephise; if 'tis from anger or a sense of wounded pride, and from being defied, the Count gave that promise—then tremble! for regret will follow swift upon your marriage vows! and cause for repentance brings infallibly a life of tears. Do not then purchase a day's happiness at the price of wretchedness! as you will here find a heart to love you! a bosom on which you can shed tears, devoid of anguish! If your heart has been deceived, come to mine! there you will ever find a sure asylum."

"Dear madam," said Cephise, "how have I merited your kind interest?"

"'Tis a secret hid in my heart! I love you, Cephise, and 'tis by that love I conjure you not to rashly sacrifice your future happiness!—Search well your own heart before you accept the Count—probe him deeply ere you consent to become his wife. Promise me this, and I am content."

"I do! I do!"

"Then Heaven bless you till we meet again—look to me in all cases to succor and console you, as to a mother!"

Cephise gratefully acknowledged the Baroness's kindness, and took her leave, promising to see her soon again. Richard came in as the Baroness departed.

"Dear Richard said Cephise, the Baroness has informed me how you became possessed of this promise. She has left in my heart a doubt more cruel than the certainty of misery: I know not exactly why, but feel a presentiment of greater trials in store for me. I must see the Count this very night. My heart cannot beat much longer with this load of misery; an explanation may cost me pain, but it will no longer be that of suspense or uncertainty."

A quick step ascended the stairs, and the Count came to her wish.

"Dear Cephise, how rejoiced I am to meet you again. Speak, dearest, has not the Count Preval fulfilled the promise of the humble Edward?"

"Ah," replied Cephise, "it was not for his promise I grieved, 'twas for himself!"

"Dear Cephise, you are aware this marriage cannot take place in Paris, before the eyes of my family and friends; we will fly, dearest, from France, and when safe in England, you shall become my wife. Do you ask me to explain the motives that exist for such a proceeding; suffice it, 'tis only in England our marriage can take place. To-morrow, at daylight a carriage will be in readiness; your brother will accompany you. I shall follow and meet you in Calais, from which a few hour's sail and the sea separates us from France." Digitized by Google



Richard looked attentively at Cephise;—  
“what says my sister to this plan?”

Cephise wiped away the tears that gathered in her eyes, and taking Richard's hand, she begged him to leave her alone with the Count, but remain within call. Richard obeyed, and the lovers were left together.

“Now,” thought Cephise, “comes my trial. O, woman! of what material is your heart composed, that it can bear what I have borne and yet not break?”

The Count took her hand, and inquired the cause of her melancholy.—

“For you, dearest Cephise, I give up wealth—friends—and rank; all I ask for in return, is an assurance of that love you have so often professed for the mechanic Edward. To you I look for all my future joy.”

“Do you love me so very dear?” falteringly inquired Cephise.

“Love you? look at the sacrifices I make of friends and fortune, and then judge. Why do you shed tears—and why draw your hand from mine?”

“You say you love me, Count Preval; 'twas requisite you should say thus much, in order that I might recognize Edward Dorville to whom I gave my love. And you love me? I wish to believe you, in order to give me courage to make a sacrifice for your welfare.”

“What mean you, Cephise?”

“Hear me Count Preval, you are no longer Edward, poor and obscure, to whom my heart would have been a rich gift, my hand an object of pride. To the Count Preval, my love would be but a trifling recompense for the many sacrifices he must make to it. Be sincere with me, is all I ask. You have once cruelly deceived me; the second attempt, and you become the victim. Before I give my consent to what you propose, hear all I have to say. Think what you will sacrifice by wedding me. Your family will renounce you; you give up fortune—a noble bride—and rank in society with the prospect, too, of high elevation!—all for what? The heart of a poor lowly girl!”

There was a pause; the Count was silent; Cephise continued.

“Deprived of much the world esteems so highly; your pride wounded; discarded by your family; would not regret soon follow? perhaps reproaches—when you found yourself the husband of Cephise, the gunsmith's sister!”

“Cephise,” answered the Count, after some hesitation, “the promise I have signed, excludes all possibility of reflection.”

“But not all possibility of future regret! Will you not feel yourself degraded to meet your friends abroad, with your humble wife upon your arm?”

The Count's confusion at the picture she had drawn, was too apparent to the scrutinizing eye of Cephise. She perceived his hesitation, and struggling with her feelings, she approached the Count, and drawing the promise from her bosom, she held it towards him.

“I perceive and understand at once your hesitation. There, there is your written promise; take it; 'tis I who refuse you! return to the society your rank warrants your aspiring to; I

am too well assured that the love of a poor girl cannot compensate for the loss of what you prize so highly—your wealth—your grandeur!”

“Cephise, who has counseled you to this proceeding?”

“My own heart is my only counselor. I offer you this writing; is it your pleasure to take it back again?”

He took the paper; her hand dropped by her side; and making an effort to overcome her emotion, she bade him leave her now; he would have nothing more to say, or she to listen to.

“But dear Cephise”—

“Count Preval,” said she proudly, “oblige me and retire at once.”

The Count, between rage and mortification, slowly made for the door, tearing the marriage promise, and scattering the floor with its fragments; when he reached the door, he turned to Cephise.

“Farewell—farewell—forever!”

Cephise tottered to a chair.

“He's gone! He's gone! He never loved me, or he could never give my heart a pang like that.”

Richard, who was anxiously waiting to be summoned, hastened to Cephise the instant he heard the departure of the Count, and entered the room just in time to catch her in his arms as she staggered, overcome with excitement, towards a seat.

“Richard, dear brother, he's gone! The trial's past. I have renounced him forever! look there! look there!” and she pointed to the scattered fragments of her marriage promise, and clung to Richard in hysterical convulsions.

*Chapter Fifth—“All's well that ends well.”*

Three days had passed, and Cephise was slowly recovering from a nervous excitement. She had determined upon retiring into a convent, and had, with difficulty, gained Richard's consent to such a step. The Baroness had called often, and her kindness in the hour of adversity, bound Cephise more closely to her. She had consulted Father Antoine, and it was thought advisable to let Cephise retire to a quiet convent, till time had obliterated all traces of her late disappointment. But the Baroness' wish was to have urged a union between Richard and her daughter, but this would lead to the unpleasant alternative of acknowledging that, which she wished forever buried.

Richard, whose eagle spirit was somewhat crushed by agony, and disappointed love, made arrangements to leave France on the day Cephise departed for the convent. His knapsack was lying open on the table, and from time to time he placed such articles in it as constitutes the wardrobe of a foot soldier.

“Let me see if I have forgotten any thing written down in the army regulations. My thoughts are wandering far from what I am about! and my heart! that feels as though it was full to bursting, and were it not unmanly, I could weep, and find relief in tears. Cephise and I are now to part forever! Before she takes the veil, the secret must be revealed, which I had hoped to carry with me to the grave.”

Cephise, at that moment, entered the room, looking pale and melancholy, with a letter in her hand.

“Dear Richard, have this letter sent to the Superior. I shall not be long after it, as to-morrow is the day appointed for my entrance into the convent. Have you sent for the good Baroness, and for Father Antoine? They would be affronted, did I leave without taking leave of them, and I am not strong enough to venture out so far.”

“They have been sent for, and will soon be here. And you are then determined to leave our home; abandon your brother, and spend the remainder of your days in a convent?”

“Abandon my brother! No! nothing can ever change my love for you, dear Richard!”

“But you think, Cephise, that the walls of a convent; a religious habit; and the prayers of the church, will afford you more consolation than the affectionate brother, who would have protected you through life.”

“Dearest Richard, I should but afflict you with a constant sight of my tears; you cannot comprehend the agony of grief, a heart deceived as mine has been, is capable of feeling. You, Richard, have never loved.”

“I have never loved! say you?” and Richard felt all the bitterness of unreturned affection. “You have chosen seclusion, I have chosen another path! How think you I should feel, to remain in this once happy home, and miss your presence! No, no! this could be no home to me! To-morrow you become a nun, and I—a soldier!”

“Gracious Heavens! and leave France?” exclaimed Cephise.

“And leave France,” echoed Richard.

“But why do this Richard? you are not unhappy; why then leave your employment, your country, and your sister?”

“'Tis my sister who leaves me.”

“But,” replied Cephise, “my vows will not prevent my seeing you and loving you, dear Richard.”

“There is more selfishness in your disposition, Cephise, than I thought you possessed. What! renounce your brother and the good Baroness, and retire from us, merely to indulge in useless grief for a disappointment that you should pour out your soul in thankfulness for! Rouse yourself, dear sister, rouse yourself!”

“Would I could; you have been so indulgent, dear Richard, that even my grief has had its own way!”

“Before you pronounce the vows, as before your marriage, had it taken place, I must reveal to you a secret, dear Cephise, and in opening my heart to you, show you I am not what I seem. You look astonished. Do you remember the years of your infancy? how happily they passed! Not one of my companions loved his sister as I did mine. When my mother died, I was your only protector; I felt the anxiety of a father for my charge, nay more; each day, each year, you became dearer to me. I did not dare to look into my own heart. I feared—I know not what! I trembled at the approach of a lover, and grew jealous of my young companions. I no longer knew my own heart. When I left you, I was wretched till I returned. When I returned I was unhappy near you. One image filled my thoughts by day and by night. ‘Twas yours!

always yours! You remember on your last birthday, Father Antoine called to disclose a secret to me? I never have told you what he gave me. 'Twas my mother's will, which she wrote shortly before her death; that will contained the secret. 'Twas this. *I am not your brother! You are not my mother's child!*"

Cephise's astonishment was strongly depicted in her face as she eagerly demanded,

"Who am I?"

Richard handed her the paper containing the account of his mother. She hastily ran her eyes over it.

"Abandoned by my mother—then found—my name Evelina—O! who were my parents?"

Richard continued. "I at once understood the feelings of my heart. I loved you, Cephise, loved you truly and fervently. When I perused that paper, no words can do justice to my joy. I said to myself—she is not my sister! and we can love each other. I dreamed not of a lover, but saw you mine for life. O! that was a happy moment. I called you to explain all, but you also had a secret to reveal. I heard it—and mine remained buried here! You know what followed. I sought him—brought him to you to become your husband. She will now be happy, I said, and I will school my heart to think of her only as a sister. What it cost me to look upon you in that light, you know not—of the many sleepless nights and wretched days—broken spirits—and neglected work. My thoughts traversing a sea, dark and agitated as themselves, in hopes to light upon some spot away from all I held most dear. I was like a pine hewn down in all its strength and vigor, and left to perish branch by branch!"

"And you loved me so dearly Richard—"

"More than life! since I am now willing to sacrifice it in the fearful chances of war!"

"Hear me; away from you I never can be happy—knowing what you have suffered—will suffer for my sake. I will give up the convent life, and we will live as we have lived—be again happy in each other!"

"That cannot be. The veil of relationship is cast aside, and, we have now to part!"

"No! no! dear Richard, for my sake do not become a soldier. Speak Richard! Do you love me still?" and all her lost energy was in her tone and action.

"Look at these preparations for a long departure from my home, and ask the question."

Cephise paused for an instant. She thought what she owed him. The chance of his death abroad—and her resolution was at once taken.

"Richard, can you pardon my having loved one so far beneath you in nobleness of soul, and generosity of heart? can you—will you forgive my blindness and folly?"

"Forgive you, O, Cephise," and Richard scarce dared to give a meaning to her sudden enthusiasm; she continued,

"If a heart—bruised—disclaimed—but filled with admiration and affectionate esteem, can render the remainder of your life happy, Richard, I offer you mine! and here I swear before Heaven and yourself, that I no longer love him who has deceived me! O, then, if my hand is worthy your acceptance, take it, Richard! I am yours for life!"

"You!—my wife! the wife of Richard Morin! no, no, Cephise, you deceive yourself, and wed with your heart dead to the love of such a nature, in the hope of returning all I feel for you; no! I cannot accept your generous proposal at the cost of your future happiness!"

"O! the discovery of that dreadful secret, leaves me as it were alone in the world. But for that disclosure, we might have lived so happy! happy did I say? ah! no, 'twas but the semblance, for were you not suffering the heart's worst agony, yet wearing the outside show of peace within?"

"Ah Cephise, the disclosure of that secret relieved my heart of much guilty feeling, but 'twas only momentary. The warm tide of joy was sent back, freezing in every channel!"

"No more of that, dear Richard; it recalls recollections of my weakness, I could wish forever forgotten. But this secret! Who am I? Perhaps the child of shame! No, no, Richard, you must not wed with one whose birth is wrapped in mystery! I dare not offer—or you accept the hand of one who—"

"No more! no more! Cephise!—sister!—companion!—wife!"

Cephise rushed into his outstretched arms. Just then, the Baroness and Father Antoine, whose knock had been unattended to, entered the apartment. Cephise raised her head, and encountered the eyes of the Baroness.

"Did I not say, Cephise, you would find a heart to comfort and sustain yours when most it needed it, and arms open to receive you? Turn your regards from the cloister, my child, away from there you will find much to live for; accept the guardian of your tender years; he is worthy your best and warmest love!"

"O! madam," said Cephise, throwing herself at the Baroness' feet, "you know all then. I am not his sister. Should I wed in ignorance of my mother's name?"

"No," exclaimed the Baroness, raising Cephise from her knees. "Come to my heart!—a mother's heart!—my child—my Evelina!"

A shriek of joy and astonishment burst from Cephise, as she threw herself into the arms of her mother.

Need we say Cephise—or rather Evelina, became the happy, and well portioned wife of the gunsmith of Orleans!

#### ELM TREE HALL,

*Or, do not meddle with what does not belong to you.*

ABOUT twenty years ago, there lived a singular old gentleman in the Hall among the Elm Trees. He was about threescore years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal.

No poor cottager stood in need of comforts which he was not ready to supply; no sick man or woman languished for want of assistance; not even a beggar, unless a known impostor, went empty-handed from the Hall.

Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But, much as he liked

the society of the young, he had a great aversion to that curiosity in which too many young people are apt to indulge. He used to say, "The boy who will peep into a drawer, will be tempted to take something out of it; and he who will steal a penny in his youth, will steal a pound in his manhood."

This disposition to repress evil, as well as to encourage good conduct, formed a part of his character; for though of cheerful temper, and not given to severity, he never would pass over a fault till it was acknowledged and repented of.

No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a servant, than twenty applications were made for the situation; and he determined not to engage any boy until he had in some way ascertained that he did not possess a curious, prying disposition.

It was on Monday morning, that seven lads, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with bright and happy faces, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desirous to obtain the situation they applied for. Now, the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that he might easily know if any of the young people who applied to be his servant, were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers. He took care that the lads, who were then at Elm Tree Hall, should be shown into this room one after another.

At first, James Turner was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little; so James sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him; but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room, that, at last, he got up to peep at them.

On the table was placed a dish cover, and James wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things; and James was of a curious disposition, he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep; so he lifted up the cover.

This turned out to be a sad affair; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn up by the current of air, flew about the room, and James in his fright, putting down the cover hastily, puffed the rest of them off the table.

What was to be done? James began to pick up the feathers, one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in the adjoining room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room to the consternation of James Turner, who was very soon dismissed, as a boy who had not principle enough to resist even a slight temptation.

When the room was once more arranged, Thomas Hawker was placed there until such time as he should be sent for. No sooner was he left to himself, than his attention was attracted by a plate of very fine ripe cherries. Now Thomas was uncommonly fond of cherries, and he thought it would be impossible to miss one among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and looked, for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm. Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously and took a very fine cherry, for he was deter-

mined to take but one, and put it in his mouth. It was excellent; and then he persuaded himself that he ran no great risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it into his mouth.

Now the old gentleman had placed a few artificial cherries at the top of the others, filled with cayenne pepper; one of these Thomas had unfortunately taken, and it made his mouth smart and burn most intolerably. The old gentleman heard him coughing, and knew very well what was the matter. The boy who would take what did not belong to him, if no more than a cherry, was not the boy for him. Thomas Hawker was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal into it.

William Parker was next introduced into the room, and left to himself; but he had not been in the room two minutes, before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold resolute temper, but not overburdened with principle, for could he have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house without being found out, he would have done it directly. Having looked round the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein; but no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob than he set a large bell a ringing, which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons, and entered the room. William was so startled at the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him: he looked as though any one might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he had rang the bell because he wanted any thing? William was much confused, and stammered, and tried to excuse himself, but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent his being ordered off the premises.

Samuel Jones was then shown into the room by an old steward; and being of a curious disposition, he touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little opened, and thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch farther, looking down at the bottom of the door, that it might not catch against any thing and make a noise. Now, had he looked at the top, instead of the bottom, it might have been better, for at the top of the door was fastened a plug which filled the hole of a small barrel of shot. He ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate; at the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan, made such a clatter that Samuel was half frightened out of his senses.

The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and there he found Samuel nearly as pale as a sheet. Samuel was soon dismissed.

It now came to the turn of Harry Roberts to be put into the room. The other boys had been sent to their homes by different ways, and no one knew what the experience of the others had been in the room of trial.

On the table stood a small round box, with a

screw top to it, and Harry thinking that it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscrewing the top; but no sooner did he do this, than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. He started back and uttered a scream which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Harry with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the floor. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, handing him out of the room, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time; therefore the sooner you are gone the better;" with that he dismissed him without waiting a moment for his reply.

Roger Ball next entered the room, and being left alone, soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him.

Roger was not only curious and prying, but dishonest too, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a bookcase, he stepped on tiptoe in that direction; but the moment he touched the key he fell flat on the floor. The key had a wire fastened to it, which communicated with an electrical machine, and Roger received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk, than he was told to leave the house and leave other people to lock and unlock their own drawers.

The last boy was John Grove, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never during that time, stirred from his chair. John had eyes in his head as well as others, but he had more integrity in his heart; neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key, tempted him to rise from his seat; and the consequence was, that in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall.

John Grove followed his old master to his grave, and received a large legacy for his upright conduct in his service. Read this, ye busy, meddling, peeping, pilfering young people, and imitate the example of John Grove.

#### TRAVELING SKETCHES.

##### EXAMINATION AND DESIGN OF THE PYRAMIDS.

HAVING enjoyed the prospect from the top of the Pyramid, we next resolved to penetrate its interior. The great mass of the enormous structure consists of solid stone; but in its center there is a sepulchral chamber, and a narrow passage leads to it from the side. For many centuries it was believed no such apertures existed; as in order to secure the deposit within, the entrance had been carefully covered over and made to resemble the rest of the surface. The Arabs, however, become possessed with the persuasion that immense treasures were deposited somewhere within; and after expending months in a minute search, they at length forced the opening. Whether they discovered the expected treasure is now unknown. Certain it is, that no such riches are now there. The mouth of the passage is situated in the center of one of the sides, whence it descends, at an angle of 45

degrees with the horizon, for the space of about 200 feet. Having followed the passage thus far, the first investigators found a large rock rolled across it, which entirely blocked up the way. This unexpected obstacle, however, they overcame by perforating the rock, when they came to an ascending passage of like dimensions with the former, which led them at length to the central chamber. This gloomy apartment is not over 20 feet square; its sides consisted of large blocks of rose-colored granite. In the middle was a sarcophagus of stone, of such dimensions as just to admit of its sliding down and up the narrow passage I have mentioned, and which seems to have been constructed expressly for that end.

Not being apprised by our guides of any difficulty in tracing this defile and arriving at the chamber, we commenced the descent feet foremost and lying flat on our backs with our arms by our sides, in which manner we were lowered down by a rope passed under our arms. But having, in this posture, reached the angle where the passage turns upwards, we found it impossible to proceed, and had to be drawn out again. It is the skill of these fellows to remove the difficulties of travelers, and it is of course their policy to first increase them, that they may demand the larger fee for their services. They get you into as many straits as practicable, that you may pay them for getting you out. They accordingly drew us up; and having been thus taught by experience, we entered the passage again, but head foremost, and having our arms extended forward, and a bell in our hand to ring as a signal. In this manner we were let down by ropes as before, and as we rang the bell in time, they stopped so as to prevent our receiving any injury. Having reached the bottom, I groped about in the dark, but found the passage no wider than barely to permit me to pass with great difficulty, but not without tearing my garments and losing some little skin and flesh. I was at least half an hour in thus struggling through. I afterwards learned that about three months before, a similar difficulty, and even worse, happened to a portly German professor. Being of a very round and plump figure, the learned gentleman actually stuck fast, being unable to get either forward or backward, until he was thoroughly frightened, and began to conclude that he was like to share the dignity of the monarch who had the Pyramid for his tomb. At length the effects of apprehension having possibly contributed to shrink his dimensions, the guides succeeded in pulling him heels foremost up again to day. Having passed these dangerous straits, I made shift to ascend into the chamber, where I saw the sarcophagus, and beheld all the surrounding scene corresponding with the idea of a place of sepulture.

The discovery of this cell settles the long disputed question as to the true design of the Pyramids. You are aware that it had been maintained by some writers, that these vast and costly structures were erected as astronomical observatories; while others, with as little probability, have conjectured that they were intended as granaries, to contain a reserve of food against a national famine. The diminutive size of the

cell, the narrowness of the mode of access to it, the presence of a sarcophagus, and the concealment of the whole for many centuries, all concur in demonstrating that the Pyramids were nothing but so many huge and costly sepulchres. To the mind of a Christian, it seems unworthy of a monarch, however rich or powerful, to expend such sums upon a tomb; but the subject assumes a very different aspect when we consider that the Egyptians held it as an article of religious belief, after the revolution of a cycle of three thousand years' migration through the bodies of various animals, the soul returned again to the original body it had at first occupied; and that, provided that body was un mutilated, the spirit entered into its former habitation, and both, thus re-united, immediately entered paradise; but if, on the contrary, the body was destroyed or defaced, the soul, as well as any remnants of the body which might remain, shrank at once into annihilation. Hence it was, as we have already seen, that they took so much pains to embalm their dead. But where would be the use of thus preparing the body without a strong and durable sepulchre to ensure it from violation? Now, in Egypt, as in other countries, the splendor of sepulture was in accordance with the rank and wealth of the families of the deceased. The King was at the head of the state; and need we wonder that, believing with his countrymen, he should put forth his utmost strength to ensure to himself the bliss of paradise? Here we have a natural, a probable, and a sufficient reason to account for the erection of the Pyramids.—*Buckingham.*

## MISCELLANY.

### LOOK WHERE YOU ARE GOING.

THIS was a remark we heard yesterday, as we passed along Chartres street, addressed by a mother to a beautiful child, about five years of age. The little fellow had his hands full of toys and his head full of wonder. He was looking at all the glittering and attractive articles in the numerous show windows, and with his eyes devouring their beauties. He didn't see the streets nor the persons passing—not he—his soul was filled with something else besides the mere idea of how or where he was walking. Without his mother, he would certainly have been run over by the whirling drays, or trodden down in the careless crowd—as it was, he ran some risk, as his mother's "look where you are going," seemed to indicate.

We were much interested not only in the child, but the mother, who was a noble looking creature, with large black eyes, a high forehead, a cheek quite roscate for this climate, and a most bewitching form. Her carriage was graceful, and she stepped as we imagine Hebe did, when she served the gods at their banquet. We lost sight of her very soon however, but her remark, "Look where you are going," has been ringing in our ears ever since. Could it have been on account of her voice? We were charmed by its music, but have listened to tones far sweeter. We know not what there was about that single phrase to attract us, save the deep philosophy which may be

drawn from it, and the practical morality that may be induced.

"Look where you are going!" An admonition, how universal in application—how simple in practice—how important in result! There is no situation in life so low that it cannot be improved by it, nor none so high that may scorn it with impunity. The child needed it to keep him out of the street where danger was rife—the monarch on the throne requires it to preserve the integrity of his councils when the popular will is threatening.

Reader, if you are a merchant, when business is exciting—prices brisk, and the market active—when farmers are confident and speculators ready—when rascality is hidden by the cloak of morals, and insolvency lurks under silken robes, remember and "look where you're going,"—follow not this man because he promises you a fortune—trust not that one because he wears a saintly face—confide not in a third because he agrees with you in opinion. "Look where you are going," and take care of the main chance.

If a young man, and pleasure beckoning with her rosy hands, invites you to her luxuriant retreats, take no step towards those enticing grottoes ere you "look where you're going." The faro table and the dice box—dishonesty to your employers—a ruined reputation and perhaps an ignominious death, may be the consequence of a refusal to "look where you're going." If the world followed this simple advice, our jails would be tenantless, and our gibbets of no use.

If you intend to marry—if you think your happiness will be increased and your interest advanced by matrimony, be sure and "look where you're going." Join yourself in union with no woman who is selfish, for she will sacrifice you—with no one who is fickle, for she will become estranged—have nothing to do with a proud one for she will despise you—nor with an extravagant, for she will ruin you. Leave a coquette to the fools that flutter around her—let her own fireside accommodate a scold, and flee from a woman who loves scandal as you would fly from the evil one. "Look where you are going" will sum it all up.

Young ladies, when you are surrounded by dashing men—when the tones of love and the words of compliment float out together—when you are excited by the movement of the whirling waltz, or melted by the tenderness of mellow music, arrest yourself in that rosy atmosphere of delight, and "look where you're going." When a daring hand is pressing yours, or your delicate tresses are lifted by him you fancy loves you; when the moonlight invites to trusting, and the stars seem but to breathe out innocence, listen with caution to the words you hear—gaze into your heart unshrinkingly, and "look where you're going."

PERSEVERE.—If a seaman should put about every time he encounters a hard wind he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make the voyage of life. A sailor uses every wind to propel; so should the young man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark, that even adverse gales should fill its belaying canvass and send it forward on its outward course.

### EULOGY ON ROBERT BURNS.

AT the celebration in Louisville, Kentucky—of the birthday of Scotland's favorite poet, Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, addressed the company in the following strain of impassioned and thrilling eloquence. It is an outpouring of the heart worthy of being placed by the side of the most brilliant oratorical passages.

"Britain and America assemble to pay their heartfelt tribute of admiration to the memory of Robert Burns, 'the unrivaled minstrel of Scotland,' whose fame gathers freshness from the lapse of years, and, like the ivy, flourishes greenly over the lone prostration of the lovely and the beautiful.

You all know the history of Burns. The world knows it by heart. The Scottish boy, born in poverty and obscurity, won his way through toils, privations and sufferings, to one of the loftiest and brightest places in the history of literature. He was the child of misfortune; and mankind still weep over the sorrows of that gifted genius, and will weep over them forever. He was unfit for the rough trials of a world like this. The lyre of his soul should have been fanned but by the airs of Eden, and have given out its music in a heavenly clime: and who can wonder that its chords were jarred and almost broken, when visited by the fierce winds and swift lightning, and the blasting hurricanes of life. Like the rainbow, his fame sprang up amidst the clouds of gloom; but like the rainbow it was the reflection of the sun, and its arch, though resting upon the earth, was lost in Heaven. The genius of Burns was universal; in whatever he attempted, his success was perfect.

His talent was all-powerful, whether he aimed at the heart of the lover, or to call forth the loud or the quiet mirth of the votary of festivity, to kindle the high and holy fervor of devotion, to pour his great enthusiasm for liberty into the soul of the patriot, or to nerve the arm and send the lava-tide of vengeance along the veins of the warrior. If you pass through Scotland, you feel his mighty influence every where, like a universal presence. He has made that wild and romantic country emphatically his own. His step is made upon her mountains, her bras and her glens—his image is reflected from her blue lochs and her gushing streams—and his name is breathed by her winds, echoed by her thunders, and chanted by her brave sons and beautiful daughters."

### OLD FATHER MORRIS.

THE manner in which this aged New England clergyman illustrated some topics, is shown in the following extract from an article in the *Lady's Book*, written by Mrs. H. B. Stowe:

Sometimes he would give the narration an exceedingly practical turn, as one example will illustrate.

He had noticed a falling off in his little circle, which met together for social prayer, and took occasion, the first time he re-collected a tolerable audience, to tell concerning "the conference meeting which the disciples attended" after the resurrection.

"But Thomas was not with them," said the

old man in a sorrowful voice. "Why! what could keep Thomas away? Perhaps," said he, glancing at some of the backward auditors, "Thomas had got cold hearted, and was afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer, or, perhaps," said he, looking at some of the farmers, "Thomas was afraid the roads were bad, or perhaps," he added after a pause, "Thomas had got proud, and thought he could not come in his old clothes." Thus he went on, significantly summing up with great simplicity and emotion;—he added, "but only think what Thomas lost! In the middle of the meeting, the Lord Jesus came and stood in the midst of them; How sorry Thomas must have been! This representation served to fill the vacant seats for some time to come.

Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to a very good purpose in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which the 10 or 12 years young gentleman helped themselves more liberally than the old man thought expedient.

Accordingly, he took occasion to introduce into his sermon on Sunday, an account of a journey he once took, and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches, that made his mouth water to look at them.

"So," says he, "I came up to the fence, and looked all around, for I would not have touched one of them without leave for the world. At last I spied a man, and says I,

"Mister won't you give me some of your peaches?"

"So the man came and gave me nigh a handful. And while I stood there eating, I said,

"Mr. how do you manage to keep your peaches?"

"Keep them," he said, and stared at me.

"What do you mean?"

"Yes," said I "don't the boys steal them?"

"Boys steal them!" said he, "no, indeed."

"Why sir," said I, "I have a lot full of peaches, and, I cannot get one half of them (here the old man's voice grew tremulous) because the boys in my parish steal them so."

"Why sir," said he, "don't their parents teach them not to steal?"

"And I grew all over in a cold sweat, and told him "I was afraid they didn't."

"Why how you talk!" says the man, "tell me where you live."

"Then," said Father Morris, (the tears running over) "I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G."

After this, Father Morris kept his peaches.

#### NOVEL COURTSHIP.

WIDOWER SMITH'S wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and gave the usual country signal, that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and sitting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you could not have spoken my mind better. A poor, lone woman, like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and at the widow again—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when the widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had "ever so much" to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever:

"That 'are Downing cow is a pretty fair cretur—but—" he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That 'are short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones—she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better." A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord, Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and the custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were "out-published," they were married.

#### BEAUTY OF THE JEWESSES.

FONTAINE asked me one day why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, I gave him a reason at once poetical and Christian. The Jewesses, I replied, have escaped the curse which has alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of Man, scourged him to ignominy and the cross.

The women of Judea believed in the Saviour—they loved, they followed him, and they soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of Alabaster; the sinner anointed his feet with a perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus,—he cured Simon's mother-in-law and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate Judge to the woman in crime. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary with balm

and spice, and weeping sought him at the sepulchre: "woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance was to Magdalen, he said to her, "Mary!" The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.—*Chateaubriand.*

#### THE LOADED WAGON.

I ONCE knew a little boy, a little fellow, not so large as you are, I suppose, for he was only four years old, who got into a habit of saying, "I'll kill you, I'll kill you," every time he felt offended with his playmates. This he knew was something bad; for he said it only when he was angry, and he knew it was wrong, for he had been told so, and his mother had said that if he did not leave off speaking so, she should be obliged to whip him; but still he did not understand exactly what it meant to kill.

One day, this little boy, whom we will call Thomas, was busily playing, apparently in high glee, when one of his companions did something that offended him.

"Let alone that, let alone that in a minute, I say, or I'll kill you," said the little boy in an angry tone, while his hand was lifted to strike the boy who had enraged him.

Just at that moment, he heard a voice calling to him, "Thomas, my dear Thomas."

He looked round, and saw a lady who was on a visit to his mother, a relation of hers, of whom he was very fond, beckoning him to come to the window.

Thomas ran to the window, and his little face was covered with smiles, instead of the frowns that had been there, as he said "Did you want me?"

"Yes, Thomas, I should like to have you come in and talk with me, a little while, if you are willing."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, just wait a minute, till I put my wagon into the wood-house, and then I'll come." So saying, he ran off to put away his little wagon, and then went in.

This lady, Miss Paine, had been very desirous to gain the love of little Thomas, and she told him a great many stories, so that he was always pleased when she called him to sit by her; but this time, Thomas saw that she did not look happy. Her smile was sad, and as she took him upon her lap, and kissed his forehead, he thought he saw a tear in her eye.

Miss Paine looked sorrowfully on the face of Thomas, for a moment, and then said—

"I thought I heard you say something very naughty to your little playmate, just now, did I not?"

"I said I would kill him," said the little boy.

"Well, dear, did you know that that was very wrong?"

"Yes, mother said I mustn't say so, but John troubled me so I couldn't help it; he kept putting sand into my wagon, when I wanted to load it with stones."

"That was certainly provoking, but I do not think you would wish to have John killed, just for that."

Thomas did not answer, but he looked up in the lady's face, as if he wished her to tell him what it meant, and she said—



"Did you ever see any body that was dead?"

"No, ma'am," said Thomas.

"Well, Thomas, if you were to kill John, he would no longer be a laughing, red cheeked boy, but his face would look white and pale, just as your little brother's did when he was sick, only worse. The warm blood, which now runs so fast through his veins, would be still, and he would be very cold. He would never speak to you again, for his tongue would not move; and his hands and feet, which are now so active, would be quiet and still. His eyes would be closed so that he could never see you or his brothers and sisters again; his lips would be shut so that he could not smile on you or any one else. That part of him which thinks, the soul, would be gone, and in a few days his poor sorrowing father and mother, and his weeping brothers and sisters, would see his body buried up, and then little John would be gone forever from earth."

"Oh, I don't want to kill him," said Thomas; "I didn't know it would change him so; I will let him fill my wagon full of sand, if he wants to, and I'll never say I'll kill any body again."

Miss Paine kissed his cheek, and said, "I hope you never will;" and Thomas jumped out of her lap, to run and tell John that he was willing to have his wagon loaded with sand.—

### THE LIVING CLOCK.

MISS HAMILTON, in her book on education, gives a very remarkable proof that the memory of perception may be enjoyed in high perfection, where all the other faculties are defective:

"An idiot, so utterly destitute of the faculty of conception, as never to be capable of acquiring the use of speech (though it did not appear that his organs, either of speech or hearing, were at all defective,) was, for a number of years, confined in an apartment, where he was occasionally visited by his family and friends. In this apartment stood a clock, to the striking of which he appeared very attentive, and it was the only sign of attention which he ever displayed. Every time the clock struck, he made a clucking noise, in imitation of the sound; and this he continued to do, as often as the hour returned. After several years, the clock was removed—when, to the great surprise of all, he was heard to make exactly the same noise. *He was perfectly exact in the calculation of time, and never missed an hour in the day nor the night; nor did he ever cluck one time too many or too few.* To the hour of his death, he continued to give exact notice of the lapse of time, without the slightest variation."

### FALSE SHAME.

ONE of the most extraordinary things in life, is to see the things that people are ashamed of. To see that there are men of sense and education, ashamed of not being rich—ashamed of not being able to keep a carriage—ashamed that in the division of worldly things enough has not fallen to their share, to enable them to enjoy expensive pleasures—to wear expensive clothing, &c. One may excuse them for being ashamed.

There is something extremely beautiful amid this world's idle and hollow pomp—amid its heartless and wearying show, its parade bought

with tears and crimes. There is something extremely beautiful in the sight of a man, poor, and not ashamed of being so—of one with just enough to live upon, with industry and economy, and contented to pass through his pilgrimage, without any appeal to the common sentiments of the crowd.

### DEAN SWIFT.

GEORGE FAULKNER, the Dublin Printer, once called on Dean Swift, on his return from London, dressed in a rich coat of silk brocade and gold lace, and seeming not a little proud of the adorning of his person; the Dean determined to humble him. When he entered the room and saluted the Dean with all the respectful familiarity of an old acquaintance, the Dean affected not to know him; in vain did he declare himself as George Faulkner, the Dublin Printer; the Dean declared him an impostor, and at last abruptly bade him begone. Faulkner, perceiving the error he had committed, instantly retired home, and resuming his usual dress, again went to the Dean, when he was very cordially received. "Ah, George," said he, "I am so glad to see you; for here has been an impudent coxcomb bedizened in silks and gold lace, who wanted to pass himself off for you: but I soon sent the fellow about his business, for I knew you to be always a plain dressed and an honest man, just as you now appear before me."

### THE MOURNER.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to Heaven, he cried, "My brother! oh! my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said,

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel."

"What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace.

"Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage; "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also."

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**—How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living? How heedless are we in childhood, of all her anxieties and kindness? But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we learn how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is we think of the mother we have lost.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. B. Ancram, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wilton Ct. \$1.00; W. B. Northampton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Burnt Hills, N. Y. \$3.00; D. G. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. D. Broadalbin, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. Mount Hope, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. F. Schenectady, N. Y. \$3.00; S. G. V. D. South Egremont, Ms. \$1.00; F. J. E. Danville, Vt. \$0.00; D. B. L. Newark,

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### Arrived,

At Claverack, on the 3d inst, by Peter Suydam, Esq. Mr. W. Allen of Claverack, to Miss Charity Thompson, of Great Barrington, Mass.

### Departed,

In this city, on the 6th inst. Mrs. SARAH HATHAWAY, relict of the late Capt. John Hathaway, aged 82 years. Sorrowful and sad as man's destiny is in this vale of tears, we cannot but weep and mourn when the dearest objects of our love are snatched from our embrace and consigned to the final resting place of mortals.

The deceased was blessed with many years, and during the progress of a long and useful life, frequently encountered the anxieties, cares and troubles, which darken and obscure the sunshine of earthly existence. But in the midst of the trials through which, in the order of Providence, she was called to pass, her virtues shone forth conspicuously, and exhibited the excellencies of a character with which but few are endowed. In all the relations of life, she was liberal minded, affectionate and kind, and the sympathies of a heart sensibly alive to every generous emotion, were warmly enlisted in favor of the needy and the oppressed. She met the solemn hour of death with the pious resignation and holy fortitude of a Christian, placing implicit trust and confidence in the merits of her Saviour.

To those whose hearts are now rent with anguish at this afflicting dispensation of Providence, it is a sweet consolation to cherish in memory, the exalted virtues and ennobling qualities of her whose loss they so deeply deplore.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Miss Martha Swain, in her 29th year.

On the 13th inst. after a lingering sickness of more than twelve years, Mrs. Millicent Hildreth, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Eunice C. wife of Timothy W. Bunker, in the 55th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Clarissa Town, in her 30th year. At Stockport, on the 13th inst. William, son of William and Sarah Morris, in his 4th year.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

HOME.

BY S. COMPTON SMITH.

O! I HAVE wandered through many bright lands,  
And I have seen all their brightest things there;  
I have gathered shells on far India's strands,  
And I've climbed her hills, high mounting in air;  
I've sailed on the sea when soft zephyrs blew,  
And breathed the fragrance of flowery isles;  
I have plucked sweet fruits in groves where they  
grew,  
And I've roamed in climes where Spring ever  
smiles!  
I've seen these, and much that's bright, here below—  
My wand'rings are o'er, but should I still roam,  
To whatever land my footsteps might go,  
*I can find no lovelier spot than my home!*  
*Green River, July 12, 1839.*

For the Rural Repository.

TO MARY.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

BRIGHT in the western sky,  
The sunset's many-colored banners gleam,  
And bright upon the waves their shadows lie  
Reflected in the stream.

So on the youthful heart  
The sunny hues of hope are smiling fair;  
In the sweet vision sorrow has no part,  
No thought of gloom is there.

But the light fades away—  
Purple, and green, and gold, are paling fast;  
And night—upon the waters cold and gray—  
Her sombre veil has cast.

Soon will the fairy dream—  
Which smiles so rosy round the path of youth—  
Fade like the sun-hues from the flowing stream,  
And darken into truth.

Soft does the moonlight beam  
Upon the waters beautifully fair;  
So tranquil is their rest, you well might deem  
No wave had e'er been there.

Thus to the world-tried heart,  
When o'er its weary hopes life's shadows close,  
Our holy faith shall its pure light impart,  
Giving serene repose.

*Hartford, Ct. 1839.*

For the Rural Repository.

"OUR FATHER."

COULD mortals breathe a sweeter name,  
A more seraphic sound?  
Than this, our lips are bid to frame,  
When we God's throne surround?

We're bid to lift our hearts in faith,  
And not in doubtful fear,  
While we that hallowed name address  
In fervent humble prayer.

Midst all our trials, cares and woes—  
Midst all our hopes and fears,  
From this great source our help must flow—  
In this our hope appears.

In transport then we speak that name,  
In which our souls confide;  
We know our hope is not in vain—  
We trust in none beside.

We're early taught to hush this prayer,  
In thoughtless accents mild,  
Our infant hearts know God will hear  
The prattlings of a child.

But fervent wrestling, faithful prayer,  
Is what with God prevails;  
He heeds it, if our heart is there—  
It never, never fails!

In love then this dear name we'll call,  
While life and breath remain,  
'Till God shall hence remove us all  
To Heaven, in bliss to reign.

M.

For the Rural Repository.

WHAT IS JOY?

SAY, what is Joy? A meteor bright,  
That dances awhile, on the stream of time,  
Then, to us, is lost its silvery light,  
As it darts from this world to a purer clime.

And what is Joy? A rainbow hue,  
Sent for a moment, this dark world to light;  
Yet scarce its varying tints we view,  
Ere it is lost in the blackness of night.

Still what is Joy? A wandering breeze,  
That lifts the bright curls from childhood's brow,  
He lingers awhile, then turns to seize—  
Aha! the truant has gone just now.

Is this the Joy, of this fading earth?  
A meteor flash, a rainbow hue?  
A wandering breeze, so filled with mirth?  
Ah! I would away, where joy is true.

*Spencertown, July, 1839.*

CASSIOPEA.

## SUMMER FIELDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE summer! oh 'tis joyous—  
The sunny summer time;  
The time of butterflies and bees,  
When birds are singing in the trees,  
And flowers are in their prime!

The summer! oh 'tis joyous!  
We will not think of care,  
With such a verdure round us spread,  
With such a blue sky over head,  
And such a balmy air!

Leave care until to-morrow,  
My best beloved one;  
We have known grief together—  
We have passed through wintry weather—  
But the winter, love, is gone!

'Tis summer, joyous summer!  
The flowers are on the earth;  
And we, like creatures made to bless  
The Father, with their happiness,  
Will go rejoicing forth.

Look round—how full of life,  
Of gladness, are all things!  
The slowly-wandering flocks—the herds—  
The ceaseless singing of the birds—  
The myriad insect-wings—

The sunny water running on,  
Mid glancing lights and shadows—  
The flowers that spring up rich and sweet  
And beautiful, beneath our feet,  
Amid these grassy meadows!

Oh, best beloved one!

Cast round thine eyes and see  
How all these things are good—are sent  
To wake a trustful sentiment  
In weak ones such as we!

God loveth all his creatures,  
Doth bless them hour by hour;  
And will he not of man take heed,  
Who so much beauty hath decreed  
Unto the wayside flower?

Oh, best beloved one!

Come forth this summer day;  
'Twill do our spirits good to go—  
'Mong peasant people poor and low,  
And be as blithe as they.

Come forth this summer day!

We will not think of care,  
With such a verdure round us spread,  
With such a bright heaven overhead,  
With such a balmy air!

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

TO ———.

WHEN clouds of misfortune and trouble appear,  
And darken with sadness the sky of the mind;  
When chill on the heart pour the storms of despair,  
And the world that we loved to our sorrows is  
blind;  
Then turn we from earth and its phantoms away,  
And seek in the soul the true haven of rest;  
When the night of affliction is turned into day,  
By the brightness that beams from the clime of the  
blest.

When friends prove inconstant, or constant, have  
failed

From grief and despondence the bosom to free;  
When by perils encompassed, by terrors assailed,  
And the roar of the breakers is heard on the sea;  
Their still is one Friend who is able to cheer,  
At whose bidding the billows will instantly rest;  
And the bright star of hope 'mid the gloom will  
appear,  
Directing us safe to the clime of the blest.

Be this, then, *thy* solace, in hours of distress.  
Though cold on thy heart blow the winds of neg-  
lect;  
Though those, once the kindest, have ceased to ca-  
ress,  
And the joys once most precious to nature, are  
wrecked;  
That there still is a land of enjoyment most sweet,  
Where the sorrows of earth can no longer molest;  
Where the saints she has nurtured with rapture shall  
meet,  
And together repose in the clime of the blest.

*Dracut, Mass. 1839.*

RURAL BARD.

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

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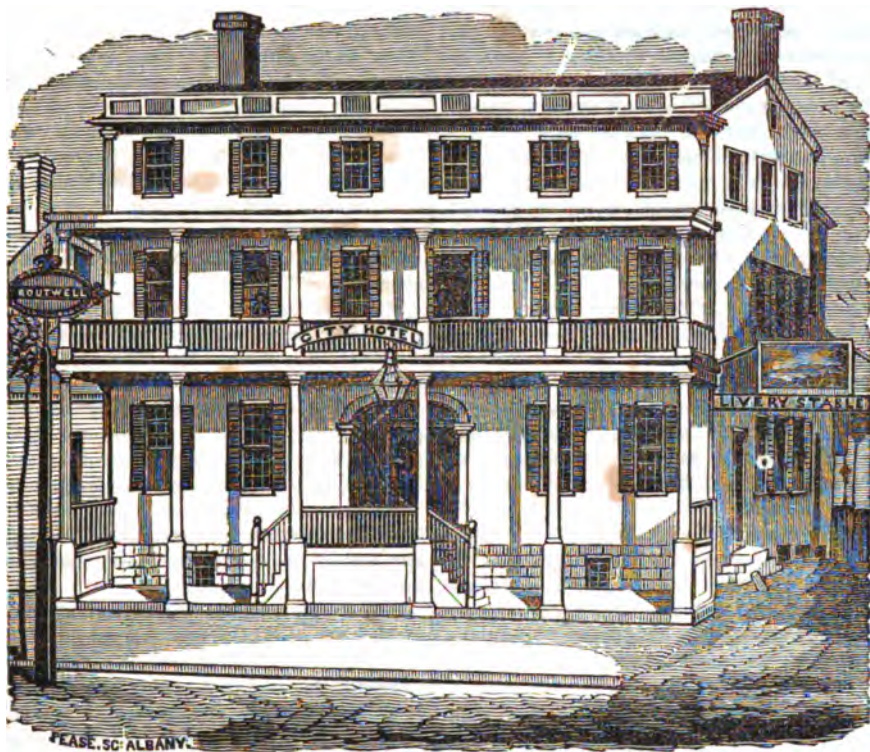
A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1839.

NUMBER 4.



BOUTWELL'S CITY HOTEL, HUDSON.

THE above is a spirited engraving of an old, well-known and favorite hotel in the city of Hudson. It is situated in the principal street, near the Parade Ground, so justly celebrated for its beauty, overlooking the river and the adjacent country, and affording a fine promenade, unsurpassed by any other, for extent, richness, variety and magnificence of prospect and scenery.

A piazza extends along the entire front of the hotel, commanding a view of the city of Hudson, the village of Athens, the noble river, and an unbroken chain of the Catskill Mountains, among which may be discovered the far-famed Mountain House.

From the rear, the eye stretches over a vast extent of country, embracing in its view the rough outlines of the Berkshire and Catskill Mountains, gradually receding, until the eye can trace them no longer, when it is left to wander with infinite delight, over rich and ever varying landscapes. To add to the beauty and variety of the scene, the noble Hudson lies in full view, her bright waters dancing and sparkling in the sun, and her bosom covered with fleets of vessels, sluggishly beating in all directions, as fancy or interest moves the helm,—and, as if in rebuke for their tardiness—the proud and noisy steamer, may be seen driving and splashing along, leav-

ing all behind her, in defiance of wind or waves, forming altogether, a scene of unrivaled beauty and interest.

MR. BOUTWELL, the gentlemanly proprietor of the hotel, has long been favorably known to the traveling public, for the kindness and attention bestowed upon all who have visited his house; and the traveler, who seeks for comfort, hospitality, or magnificent views of natural scenery, will find all by sojourning at the CITY HOTEL in Hudson.

## ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE RECLUSE OF THE FOREST, A Sketch of Truth.

BY S. COMPTON SMITH.

He was a man who had seen the wayward world—  
Had tasted of its bitter fruits,  
And being sick, had sought a hermitage;  
Where living distant from the noise of men,  
He might hold communion with himself,  
And with secret prayer and pious purposes,  
Retrieve the errors of the past.—*Anonymous.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream!—*Byron.*

SOME years ago business and pleasure called me to the land of the sunny south. Winter had passed away, and Spring with her attendant train

of zephyrs and flowers had returned, and again lit up the fair landscape with her rejuvenating smiles. The birds, whose songs had not been hushed by the mild winter of a southern latitude, had replumed their wings, and their joyous notes floated with a sweeter melody on the fragrant air. The delicate *mimosa sensitiva* with its sweet blossoms, had just sprung forth, and like a lovely young virgin in her native retirement, shrunk from the rude gaze of the passing stranger.

I was journeying on horseback through the southern part of Alabama, on my way to some river town, where I intended to dispose of my horse, and embark on board of a steam-boat bound to the "upper country." It was in the bright month of May, and my road for the most part, lay through the forest, where the tall rank grass and the many varieties of beautiful wild flowers, bespoke the prolific nature of the soil.

The woods of the South are not like the thorny and tangled forests of our own country, where it is impossible for the sportsman to chase the scanty game, except at the sacrifice of his hunting dress, parts of which, he is often mortified to find, as he looks behind him, ornamenting some ugly thorn thicket, through which, after infinite toil, he has at length struggled his way, at the expense of lacerated face and hands. While riding through the woodlands of the South, a stranger would hardly suppose he was in the wild abode of nature, but that the taste of man had here exerted its utmost powers of invention to form a scene where beauty and convenience might be combined. In many places, as far as the eye can extend, lies a level vista of green, interspersed at frequent intervals by groups of bright flowers, whose brilliant and diversified hues, add loveliness to the scene, which without them, would still be lovely. No undergrowth springs up to choke their luxuriance, or obstruct the progress of the traveler; but the tall and majestic trees, among which the magnolia with its large and pendant blossoms stands the fairest, rear their verdant branches far over head, and intermingling with each other, form a continued bower, which the scorching rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate; and at mid day a soft twilight reigns over nature, casting a dark but pleasing hue over the wild flowers, and adding a deeper verdure to the waving grass. The monotony of the scene is relieved at intervals by herds of wild deer, quietly grazing along the banks of some little rivulet, whose bright waters, as they flow over their pebbly bottoms "murmuring sweet music," tempt the traveler to dismount and refresh himself and animal, with a pure draught from its transparent waves.

I was leisurely riding along through scenes like those just described, my bridle reins lying carelessly on the neck of my horse, who would often



take advantage of his master's indulgence by turning aside from the path, to nip some tuft of grass that grew more luxuriant than the rest. My thoughts had wandered away from the objects around me, and I was fancying myself in a beautiful grove near my native home, which will ever be dear to memory. I again clasped in imagination the hand of her I loved. Again I wandered by her side, and plucked the brightest wild flowers to deck her hair. Again I heard the music of that sweet voice, which had so often told me I was beloved. The pleasing vagaries of fancy were sitting through my mind, and I was wrapped in a delightful reverie, from which I was aroused by a heavy peal of thunder, followed immediately by a vivid flash of lightning. I looked up and saw that the sky was darkened by thick and heavy clouds. A thunder storm was coming on, and I began to look about me for some place of shelter, where I might escape from its effects.

As accident directed, I heard the barking of a dog, and following the direction of the sound, I struck a path which I knew by the signs led to the river—my route lying but a little distance from the Tuscaloosa. The barking of the dog approached nearer and nearer, and I thought, that instead of following the sound, the dog was making advances towards me. I was soon convinced of this, for a large bull-dog with a savage howl, sprung from a thicket as if with a determination to devour me, horse and all. I reined up my horse, and with a cocked pistol in my hand, stood waiting for him to come near enough to insure a true aim. The animal was within a bound or two of my stirrup, and my finger was about to press the trigger of my pistol, when the attention of the dog was turned from me for an instant, by a shrill whistle which proceeded from the other side of the thicket, and presently I heard the voice of a man addressing the dog—"Down Nero, down! cannot a stranger pass this way without your permission?—down dog!"

The animal stopped his barking, but still kept his large fierce eyes bent on mine as he crouched himself upon the ground. I returned my pistol to my belt, and watched the thicket for the appearance of the person, who from his possessing such an influence over the dog, I supposed to be his master.

I was not long waiting, when a tall and handsome man, apparently about thirty, advanced towards me, and with the easy and respectful manners of a gentleman saluted me. "He hoped I would excuse the ill nature of his dog, who with his master had been so long excluded from the world, that he regarded every stranger as an intruder."

The dog who had been watching the countenance of the gentleman, discovered he had nothing to fear from me; and after skipping around my horse and wagging his tail with an expression which seemed to say, "you are welcome to our solitudes," was soon out of sight.

I explained to the stranger the reason of my leaving the direct path through the forest, and inquired if there was any place of shelter near by, where I might find protection from the approaching storm.

"There is none within some miles except my

rude cabin, which is but little fitted for the reception of the tired traveler; but such as it is you are welcome to its shelter till the storm shall have passed."

I cheerfully accepted of his invitation, and turning an angle of the path followed the stranger. Another peal of thunder echoed through the forest, and the large drops of rain were just trickling through the tops of the trees, when the stranger turned and pointed out to me his home. It was indeed what he had told me, a "rude cabin," having been built and formerly occupied, as I afterwards learned, by Indians, who a few years before, were the possessors of that part of the country. It was a small square building of logs, from which the bark had been peeled, to form a thatch for the roof. A large door, the shutter of which, formed of coarse slabs split by the hand of the rude architect from the pine tree, was thrown half open. The door served the double purpose of admitting the occupant and the light of the day. At a little distance was another building, which had the appearance of being used for a horse stable. I found that the dog had preceded us and was awaiting our arrival at the door. With a courteous smile the Recluse, for so we will now call him, welcomed me to his "hermitage." An old negro, who had been engaged preparing his master's dinner, came out and stripping the saddle from my horse, led him to the shelter.

"You will smile perhaps, and call me a cynic," said he as we entered the hut, "when I tell you that this rude home of mine, buried deep in this wild forest, with yon old negro, my faithful servant, and honest Nero for companions, is dearer to me than the most gilded palace of the vain and heartless world could ever be."

"I cannot imagine," replied I, "what could have been your inducements thus to immure yourself from the world, which to me holds out so many enjoyments. But doubtless you have your reasons, and it would be indecorous in me to inquire into them." A dark shade stole across his face as he replied,

"You are right, I have reasons for thus preferring a seclusion, which perhaps, to you, would render life miserable. But be seated; the storm will probably continue for some hours, and even my poor entertainment is better than an exposure to its influence."

Though the exterior of the hut was so unpromising, I found that the interior had been fitted up in a style where comfort and refinement had been studied. In one corner of the room, over a couch, was suspended a finely burnished rifle and fowling piece and other hunting apparatus, with fishing tackle, &c. On the opposite side was a mahogany book case, through the glass panels of which was seen a tastily arranged library, and on a table in another corner, I discovered pens, ink and papers, and other paraphernalia of a man of literary taste. The Recluse caught my eye as it wandered over these things, and with a gratified smile observed my astonishment.

"You now see perhaps, that my secluded life is not the wretched existence of a prisoner who is shut involuntarily from the society of the world, and deprived of the little blessings, of which you see I am the possessor."

"I have often," I replied, "in my imaginative hours fancied such a retirement as this, where being distant from the din and tumult of the quarreling world, I might court happiness in the wild solitudes of nature, and with a choice selection of books and the other adjuncts of enjoyment, forget that I had ever mingled amid the haunts of heartless men. You are doubtless happy here?"

"I cannot say that I am exactly happy, but since I have exchanged the world for this retirement, I have tasted many enjoyments which I never knew before, and have escaped many sorrows, which it was my misfortune to have previously encountered."

I suggested the idea that the society of "sweet woman" might add to the happiness of his secluded home. I found that I had ventured on forbidden ground—that I had touched a chord, whose vibrations awoko the music of the past; and the trembling lip told me to leave a subject so unwelcome.

"Woman has been the bane of my existence—the evil star of my destiny," he exclaimed, "and it is her absence from these scenes, that endears them to me."

I began to suspect that his love of retirement proceeded not so much from motives of philosophy, as from a disgust of the world—that his had been the "sickness of the heart." The clouds of disappointment had, perhaps, cast their baneful shadow over his path, and he had sought this solitude to vent upon himself his misanthropic spleen.

I found my suspicions were correct, for on opening a book which was lying on the table, my attention was directed to the following bitter effusion of his feelings, written on one of the blank leaves, in an hour, perhaps, when some reminiscence of the past had occurred to remind him of a subject he would willingly forget.

O! what is "Woman's love?"

It is a *cheating lie*—a brittle bubble,  
That glistens only while the sun doth shine!  
And then how bright and glorious are its hues!  
But when a passing cloud steals between it and the sun,  
All its rainbow tints are fled!—and then—  
It floats like filthy scum upon the tide!

It is an *evening meteor's blaze*,  
That streams all brightly for a while,  
And gilds each object round,  
'Till by its own fires consumed,  
It bursts—and leaves the darkened skies!

Aye, "Woman's love!"

Is like the *adder*, with its soft and silky skin,  
Painted with all the gay and beautiful colors  
That cunning Nature's hand can give—  
Which tempts the wretch to grasp and hug it to his breast—  
'Till undecieved *too late*, he finds  
Its poisonous fangs deep fastened in the heart;  
And all the sweetest springs of life  
Turned to bitterest gall!

Such is "Woman's love!"

And sooner my salvation would I trust  
To one short and fleeting hour—when hope had fled,  
And mercy's ear were closed  
To all the suppliant wretch's prayer—  
When God himself were wanting in the power to save—  
Than trust my heart again to *woman's keeping*—  
To lay my head on *woman's breast*,  
And vainly, madly hope to find  
Truth in changing "*woman's love*!"

The storm passed over, the sun had dispelled the dark clouds, and was smiling on a lovely

scene, where every bough seemed bending with the weight of a thousand bright gems. Nature seemed weeping joyous tears, through which her loveliest smiles were blended. I thanked the Recluse for his kind hospitality, and remounting my horse, bid him farewell, and was soon again on my way through the forest.

Four years had passed away since the occurrence above related. Business again led me to the South, and traveling on my homeward route through Alabama, I thought I would leave my direct road to seek my old acquaintance, the Recluse.

It was with much difficulty I could recognize the path which led to it—it was now a hard beaten road, having the appearance of being much traveled. I anticipated much pleasure with my old friend, and looked anxiously for the appearance of faithful old Nero, to make my coming known to his master. No dog came—all was silent—I rode on and soon came in sight of the old cabin—the door was thrown half open as on my first visit—but there was an air of neglect and desolation about it—the roof that was then so snugly thatched and gave me protection from the storm, was now broken, and the whole building seemed unworthy of occupancy. I rode up through the weeds which had choked up the path, to the door, and discovered what I feared, was true,—it was tenanted, and falling to decay. What had become of the occupant? had he here taken his last look upon a world of which he had long been sick—had he died here in this solitude, or had the world's alluring lights again tempted him forth to listen to its siren voices? Disappointed I turned away. The sun was almost down, and I had several miles yet to go before I could reach a place where I intended to spend the night.

I had not ridden far, when I found myself approaching a plantation. It was new and had been made since my visit to the Recluse. At a little distance, the neat white dwellings, peeping from a grove of sweet gums and China trees, bespoke the taste of the proprietor. Every thing around wore such an air of comfort and refinement, and my horse being fatigued with a long day's journey, that I determined to ride up to the gate and solicit hospitality for the night. The dwelling of the planter, and the cabins of the servants, were in the center of the plantation, and as I passed up the lane leading to them, the bright faces of the negroes I met, with their clean white shirts, contrasting with their ebony skins, told me that theirs was a kind and provident master. I alighted at the gate and found myself the welcome guest of my old entertainer, the Recluse of the forest! I will be brief and in a few words state the outline of his history since I made his acquaintance. A few months after my visit to his retirement, accident made him acquainted with a lovely young lady. He had become a "woman hater," but now her image haunted all his waking hours and gilded with happiness all his dreams. By degrees he again mingled with the world, and learned that mankind was not so utterly depraved as he had fancied. He loved and his love was reciprocated, in short, he married, and is now happy in the fond capacity of husband and father!

### FIRST LOVE.

THERE are moments in the life of us all which are worth the rest of our existence; and perhaps, it is one of them when the pure and guileless heart first discovers that it loves and is beloved; at least, any one who saw Helen Stanhope, the heroine of our simple tale, would have thought so.

She was sitting where her first love letter had found her, re-reading its contents, until every burning and passionate word was graven on her heart forever; the color mantling her fair cheek, and the light buoyant spirit smiling over her face, until one might have almost fancied it the countenance of an angel, so little trace could be discerned of the earthly care or sorrow. These deep and delightful feelings were interrupted by the entrance of her mother.

"Have you heard from our dear Lydia?" inquired Mrs. Stanhope.

Helen timidly gave the letter to her mother, and eagerly watched her countenance as she perused it. There was nothing in its fond and gratified expression to check the warm and glowing stream of her own thoughts, and flinging herself in her mother's arms, she hid her blushing face in her bosom.

"There is one thing, my dear Helen," said Mrs. Stanhope, when they had both become somewhat more composed, "there is one thing which gives me some little uneasiness;—not that I entertain a single doubt of the honor and disinterested affection of Sir Harry Lawton, but it is possible, from his having always met you here, moving in a style of elegance and affluence, he may be unconscious that your usual residence is a farm-house, and that you are portionless and lowly born."

Helen looked up with a momentary expression of doubt, but it passed away in an instant, and she smiled in youthful confidence and trust, and said,

"Mother, will you see Harry Lawton when he comes this evening, and tell him every thing? Then, if he repent of one single word here traced, it shall be to me as if it had never been written. But should he remain unchanged—"

She paused in confusion, and deep blushes mantled over her face and neck. Mrs. Stanhope read and understood every feeling of her guileless heart, and promised to do as she had wished.

It would be making Helen out more than a woman if I were to deny, that between then and the hour appointed for the baronet's visit, she never once feared as well as hoped for its result, and recalled his high spirit and lofty bearing with foreboding sadness. But then he loved her! and love to the young is an almighty and all prevailing power, which will ultimately surmount and subdue every obstacle in its path.

Presently she heard his knock—his step upon the stairs—and the tone of his voice reached her ears, it might be for the last time—the drawing-room door closed—the crisis of her fate was come, and she sat down by her little work table and buried her face in her hands.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour elapsed before Mrs. Stanhope appeared, and one glance at her countenance was enough for Helen; her long restrained emotion gushed forth without control,

and the tears she shed were those of joy and thankfulness.

"I know how foolish it is to cry when I am so happy," she said, raising her dark eyes, still glittering through their dewy fringe; "but I could not help it, my heart felt bursting." Mrs. Stanhope affectionately kissed her daughter's cheek, and led her to her impatient lover.

If there were moments when Sir Harry thought of his noble house, his proud aristocratic father, it was when far removed from the witchery of Helen's voice and smile. In her presence every thing was forgotten but her.

Mrs. Stanhope had come to town to receive a small legacy bequeathed to her by an aged relative, and that business at length concluded, she determined no longer to trespass on the hospitality of the kind friend, who had invited them to make her house their home during their stay. An early day was, therefore, fixed for their return to the farm, where she resided with an only brother; looking after his house, and supplying the place of a mother to the beautiful Lydia Dalton, his only child.

The change from their present way of living to the bustle of home would doubtless be felt by both mother and daughter; but it was not that Helen dreaded, it was the separation from her lover. With her mother's permission, she promised to correspond with him, and it was agreed, that the following summer he should come down and claim his betrothed bride. Sir Harry accompanied them to the end of the first stage, and then quitting them with regret set off for the dwelling of his father, Lord Rivers, in Wales.

Mr. Dalton received his sister and niece with his usual kindness, and congratulated the latter on her conquest.—Not so Lydia, she appeared sullen and reserved; visions of splendor had sprung up in her young mind, and their influence on her manners speedily became visible to Frank Egerton her old lover, who marked the alteration with anger and regret. From the moment of Helen's return a reserve and coolness took the place of the warm sisterly affection with which the cousins had hitherto regarded each other; and when two months had elapsed without bringing any tidings of Sir Harry, Lydia was never tired of taunting her cousin with the desertion of her noble lover, until Helen might have exclaimed in the words of an old and popular Scotch ballad—

"That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:  
I'm fashed wi' their scorning,  
Baith evening and morning,  
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell."

But she was too happy and too trusting not to bear all this with indifference, and her meek and gentle replies often went to the heart of her thoughtless cousin, who, but for a bitter spirit of envy, would have fallen on her neck and prayed to be forgiven.

The long and anxiously looked for epistle at length arrived, to gladden the heart of her to whom it was addressed.—Its contents would be as interesting to the general reader as all love letters usually are, save to the parties concerned. Be it sufficient to know, that it contained "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—but it is quickly followed by another from the father of her lover, which consisted only of a few brief and chilling sentences.

"He had heard of the engagement, or rather say *entanglement*, of his son. Miss Stanhope must be aware that the alliance would be a most unequal one; and he relied on her honor and good feelings to break it off, and to return any letters which Sir Harry might in future send to her, unanswered and unopened." He concluded by assuring her that their union could only be consummated at the risk of his eternal malediction.

Long did the desolate girl sit with this letter in her hand, which had so rudely crushed every bright and fondly cherished hope. Mrs. Stanhope offered no consolation; she well knew that in the first burst of human misery, it was mockery. But she bent over and silently kissed the pale brow of the youthful sufferer, until roused by her carcases, poor Helen remembered that she had yet a mother, a fond, anxious mother; and for the sake of that beloved parent, she strove to shake off the oppression which seemed weighing her spirit to the earth, and to reflect on what was proper to be done in this hour of painful trial.

She could not bear to part from Sir Harry, without one single word of explanation or adieu, and therefore enclosed a few lines to him, in a letter addressed to lord Rivers; in which she begged to assure his lordship, that his confidence had not been misplaced, and that, without his consent, Harry Lawton would never be more to her than a very dear friend. Her farewell was affectionate and womanly; a wish to spare his feelings caused the suppression of much of that tenderness, which her broken heart had longed to pour out before him; and passing over what she felt, in silence, she entreated him to forget her, and called on Heaven to shower down its choicest blessings on her who might be his future love.

Pure minded as Helen was, and unhackneyed in the world's ways, it never occurred to her to suspect that lord Rivers would suppress the note entrusted to his care. This was actually the case. His lordship was himself too much moved by the touching appeal of the devoted girl, to suffer it to pass into the hands of his son; Sir Harry remained in total ignorance of any correspondence having taken place between his father and betrothed. Her long silence however surprised him, and when he found every letter returned unopened, he soon ceased to humble his proud spirit before one who thus scorned and trifled with him. There was no mediating voice to whisper how often these precious epistles had been pressed to the lips and heart of her to whom they were addressed; and what bitter tears had been shed over them before she consigned them to her mother, to enclose and direct them to one, whose loved name must never be traced by her again.

The morning after Helen had received lord Rivers' letter, she unclosed her eyes with a vague and dreamy recollection of the occurrence. Again she slumbered on her pillow, and prayed to be permitted to slumber on a little longer in forgetfulness; but her hand resting on a locket she wore, all the vivid remembrances of lost happiness started up and weighed on her mind like lead. She groaned in anguish and bitterness of spirit, and as she raised her eyes to heaven, she,

for the first time, became aware that some one was sitting beside her bed, and watching tenderly over her troubled repose. It was Lydia, her eyes swollen with crying, her countenance subdued by sorrow.—She lifted the burning hand of the young sufferer to her lips, and wept over it; they were tears of penitence and regret.

"Forgive me! Oh! forgive me!" she sobbed out, "and let us love one another again, as we used to do."

Helen flung her arms around her cousin's neck, and laid her weary head upon her bosom; "I have at length regained a friend," she said, "and for the rest, thy will, oh God! not mine, be done. Teach me, I implore thee, to bear thy chastening meekly, and with a thankful spirit."

Long did the two girls pray to Him who alone can send an answer of peace, and the calmness she sought once more gleamed on Helen's brow, as she returned the fond kiss of her anxious mother, and affectionate smile of her warm hearted uncle.

From that moment the name of Sir Harry Lawton became an unknown sound, and his very remembrance gradually passed away from the minds of all save one, who secretly cherished it in her heart. She often longed to speak of him to her mother; to ask her if she thought he could have obeyed his father's mandate and forgotten her; but the words died away upon her lips unuttered, and she continued to suffer in uncomplaining silence. Lydia, cured of her momentary thirst for splendor, returned to her old habits. But her own recovered happiness did not render her unmindful of the total wreck of her cousin's, and she was constantly forming little plans and parties of pleasure, to wean Helen from dwelling on the past, who was too grateful for her kindness, not to endeavor to look pleased and happy.

And she succeeded so well, that even, her watchful mother was deceived.—There is but one to whom the secret mysteries of the human heart are known and He regardeth its sorrows in love and in mercy.

The following summer brought an addition to their little parties, in the person of a Mr. Ackhurst, who came down to L—— for his health, and rented the next house to that occupied by Mr. Dalton. Helen met him first at the residence of a friend, and attracted by something in the demeanor of the feeble old man exerted herself to please and amuse him; and, in spite of his stern and reserved manners, she succeeded. She was glad to take his arm during their evening walks, in preference to making that unlucky number, a third, where two of the parties happen to be lovers.

And when his feeble steps could no longer keep pace with the buoyant activity of Frank and Lydia, she would rest with him on a rustic seat, until the lovers felt inclined to return. On one of these occasions, Helen had gathered a profusion of flowers, and sat at his feet wreathing them into garlands, and listening to his words, and replying to his remarks with the affectionate attention of a child.

"By the bye," said Mr. Ackhurst, abruptly, "I heard from a dear young friend of mine, yesterday—Sir Harry Lawton!"

The flowers dropped from the trembling hand of Helen, and looking eagerly up, she exclaimed

in a wild and passionate tenderness, "Tell me—is he well? Is he happy?"

But sadder thoughts succeeded this burst of irrepressible emotion, and she bent down in silence to collect the scattered flowers, while her tears fell on them like rain.

"Did you know him then?" inquired the old man with a keen glance.

"Yes—he visited at the house where I was staying, while in London."

"He is about to be married!"

Helen wrung her hands, but no exclamation escaped her trembling lips.

"A report to the same effect reached me some time ago," continued Mr. Ackhurst, either unmindful or unconscious of the pain which he was inflicting: "But I believe that his father, lord Rivers, acted very ill in that affair; sacrificing two young and fond hearts at the altar of his accursed pride and ambition."

Helen trembled at the vehemence with which he spoke. "His lordship was not surely so much to blame," she said in a soothing tone. "He probably had higher and nobler views for his only son, which an alliance with an unknown and portionless girl would have frustrated or destroyed."

"Did she love him? did the girl love him?" said the old man.

"Dearer, far dearer than her own existence."

"Then woe to him, who on any pretence has sought to divide them."

"Still a father's ambition and pride, may be urged in behalf of lord Rivers," said Helen after a long and painful silence.

"Do you plead for him?" said the old man, parting away the bright curls from her forehead and gazing sadly and tenderly on her face.

"Oh! God! this is too much—I cannot bear it."

In striving to soothe the anguish which shook his feeble frame, Helen forgot for a while, her own cause of suffering; and this last, worst blow of all, Harry Lawton's inconstancy! Yet she had bade him forget her and be happy; vainly trusting in her own strength, and thinking that she should rejoice in such an event. The moment of bitter trial discovered to her, her weakness and her all-enduring love.

They had both somewhat recovered their composure when the lovers returned; but Lydia's clear ringing laugh smote painfully on the ear of her unhappy cousin.

"You have not been idle, I see," said Frank Egerton, pointing to the flowers, and lifting up a wreath of white roses, he placed it on the brow of Helen, and asked Lydia, if she did not look like a bride in it.

The allusion was too much for the almost broken-hearted girl, and uttering a low thrilling exclamation, she sank fainting at his feet—and in that state was borne home to her anxious and alarmed mother.

The following morning, at an early hour, Mr. Ackhurst called at the farm to inquire after the health of the invalid. His step was firmer than it had been for many weeks, and a self-satisfied smile played over his aged face!—Helen was up and sitting at the open casement; but she still looked pale and sorrowful. The old gentleman took her burning hand, and pressing it affection-

ately bade her place her trust in Providence, and prophesied that many happy days were yet in store for her.

Helen shook her head with a sad smile, but yet she felt grateful to him for his kindness and attention. Some days afterwards by the advice of her mother, who thought the air would do her good, Helen ventured out, leaning on the arm of Mr. Ackhurst and Lydia. The quiet beauty of a summer's evening, shed its holy influence over her calmed spirits; and her affectionate cousin marked with pleasure the kindling of her hitherto pale cheeks. The sounds of an approaching vehicle were heard, and a traveling carriage covered with dust, dashed by them with great rapidity; in another instant it stopped abruptly, and a young man alighted and advanced towards them. One glance at his manly form was enough for Helen; she trembled violently, and clung convulsively to the arms of her companions for support.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Sir Harry, as he approached near enough distinctly to recognize them. "My father and my Helen!"

His father! The whole truth burst suddenly on the mind of the bewildered girl as she heard these words: the whole blessed truth; and she felt that there were indeed happy days yet in store for her. The soothing voice of her lover did not serve to dispel the mists which were gathering over her mind. She felt like one in a dream.—She was conscious that their hands were joined, and a father's blessing breathed upon them; then all was a blank until the tears and caresses of Lydia recalled her again to life—to a new existence of hope and joy.

Lord Rivers was not naturally a bad hearted man, although selfish and ambitious; and the anguish he saw his son daily enduring, while under the conviction that her he so passionately loved was false and unworthy of him, smote him to the heart. At first he trusted to the sophistry of those who assert that time, or change of scene can eradicate a deeply rooted affection; but the wasting form of Sir Harry taught him the fallacy of such a trust; and at length he determined to see and judge of the beauties and virtues of her who had so enthralled the mind of his son.

The quiet and touching sorrow which so strongly marked her countenance and manner, and the affectionate confidence and attention which Helen bestowed on the destroyer of her peace soon subdued and softened every proud and aristocratic prejudice; and he at length wrote that letter to Sir Harry which had been the means of bringing him down to L——.

All this was explained in fewer words than I have taken to write it.—And if Helen noticed that her lover looked paler and somewhat graver and older than when they last met, and he observed her fragile and delicate form, each remembered that it was love which had wrought the change.

There is but little more to tell, as I shall not attempt to describe or particularize their joyous and simple bridal, or the feelings of the beautiful bride, when Frank Egerton held up the wreath of faded roses before her, and reminded her of the prophecy. They were of mingled happiness and gratitude to that God who had wrought so mercifully for her, since then changing her

mourning into joy. And Lord Rivers, in his declining years cheered by her smiles, or soothed by her affectionate tenderness, found no cause to wish that the wife of his son had been other than the gentle Helen.

### TRAVELING SKETCHES.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PETRÆ, THE LONG-LOST CAPITAL OF EDMOM.

PETRÆ, the excavated city, the long-lost capital of Edom, in the Scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a rock; and through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Eaux, "the father of Edom;" that princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king "reigned over Israel;" and we recognize it from the earliest ages as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, even Tyre and Sidon deriving their purple and dyes from Petræ. Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the king of Judea, "slew of Edom in the Valley of Salt ten thousand, and took Selah, (the Hebrew name of Petræ) by war." Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the "King of Arabia" issued from his palace at Petræ, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and, uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petræ was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time it rapidly declined; its history became more and more obscure; for more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilized world; and, until its discovery by Burckhardt in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouins its very site was unknown.

And this was the city at whose door I now stood. In a few words, this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphant arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labor out of the solid rock; and while there summits present Nature in her wildest and most savage form, their basis are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city.—Strong, firm, and immovable as Nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skillful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that Nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance.

For about two miles it lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them; the summits are wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile; then receding and forming an opening above through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, and oleanders were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs hundreds of feet above our heads; the eagle was screaming above us; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great Necropolis of the city; and at the extreme end was a large open space with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting in one full view the facade of a beautiful temple hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out fresh and clear as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. Though coming directly from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the temples excites the admiration and astonishment of every traveler, we were roused and excited by the extraordinary beauty and excellent condition of the great temple at Petræ. Even in coming upon it as we did, at disadvantage, I remember that Paul, who was a passionate admirer of the arts, when he first obtained a glimpse of it, involuntarily cried out, and moving on to the front with a vivacity I never saw him exhibit before or afterward, clapped his hands, and shouted in ecstasy. To the last day of our being together, he was in the habit of referring to his extraordinary fit of enthusiasm when he first came upon that temple; and I can well imagine that, entering by this defile, with the feelings roused by its extraordinary and romantic beauty, the first view of that superb facade must produce an effect which could never pass away. Even now, that I have returned to the pursuits and thought-engrossing incidents of a life in the busiest city in the world, often in situations as widely different as light from darkness, I see before me the facade of that temple; neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temple of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.

The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches, are cut out from and form a part of the solid rock; and this rock at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print,

towers several hundred feet above its face cut smooth to the very summit, and the top remaining wild and mishapen as Nature made it. The whole area before the temple is perhaps an acre in extent, enclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance, and an opening to the left of the temple, which leads into the area of the city by a pass through perpendicular rocks five or six hundred feet in height.

Leaving the temple and the open area on which it fronts, and following the stream, we entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs, with sculptured doors and columns; and on the left in the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than three thousand persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petre, and not unlike a row of private boxes in a modern theatre.

The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation, that if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life they might take their old places on its seats, and listen to the declamation of their favorite player. To me the stillness of a ruined city is nowhere so impressive as when sitting on the steps of its theatre; once thronged with the gay and pleasure-seeking, but now given up to solitude and desolation. Day after day these seats had been filled, and the now silent rocks had echoed to the applauding shout of thousands; and little could an ancient Edomite imagine that a solitary stranger, from a then unknown world, would one day be wandering among the ruins of his proud and wonderful city, meditating upon a race that has for ages passed away. Where are ye, inhabitants of this desolate city? ye who once sat on the seats of this theatre the young, the high-born, the beautiful, the brave; who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave?—Where are ye now? Even the very tombs, whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wondering traveler, cannot reveal the mystery of your doom; your dry bones are gone; the robber has invaded your graves, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert.

But we need not stop at the days when a gay population were crowding to this theatre. In the earliest period of recorded time, long before this theatre was built, and long before the tragic muse was known, a great city stood here. When Esau, having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, came to his portion among the mountains of Seir; and Edom, growing in power and strength, became presumptuous and haughty, until, in her pride, when Israel prayed a passage through her country, Edom said unto Israel, "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword."

Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, "her cities and the inhabitants thereof," this proud city among the rocks, doubtless for its extraordinary sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. "I

have sworn by myself," saith the Lord, "that Bozrah (the strong, or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be a perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terrible-ness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down," saith the Lord. "They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls."

I would that the skeptic could stand as I did among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penman, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead; though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the hand-writing of God himself in the desolation and external ruin around him. We sat on the steps of the theatre, and made our noon-day meal; our drink was from the pure stream that rolled down at our feet. Paul and myself were alone. We scared the partridge before us as we ascended, and I broke for a moment the stillness of the desolate city by the report of my gun.

All around the theatre, in the sides of the mountains were ranges of tombs; and directly opposite they rose in long tiers one above another. Having looked into those around the theatre, I crossed to those opposite; and, carefully as the brief time I had would allow, examined the whole range. Though I had no small experience in exploring catacombs and tombs, these were so different from any I had seen that I found it difficult to distinguish the habitations of the living from the chambers of the dead. The facades or architectural decorations were everywhere handsome; and in this they differed materially from the tombs in Egypt; in the latter the doors were simply an opening in the rock, and all the grandeur and beauty of the work within; while here the door was always imposing in its appearance, and the interior was generally a simple chamber unpainted and unsculptured.

I say that I could not distinguish the dwellings from the tombs; but this was not invariably the case; some were clearly tombs, for there were pits in which the dead had been laid and others were as clearly dwellings, being without a place for the deposit of the dead. One of these last particularly attracted my attention. It consisted of one large chamber, having on one side, at the foot of the wall, a stone bench about a foot high, and two or three broad, in form like the divans in the East at the present day; at the other end were several small apartments, hewn out of the rock, with partition walls left between them, like stalls in a stable, and these had probably been the sleeping apartments of the different members of the family, the mysteries of bare and bolts, of folding doors and third stories, being

unknown in the days of the ancient Edomites. There were no paintings or decorations of any kind within the chamber; but the rock out of which it was hewn, like the whole stony rampart that encircled the city, was of a peculiarity and beauty that I never saw elsewhere, being a dark ground, with veins of white, blue, red, purple, and sometimes scarlet and light orange, running through it in rainbow streaks; and within the chambers, where there had been no exposure to the action of the elements, the freshness and beauty of the colors in which these waving lines were drawn gave an effect hardly inferior to that of the paintings in the tombs of the kings at Thebes. From its high and commanding position, and the unusual finish of the work, this house, if so it may be called, had no doubt been the residence of one who had strutted his hour of brief existence among the wealthy citizens of Petre. In front was a large table of rock, forming a sort of court for the excavated dwelling, where probably, year after year, in this beautiful climate, the Edomite of old sat under the gathering shades of evening, sometimes looking down upon the congregated thousands and the stirring scenes in the theatre beneath, or beyond upon the palaces and dwellings in the area of the then populous city.

Farther on in the same range, though, in consequence of the steps of the streets being broken, we were obliged to go down and ascend again before we could reach it, was another temple, like the first, cut out of the solid rock, and, like the first too, having for its principal ornament a large urn, shattered and bruised by musket balls; for the ignorant Arab, believing that gold is concealed in it, day after day, as he passes, levels at it his murderous gun, in the vain hope to break the vessel and scatter a golden shower on the ground.

The shades of the evening were gathering around us as we stood for the last time on the steps of the theatre. Perfect as had been the fulfilment of the prophecy in regard to this desolate city, in no one particular has its truth been more awfully verified than in the complete destruction of its inhabitants; in the extermination of the race of the Edomites. In the same day, and by the voice of the same prophets, came the separate denunciations against the descendants of Israel and Edom, declaring against both a complete change in their temporal condition; and while the Jews have been dispersed in every country under heaven, and are still, in every land, a separate and unmixed people, "the Edomites have been cut off for ever, and there is not any remaining of the house of Esau."

"Wisdom has departed from Teman, and understanding out of the mount of Esau;" and the miserable Arab who now roams over the land, cannot appreciate or understand the works of its ancient inhabitants. In the summer he cultivates the few valleys in which seed will grow, and in winter makes his habitation in the tombs; and, stimulated by vague and exaggerated traditional notions of the greatness and wealth of the people who have gone before him, his barbarous hand is raised against the remaining monuments of their arts; and, as he breaks to atoms the sculptured stone, he expects to gather up their



long-hidden treasures. I could have lingered for days on the steps of that theatre, for I never was at a place where such a crowd of associations pressed on the mind. But the sheik was hurrying me away. From the first he had told me that I must not pass a night within the city; and begging me not to tempt my fortune too rashly, he was perpetually urging me to make my retreat while there was yet time. He said that if the Arabs at the other end of the great entrance heard of a stranger being there, they would be down upon us to a man, and, not content with extorting money, would certainly prevent my visiting the tomb of Aaron. He had touched the right chord; and considering that weeks or months could not impress the scene more strongly on my mind, and that I was no artist, and could not carry away on paper the plans and models of ancient art, I mounted my horse from the very steps of the theatre, and followed the sheik in his progress up the valley. Turning back from the theatre, the whole area of the city burst upon the sight at once, filled with crumbling masses of rock and stone, the ruined habitations of a people long since perished from the face of the earth, and encompassed on every side by high ranges of mountains; and the sides of these were cut smooth, even to the summit, hundreds of feet above my head as I rode past, and filled with long continued ranges of open doors, the entrances to dwellings and tombs, of which the small connecting staircases were not visible at a distance, and many of the tenements seemed utterly inaccessible.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE BROKEN CRUTCH.

ONE hot day in the month of June, a poor sun-burnt sailor, with but one leg, was going along the road when his crutch broke in halves, and he was forced to crawl on his hands and knees to the side of the road, and sit down to wait till some coach or cart came by, whose driver he could ask to take him up. The first that passed that way was a stage coach: but the man who drove it was a surly fellow he would not help the sailor, as he thought he should not be paid for it. Soon after this the tired sailor fell asleep upon the ground and though a thick shower of rain came on, yet he still slept; for sailors when on board their ships, have to bear all sorts of weather; when the wind blows, the waves often dash over the deck of the vessel, and wet the poor sailors to the skin, while they are pulling at the ropes and shifting the sails. When the lame sailor awoke, he found a boy's coat and waistcoat laid on his head and shoulders to keep him from being wet; and the boy sat by, in his shirt, trying to mend the broken crutch, with two pieces of wood and some strong twine. "My good lad," said the sailor, "why did you pull off your own clothes to keep me from being wet?" "O," said he, "I do not mind the rain; I thought the large drops of rain that fell upon your face would awake you, and you must be sadly tired to sleep so sound on the ground. See! I have almost mended your crutch, which I had found broken; and if you can lean on me and cross yonder field to my uncle's farm house, I am sure

he will get you a new crutch. Pray do try to go there. I wish I was large enough to carry you on my back."

The sailor looked at him with tears in his eyes, and said, "When I went to sea five years ago, I left a boy behind me; if I should find him such a good fellow as you seem to be, I shall be happy as the day is long, though I have lost my leg, and must go on crutches all the days of my life."

"What was your son's name?" the boy asked. "Tom White," said the sailor, "and my name is John White."

When the boy heard these names, he jumped up, threw his arms around the sailor's neck, and said, "My dear, dear father, I am Tom White, your own little boy."

How great was the sailor's joy, thus to meet his own child, and to find him so good to those who wanted help!

Tom had been taken care of by his uncle, while his father was at sea, and the sun burnt, lame sailor found a happy home in the farm house of his brother; and though he now had a new crutch, he kept the old one as long as he lived, and showed it to all the strangers who came to the farm as a proof of the kind heart of his dear son Tom.

### LIFE LIKE A BROOK.

I WISH I were like this little stream of water. It takes its rise nearly a mile off; yet it has done good even in that short course. It has passed by several cottages in its way, and afforded life and health to the inhabitants. It has watered their little gardens as it flows, and enriched the meadows near the banks. It has satisfied the thirst of a flock that are feeding aloft on the hills, and perhaps refreshed the shepherd's boy who sits watching his master's sheep hard by. It then quietly finishes its current in this secluded dell, and agreeably to the design of its Creator, quickly vanishes in the ocean.

May my course be like thine, thou little rivulet! Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow sinners, as I travel onward! Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many! Like the stream, may I prove the poor man's friend by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life whenever I meet them! And, if it please thee, O my God, let me, in my latter end, be like this brook. It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not unusefully tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Saviour, till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity.—*Leigh Richmond.*

### WAR.

I AM adverse to war. I think it an absurd way of settling disputes, and I respect the man who gives a loaf of bread to the hungry, more than I do him who has stormed a fortress. Courage is a quality that man shares in common with the brute, and even the insect. The fly that torments you in summer, has as much of it as Sir John Colburne. But nature has thought proper to make mankind pugnacious, so when individuals quarrel, they go to blows—when nations differ,

go to war. A certain number of men are paid for being shot at like Christmas turkeys—some are shot down—the rest look very consequential, and by and by both parties become tired, and patch up a peace. This is glory.—*J. G. Brooks.*

A CROP OF PUNS.—WHEN Miss Ellen Tree made her debut in London, Sam Rogers, who was in the side boxes, observed, it must be a promising season which brought *Trees* out so early, (alluding to the younger branches of the family.) "Yes," said a wagging who sat by, and there's not a *plane* Tree amongst them." "Assuredly not," replied Mr. Rogers, with one of his winning smiles, "they are all *poplar* Trees, sir!"

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$2.00; L. B. Laseallville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Kingsboro', N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Hope, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. B. Henderson, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Westfield, Mass. \$1.00; E. H. M. Saugatuck, Mich. \$1.00; S. B. D. Palmy, N. Y. \$1.00; H. J. C. Hanover, Pa. \$1.00; D. M. Elba, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. Yorkville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. G. Lanesborough, Mass. \$3.00; P. M. Oron, N. Y. \$3.00; H. N. D. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stayveant Falls, N. Y. \$2.00; D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$6.00; C. B. King's Settlement, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. S. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; R. G. D. Burr's Mills, N. Y. \$5.00; A. G. Plainfield, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. West Berkshire, Vt. \$1.00; J. A. S. Middle Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. N. Big Brook, N. Y. \$1.00; M. T. Paris Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bethel, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Madison, O. \$2.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Lebanon, N. H. \$5.00; P. M. Salisbury, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. South Stephentown, N. Y. \$5.00; A. H. E. Lebanon, N. H. \$1.00; W. H. R. East Bethany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Tioga Center, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Java, N. Y. \$1.00; W. E. W. Macedon, N. Y. \$5.00; J. B. S. Collinsville, N. Y. \$6.00; J. H. H. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$5.00; B. M. Madison, O. \$1.00; P. M. Tomhannock, N. Y. \$1.00; A. N. East Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. K. Greenport, N. Y. \$2.00; P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. M. Gallatinville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. The Square, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Lee, Mass. \$1.00; F. M. C. Lee, Mass. \$1.00; E. M. G. Little Falls, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Chateaugay, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. F. Pike, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Town Line, N. Y. \$1.00; G. B. S. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. R. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hampton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Clarkville, N. Y. \$2.00; A. W. N. Westboro', N. Y. \$1.00; D. W. Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. L. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. C. Guilderland, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Barry, Mich. \$2.00; A. B. J. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Alexander, N. Y. \$4.00; W. P. Knowlesville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Morrisville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Cheshire, Mass. \$2.00; H. M. Moretown, Vt. \$1.00; S. H. Adams, Mass. \$1.00; A. M. B. Warren, N. Y. \$0.75; A. S. M. Palatine, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Busti, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Broad Brook, Ct. \$5.00; H. B. H. Canaan 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. Marengo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Johnsonburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; S. T. Paris, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Corinth, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Nashville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Wyming, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wilson, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Brighton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Madrid, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Schodack Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. F. Somerset, N. Y. \$2.00; P. B. H. North Haverhill, N. H. \$3.00; P. M. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. South Williamstown, Mass. \$4.00; P. M. Chester, N. Y. \$2.00; E. K. Monroe, Mich. \$3.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$4.00; P. N. Keen, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. T. Warren, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. South Rutland, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Clear Creek, N. Y. \$5.00; F. M. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. Oriskany, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. L. Pendleton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. Xenia, O. \$2.00; P. M. Tivoli, N. Y. \$2.00; H. E. M. Elyria, O. \$1.00; P. M. East Poughkeepsie, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Unionville, N. Y. \$2.00; H. H. East Constable, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Hammond, N. Y. \$1.00.

### DECEASED.

In this city, on the 23d ult. Charlotte Ann, daughter of John and Maria Scott, in her 2d year.  
On the 23d ult. Mrs. Sarah S. Jewett, in her 57th year.  
On the 24th ult. Orlando B. son of Elam and Catharine Nichols, in his 5th year.  
In the city of New-York, on the 23d ult. William A. son of the Rev. William Whitaker, aged 3 years.

"Farewell! we shall not soon forget!  
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,  
Our memories warmly treasure yet,  
Thy feature's calm and mildly sweet;  
But no!—that look is not the last—  
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,  
Where love no more deplores the past,  
Nor breathes that withering word, Farewell!"

On the 23d ult. at New Haven, Miss Angelica Gilbert, only daughter of Ezekiel Gilbert, Esq. of this city, in her 52d year.

At his residence, in Hillsdale, on the 13th ult. Dr. Benjamin House, in the 61st year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

"For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it shall sprout again; and that the tender branch thereof shall not cease."—Jon, xiv. 7.

Ah yes! I know there is hope of a tree,  
When it fades, it shall bloom again;  
But is there a hope that man shall be  
After this life so vain?

Shall he arise from out the dust,  
After he once resigns his trust?

Ah! tell me—shall man again awake,  
Arise from death, again to bloom;  
Shall he the iron fetters break,  
And start, exulting, from the tomb?  
If not, why has he—tell me why—  
Such thirst for immortality?

A voice to me, comes from the throne,  
It tells me, "man shall live again;"  
And through Heaven's arches swiftly borne,  
Earth sounds once more the joyous strain.  
Yes, man shall live no more to die,  
Shall dwell in endless bliss on high,

Then why should he shrink from the tomb?  
Why shudder thus, at Jordan's tide?  
The valley's dark, 'tis filled with gloom,  
But is not Jesus at his side?

Ah! man, methinks, should trust his power  
To save, e'en in the darkest hour.

Spencertown, July 28, 1839. CASSIOPEA.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE QUILL OF LORD BYRON.

A QUILL with which Byron had scribbled from Rome  
To the beautiful Countess of G\*\*\*,  
Or wrote a few lines in some tragical tome,  
Was bestowed on a friend who acknowledged his home

In the land of the simple and free.

So he bore the white pledge o'er the treacherous  
main,

Unhurt 'mid the element's strife,  
And he gazed on it oft with affectionate pain,  
For he might not behold the bright being again  
Who had honored the same with his knife.

And still when around the gay festival board  
The family circle convene,  
And each of loved relics exhibits his hoard,  
That treasured memento, that gift of a Lord,  
That *goose-Quill*, unaltered is seen.

Now it is not supposed that the talented bard  
Was remarkably neat with a quill,  
For he wrote such a scrawl that to read it was hard,  
Which would not be the case if his pen was prepared  
With any particular skill.

Nor yet was the charm in the feather I ween;  
You can find them wherever you roam;  
There are just such as that at the stationer's seen,  
I can pick up as good in the poultry-yard green,  
By my own little cottage at home.

Then where was the charm of the wonderful quill?  
'Twas the gift of a Poet, I know,  
Whose magic the souls of his readers could thrill,  
Transporting their feelings, in spite of their will,  
To the regions of bliss or of woe.

He was noble and beautiful. All he possessed  
Must be noble and beautiful too,  
From the plume that adorned his imperial crest.  
To the veriest button that shone on his vest,  
Or the buckle that fastened his shoe.

They say you can notice the hue of the ink,  
That retains its appropriate place,  
For even Lord Byron, it seems, did not think  
To remove the black liquid, and who would not shrink  
To impair so affecting a trace.

No, let it remain. 'Tis the emblem of him  
In whose service it once was employed,  
For thus was the close of his pilgrimage dim,  
And clouded by shadows gigantic and grim  
The light of his hopes was destroyed.

Thus, high as the wing of the wild bird in flight  
The star of his glory arose;  
It reflected the sunbeams in flashes of light  
But alas, it was tinged with the hue of the night,  
As the tempest-born meteor glows.

There are stains on the life of the poet and sage,  
Like the traces of ink on the quill;  
There's a shadowy gloom on the loveliest page,  
There's a darkness unsoftened by distance or age,  
And it hangs o'er his memory still. FIDELIA.

From the Baltimore Athenaeum and Visitor.

## THE VALUE OF AFFECTION.

BY MISS LUCY SEYMOUR.

"Cast not affection from thee."—MRS. HEMANS.

Hast thou a Mother? prize her love,  
And guard her breast from every pain,  
A mother's love but once we prove—  
Press to thy heart that golden chain.

Hast thou a Father? let thy care,  
Make life to him pass smoothly on,  
His comforts seek, his sorrow cheer,  
Thou'lt miss a father's love when gone.

Hast thou a Sister? let her be  
A second self respect the tie,  
Bid her repose her heart on thee,  
And ever on her truth rely.

Hast thou a Brother? strive to win,  
O'er all his acts a mild controll,  
That he may start aghast from sin,  
Lest he should wound his sister's soul.

Hast thou a Friend? oh! friendship's not,  
In this cold world, a common thing,  
Show me a friendship free from blot,  
I bid thee prize the offering.

Cherish each bud, prune not one leaf,  
Lest that should make the stem decay,  
And disappointment turn to grief,  
The hopes which lit thy onward way.

Is there a breast which bears the dart,  
Of warm but *hopeless* love for thee?  
Deal gently with that wounded heart,  
Nor coldly mock its misery.

Affection is a costly boon,  
Though poured at many a worthless shrine,  
And thou mayst learn alas! too soon,  
Vainly for such a gift to pine.

Then scorn not *true* affection's beam,  
What fount hath lent its light,  
Thou yet mayst gaze down memory's stream,  
And deem its radiance passing bright.

Who from her, love, *unmoved*, can throw,  
No matter what the form it wears,  
If 'tis sincere—may live to know,  
In human love she hath no share.

That all the ties which bound her heart,  
Are riven; sundered, passed away,

And from the world she stands apart,  
Allied to nought but mouldering clay.

Then cast not thou affection by—  
Yet one more word, remember this,  
Thou hast a Friend beyond the sky,  
Whose love enduring, changeless is.

Earthly affection, all will fade,  
Beneath the frost of death or time,  
But His will flourish undecayed,  
Through every age, in every clime.

## THE PAST.

BY A. S. S. ANDROSS.

THE Past! How doth the spirit love  
Upon its shadowy track to turn,  
And pour her fond complaints above  
Sad Memory's hallowed urn!  
For all are there! the Hopes—the Fears,  
Which checkered childhood's dreamy hours,  
The Joys—the Grievs of after years,  
And young Love's faded flowers!

The pleasant ones of Love's glad spring,—  
Whose smiles were sunshine to the soul;  
Whose tones awoke each gentler string,  
As o'er the heart they stole;  
The beautiful—the loved—the dead,  
Who fell like flowers, the chilling air  
Hath blighted, ere their leaves were spread,—  
All—all are gathered there!

Where—where are the haunts of childhood now—  
In which blithe hearts were wont to meet,  
And forms so light that scarce did bow  
The grass beneath their feet?  
To whom, through the long summer's day,  
'Twas bliss on some green bank to lie,  
And mock the wild bird's happy lay,  
Or chase the butterfly.

Where—where the golden dreams which threw,  
Their radiance on the Future's night,  
Tinged its dim sky with heavenly hue,  
And made its darkness, light?  
The Hopes, that o'er Life's lengthening track  
On gorgeous wings of splendor rolled,  
And from their bright plumes scattered back,  
Rich showers of gems and gold?

Where—where the scenes of early years;  
The haunts which young affection knew?  
Where Love waxed strong 'mid smiles and tears  
As flowers in sun and dew—  
Gone like the pageant of a dream!  
Faded—like lips when life hath fled!  
Vanished—like shadows on a stream!  
Hushed—as the voiceless dead!—

It may be weakness to lament—  
It may be weakness to bemoan—  
And tears, perchance, are idly spent  
On things forever flown!  
Yet deeply doth the spirit love  
Unto the shadowy Past to turn,  
And pour her fond complaints above  
Sad Memory's hallowed urn!

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VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1839.

NUMBER 5.

## SUMMER.



For the Rural Repository.

Bright Summer again greets us! She comes forth in her drapery of green, and bedecked with sun-lit smiles, makes her visit welcome. Now while the lake is gently rippled with her music-breathing zephyrs, and in broken images reflecting the many hued flowers that spring spontaneously upon its margins—while the

"Sweet songsters of the grove,"

are caroling forth upon the fragrant air their joyous melodies, and all nature is redolent with

grateful smiles, man, for whom the summer comes—for whom the flowers blossom and send

"Sweet odors upon the zephyrs wing," feels her joy-giving influence, and acknowledges the Power that sent her like "an angel of gladness," to cheer the earth. Now the meadows fragrant with their verdant growth await the mower's scythe. The young and old haste forth, and while the strong armed man lays low the bending grass, the younger and less athletic spread it to the sun.

At this bright season it is a luxury to leave the breezeless streets of the pent-up city, where its denizens vainly seek on the shady

side to escape from the sultry heat—it is a luxury to fly to the country and listen to the song of birds, to wander along

"The margin of some flowery stream," to lave in its refreshing waters, and forgetting for a time that cares have ever pressed upon us, make ourselves happy amid the lovely scenes around us. It is then the heart swells with gladness and gratefully we own

"The Maker's hand in all his glorious works!"

S. C. S.

didn't feel lonely, with father and mother with me"—turning her eyes to the portraits of a youthful couple opposite her—"though I began to feel afraid that you would stay till after dark, and then I could not see them."

The little girl, who appeared to be about five years old, looked wistfully towards her aunt, as she placed the cakes she had purchased in a plate.

"I have not got the orange for you that I intended, Emma," said Laura, brushing away a tear, as she marked the disappointment depicted on the pale, emaciated features of the child, who was just recovering from a fever. "I did not obtain quite so much on the ear-rings as I expected, and I had only just enough to buy these few cakes, and to pay the man who trusted me for the coals." "No matter," said the child, "the cakes are so good, I shall think no more about the orange."

Laura drew together the few half-extinguished coals, assisted little Emma to rise, and then they both sat down to a small table furnished with the plate of cakes and a cup of cold water. The voice of the coming storm, which during the day had uttered itself in low wailings, grew louder at the approach of night, whistling round the corners of their lowly abode, and making their dimly lighted apartment seem still more desolate.

"I don't like to hear the wind blow so loud," said Emma, "it makes me think about father. I wish he had never gone to sea, and then he wouldn't have been lost."

Laura made no reply, for she could not just then trust herself to speak; but turned towards her brother's portrait, that with eyes almost as beautiful as her own, seemed to be regarding her and his child with looks full of love. Emma, already fatigued, again retired to bed, and soon lost all sense of her sorrow in sleep. Laura added a scanty handful of coals to the few nearly consumed, placed a basket on the table filled with plain needle-work, obtained from one of the shops that furnish ready made clothing, and then seating herself so as to obtain as much warmth from the poorly supplied grate as possible, continued to ply her needle unremittingly till after midnight, when fatigue and exhaustion compelled her to desist. She cast a wishful eye at the plate of cakes covered with a napkin, but would not permit herself to encroach upon the already spare allowance reserved for breakfast, for it would cost her several hours more labor to finish the garment she had begun, for which she would receive the sum of ten or twelve cents, and until it was completed, she had no means of procuring additional food.

It was now nearly two years since her brother, Captain Loveland, sailed for India; and when his return was daily expected, news

## SELBOTS.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

LAURA LOVELAND AND HER NIECE.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

It was near the close of a bleak, uncomfortable day, late in the fall, that Albert Hathorne, while walking along one of the streets in New-York, saw a youthful female, whose appearance had, for some minutes before, attracted his attention, enter a shop, which the three gilt balls over the door, indicated to be that of a pawn-broker. She was dressed in a suit of mourning of the best materials, but very much faded, and so much worn as to have been repaired in several places. Hathorne, whose attention she had drawn by the beauty and grace of her form, as she entered the pawn-broker's, obtained a partial view of a pale beautiful face, and a pair of the most bewitching eyes he had ever beheld. Hastily detaching a valuable seal from his watch chain, to give him the show of some business, he felt inclined to obey the promptings of curiosity and enter the shop. A moment's reflection, however, made him sensible that the unfortunate female, whoever she might be, would naturally wish to shun observation, and he contented himself with slowly promenading the opposite side-walk, never wandering so far as to lose sight of the three gilt balls. After

the expiration of ten or fifteen minutes, which had seemed much longer to him, the interesting female again made her appearance. As she rapidly retraced her steps, he managed so as to keep her in his eye, without appearing to follow her. Once she stopped and purchased some cakes of a woman, and seemed strongly tempted to buy an orange.

"Here," said the woman, "is the finest orange in my basket, and you shall have it just as cheap as either of the others." The young woman took the orange, looked at it a moment, re-examined the contents of her purse, then returning it to the basket, said, "No, it will never do."

Hathorne, who had arrived near enough to hear what she said, longed to purchase not only that, but every orange in the basket, and bestow them on one, whom penury, it was too evident, held in her cold and withering embrace. She paused not again, until she had reached a small house in an obscure street more than a mile from the pawn-broker's. Availing ourselves of a privilege which Hathorne gladly would have done, we will follow her into her humble abode. As she opened the inner door, "How glad I am that you have come," said the sweet voice of a child, which issued from a bed in one corner of the room. "How long have you been awake, dear?" said Laura. "O, a great while, but I

came that the vessel in which he sailed was lost, and that all on board had perished. Her sister-in-law, whose health was failing at the time of her husband's departure, soon fell a victim to consumption. The funds left for the support of the family, were deposited in a bank which became insolvent before Captain Loveland had been absent a year; and as Mrs. Loveland was at that time too ill to be removed, Laura was compelled to retain the handsome house where they resided till after her sister's decease, when most of the furniture was sold at auction to pay the rent, the last money received from the bank being barely sufficient to meet the other heavy and unavoidable expenses. She then procured the back basement of the humble dwelling where she and her niece still remained. To heighten her distress and pecuniary difficulties, little Emma was taken sick with a fever immediately after their removal. To defray the expenses of the child's sickness, she had parted with all her own ornaments, and the more valuable part of her wardrobe, and, the day she was observed by Hathorne, had commenced disposing of what little jewelry had belonged to her sister. She had hoped to preserve for Emma her mother's wardrobe, and to procure by her own labor a maintenance for them both; but her health began already to suffer from the effects of privation and over-exertion, and she was obliged, though reluctantly, to renounce her determination. Young Hathorne, in the mean time was untiring in his efforts to ascertain her name and situation, and the obscure street where she lived became his daily promenade, instead of Broadway, or the far-famed Battery. He had seldom, however, been rewarded by a sight of her, as her errands of necessity were generally performed at an early hour in the morning, before the fashionable world was abroad. As a last resource, he ventured a few inquiries at a small shop next door to where she resided, but Mrs. Stimpson who kept it, could tell him nothing, only that she believed that she was a young widow.

Laura had procured money to pay the last quarter's rent, by disposing of a shawl which her brother had presented to his wife the day he sailed, and now, nearly three months more had been passed by her in the same routine of unmitigated toil, without a moment's leisure to solace herself with books, or to allow her to engage in any other intellectual pursuit, which a cultivated mind and a refined taste had, in the days of her prosperity, rendered actual wants. She felt that she was sinking from the combined effects of anxiety, privation, and her unremitting night-tasks; but what could she do? The winter had proved uncommonly severe, which by increasing the prices of food and fuel, had obliged her to part with several articles on which she had proposed to raise to pay the rent, due in a few days.

One day, when their allowance of bread had been unusually small, the moist of which Laura had forced upon the poor hungry child, who had sat all day on a stool at her feet, stitching some plain seams, which she felt happy and proud at being able to do well enough to answer the purpose, a smart rap was heard at the outer door just after dark. Taking up the small japan lamp, Laura went and opened it. It was the landlord, who

had called to inform her that he had let the tenement which she occupied to a relative of his, who wished to take possession of it the next Monday; nor did he forget to remind her that the last quarter's rent became due that morning. She confessed her inability to pay him, and expressed her fears that in so short a time it would be impossible to obtain another house into which she could remove.

"Why, as to that," said the man, "you'll have a whole day to look round in and to move your housen stuff, which will," glancing his eyes round the room, "be no great job, I see. In the mean time you can be thinking of some plan to make out the money for the rent, by parting with some bit of finery or other, or by calling in your pay for your work, and I will call to-morrow and take it."

"I have parted with every thing that"—Laura began, but the landlord either did not or would not hear, and bidding her "good night," he left the house. Laura did not speak, but seating herself by the dim lamp, with apparent composure, resumed her needle. Emma sat silent too, with her eyes earnestly fixed upon the portraits of her father and mother, which had, long since, been despoiled of their handsome gilt frames.

"Don't you think, aunt Laura," she at length said, "that father and mother would feel very sorry, if they knew that we had nothing but a little bread to eat, and scarcely any fire to warm us?"

Laura, instead of replying, suddenly threw up her arms, gave a faint shriek, and fell back in her chair. The child gazed on her pale, death-like countenance a moment, and then rushed wildly into the street.

"O, do come in," said she to the first person she met, "aunt Laura is dead!"

A young gentleman, who might have been five and twenty, followed closely by Mrs. Stimpson who had heard the exclamation of the child, obeyed the request. They placed Laura on the bed, and with cold water, the only restorative the house afforded, Mrs. Stimpson commenced chafing her hands and temples.

"O, aunt," said the weeping Emma, "I will never eat so much of the bread again, if you do say you don't want it."

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Stimpson, "that the poor young woman is dying for want of food?"

As for the gentleman, he did not speak, but Mrs. Stimpson saw him wipe his eyes with his handkerchief. "Just keep rubbing her hands and forehead, sir," said she, "and I will run and get a little wine and some biscuits."

Soon after her return, Laura began slowly to revive, and was soon able to swallow a little wine and water. At first she looked round with a bewildered air, but when she saw a young gentleman present, busily assisting Mrs. Stimpson to endeavor to restore her, a faint blush tinged her pale and hollow cheeks; for she immediately recognized him from having met him several times near the house, when she could not forbear noticing that he regarded her with more than common curiosity.

The young gentleman, whose embarrassment exceeded hers, briefly explained the reason of his

being present, first informing her that his name was Hathorne. "Will you," added he, "permit my sister to call on you in the morning?"

"If the sight of poverty and misery will not be too painful to her," replied Laura, "it would give me pleasure."

After receiving a promise from Mrs. Stimpson that she would remain during the night, Hathorne departed. At an hour which might have been termed early in the city, a handsome private carriage drew up in front of the humble residence of Laura Loveland. The steps were let down, the door thrown open, and young Hathorne springing lightly upon the side walk, assisted a lady to alight, whose sweet and beautiful face could not fail to be a sure passport to the heart.

"Shall I return for you in half an hour, Martha?" said he, as he conducted his sister to the door.

"Not quite so soon as that," she replied; "an hour will not be too long for me to mention my plans to her, especially if I find her weak and exhausted."

Mrs. Stimpson came to the door, and in answer to their inquiries, informed them that Miss Loveland had rested quite comfortably after eating some biscuit, except that she sometimes started in her sleep, and begged somebody to let her remain a little longer, as she had no home to go to. "And as for the child," added she, "you never saw such a little famished thing. She would not taste a mouthful till I told her that her aunt would soon be well, and then I can tell you, it did me good to see her eat."

Though want and over-exertion had clouded the brightness of Laura's complexion, stolen brilliancy from her eyes, and by sharpening, had marred the beautiful outline of her features, vestiges of extreme loveliness still lingered on her countenance—a loveliness rendered touching by the look of mild resignation diffused over it by a spirit that had meekly bowed beneath the hand of the Chastener. She was attired in her dress of faded black, the only decent one she had been able to retain, and was seated near the fire, when Hathorne's sister, (Mrs. Carlton,) entered. Following the impulse of a delicacy, which seems to be the instinct of noble and sensitive minds, Mrs. Carlton soon managed to subdue the painful embarrassment and restraint, which Laura felt, in common with those who have passed from a state of comfort and comparative affluence into one of extreme indigence, when their poverty and misfortunes are about to become the theme of conversation; and before the expiration of the hour, she had related the story of her sorrows and her sufferings, and every thing was satisfactorily arranged for the removal of herself and Emma to Mrs. Carlton's own splendid dwelling.

Now that the heavy hand of anxiety had been lifted from her heart, and the bright bow of promise could be seen spanning the prospects of the future, Laura's frame seemed to be renovated—endued with new life. With the assistance of Mrs. Stimpson's daughter, what few household goods remained in her possession, were prepared to transfer to the auction room by four o'clock, and Emma, with the impatience of childhood, had put on her pelisse and bonnet, and sat holding the portraits of her parents, which being

painted on canvass, were made into a roll, and carefully covered with a handkerchief, while her joy, too exciting for silence, continually overflowed in praises of Mrs. Carlton and her handsome brother.

"How fortunate it is," said she to Laura, "that you know music and drawing. How much pleasanter it will be to teach them to Mrs. Carlton's daughters, than to sit and sew hard, stiff cloth, from sunrise to midnight. Did you mind how sweet her voice sounded, when just as she went away she said, 'I trust we shall be like sisters to each other, Miss Loveland,'—and Mr. Hathorne I thought looked as if he would be glad to be your brother."

As it drew near five, the hour Mrs. Carlton proposed to come for them, the sound of every carriage attracted Emma to the window. The clock at last struck—nearly five minutes more had elapsed—still no carriage appeared in sight resembling the one expected. Emma's vivacity began to be damped by doubt and fear, and as her eyes wandered round the low, narrow room, it had never looked so gloomy to her before. Her suspense was only momentary. When she looked out again, the carriage was almost at the door. Many were the happy hours that brightened her future life, yet it may be doubted if ever her cup of joy was more completely full, than when she found herself and her aunt fairly seated in the carriage, saw the door actually closed, and felt that the wheels were in motion.

The balmy breath of spring was abroad, and the sky softened to that mild, cerulean hue, which harmonizes so finely with the first light verdure, and the trees in their early foliage. The sun, which stole through the damask curtains that shaded the windows of an apartment in one of the most splendid houses in — Square, placed in a rich light, a group gathered round a mosaic center table, looking at some beautiful prints.

One of them, a child six years old, with eyes blue as summer skies, and with cheeks like the heart of a dew-bathed rose, glowing brightly through clustering curls of a sunny brown, as she bent over one of the prints, stood with her small, dimpled hand laid lightly on the shoulder of another fair child, apparently of the same age, and of almost equal beauty. It was Emma Loveland, and those, who a few months before had beheld her, pale as a crushed flower, would hardly have recognized the little laughing Hebe before them now to be the same. But the change was not greater than that wrought in the appearance of a still lovelier being, who stood at the same table. Health and beauty had returned to her pale, hollow cheeks, and those eyes which had haunted young Hathorne in his midnight dreams and mid-day musings, had lost nothing of their fascinating loveliness; while on her brow, where sorrow had been written in dim, shadowy characters, the light of a happy heart shone like morning sunbeams on the unfolding lily. In the same group was Albert Harthorne, with pride and pleasure in his looks, for he felt that it was his hand that had raised from the dust these trampled flowers, which were now glowing with a richness of bloom, surpassing even his own high-

wrought anticipations. Nor was it in Laura's personal attractions alone, that he found cause of self-gratulation in reference to the part he had taken. He found her mind was a jewel worthy of the casket. While simplicity and truth formed the more prominent traits of her character, her heart was capable of that deep and devoted passion, almost always accompanied by a beautiful enthusiasm, which weaves a veil of all imaginable loveliness to invest the object of its love. Too often, alas, is this veil, with its fervid and beautiful coloring thrown over a character cold and unlovely in itself. Several other fair forms made up the group which Mrs. Carlton, seated a little apart, was contemplating with a look of serene delight, when an exclamation of wild joy burst from the lips of Emma as she ran and threw herself into the arms of a gentleman, who at that moment entered the room, conducted by Mr. Carlton. Laura, who had stood with her back towards the door when he entered, turned at the sound of Emma's voice, and as she sprang to his side, the word, "brother," that escaped her tremulous lips explained all. Yes, Captain Loveland, whom all imagined had long slept beneath the waves of the ocean, stood before them, and while he pressed his child to his bosom, and clasped the hand of his beloved sister, a tear fell to the memory of her, who with pale lips and tearful eyes, bade him her last farewell.

Captain Loveland's unexpected return may be accounted for in a few words. His vessel was wrecked when within a few days' sail of home, and he and a few others were in a state of great exhaustion taken from the wreck by a ship bound for Java. Soon afterwards, a homeward bound vessel belonging to the United States fell in with the wreck, and concluding from appearances, that all on board had perished, the captain and crew, when they arrived on shore, made report accordingly. Soon after his arrival at Java, he was attacked by the dreadful fever of the country, and after his recovery, a series of adverse events prevented him from sooner reaching home.

A few weeks from this time, a small, select party were assembled at Mrs. Carlton's, to witness the marriage of Albert Hathorne and Laura Loveland. Her friends had the means and the will to deck her with the splendor of an Eastern queen, but she preferred to appear in a simple dress of white muslin, in which she looked so lovely, that all who beheld her, felt that

— "Beauty needs no adorning,  
But is, when undorned, adorned the most."

What was peculiarly grateful to Laura's heart, was that Hathorne's parents, though wealthy, and by some accounted proud and haughty, treated her with as much courtesy and cordiality as if she had been an heiress.

Mr. Carlton, who was extensively engaged in commerce, offered Captain Loveland the command of one of his ships, and fortune no longer looked upon him with a stern and frowning aspect.

One evening, while Laura was engaged with her needle work, Emma with her drawing lesson, and Harthorne was reading to them aloud, he was told that a porter at the door wished to

— speak with him. He smiled as he rose and went to the door, and Laura heard him say, "You may bring it into the hall." "Laura come into the hall a minute," said he, "and Emma, you must come too."

As they entered, he was unlocking a large trunk. The lid was raised, and Emma exclaimed, "Oh, aunt, there is your elegant shawl, and the beautiful dress you were obliged to part with, to pay the doctor's bill, when I had the fever."

Emma's eyes sparkled still more brightly, when Harthorne, opening a casket, displayed all the jewelry which had belonged to her mother and her aunt, as well as her own trinkets, which she had been obliged to yield to the pawn-broker to procure bread. One thing after another was removed from the trunk, and laid upon the table. Not a single thing which had belonged to either of them was missing. Laura could only say, while she pressed her husband's hand to her heart, "If you have been thoughtful, I feel that I can be grateful."

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### AMERICAN SCENERY.

IN no portion of the globe have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished than in our own. No American need fix his gaze beyond his own country, to behold greater or more striking exhibitions of sublime and beautiful natural scenery. Though other realms may unfold to our view many scenes rife with attractive interest, yet when contrasted with those afforded in this country, they dwindle into tameness and insignificance. And this superiority exists, although the former enjoy the influence of a cause so highly favoring, that when duly considered, it will be found to bestow upon them their chief merit—while the latter are wholly estranged from its effects. Let any one estimate the feeling of delight he experiences when his attention is riveted on European or Oriental scenery, and he will discover that this feeling is not inspired by the prospect before him, intrinsically considered, but is chiefly induced by the stirring and romantic associations connected therewith. And it is because of this fact, that travelers abroad are frequently led into such superlative epithets of praise in their descriptive details, seeming to attribute the *charm* that is felt to a high order of external appearance—entirely forgetful of its latent controlling principle. To be convinced of the magical influence of that alluded to as lending a crowning interest to scenery, we need but turn our gaze to those countries, which, while they abound in many enchanting visions, are also the melancholy abodes of fallen glory.

Though the sky of Italy be purple-hued—though her sunny vales be clothed with a most fruitful vintage, and groves of orange and citron wave round on every hill; yet it is not because she is thus favored that Italy is made the shrine of a pilgrim-world, offering delighted homage. No, it is the past, the mighty past, that gives to her scenes their overpowering charm. Each spot where we stand, whatever scene engages our view, presents some memento of former

"brightened" times, and sways a language that thrills to the soul. Ay, times that gave birth to the proudest achievements, the happiest displays, the most enduring triumphs of humanity, in every circumstance and department where nobleness of soul or greatness of genius may be displayed. And thus every thing around assumes the expression, is robed with the coloring which fancy borrows from the associations, summoned up from the past.

Turn we to Spain—she presents no scenery that will vie with ours. Yet wherefore is it that we so delight to revel amid her vine-clad hills and plains, and bend as if rapt over that lovely page of the volume of nature. It is because she was once the bright home of romance, the flower-land of chivalry, "rich in her dower of story and song." Here are conjured up a thousand adventurous achievements and legendary incidents, and consequently, all around is moulded and clothed with the impress and hue of the imagination.

Turn we to England, our father-land. How spirit-like the call to wander amid her landscapes of woods and vales, and lawns and lakes. And it is because there is a "magic and a marvel" in the very names of these, derived from "the memory of their old glory." It is because scenes are around us that

"Rose vick to the spirit's gaze, as the eye  
Hung like a tranced thing, above the page  
That genius had made golden with its glow."

It is because every spot speaks of

"——— heroes and great hearts, the tale,  
The song of centuries, the cloudless years  
When faeries walked the vallies."

But the scenery of this country, is comparatively devoid of the charm coming from a source, that imparts the chief interest to that of other lands. Here, the imagination can but rarely call up from the past any images of story and romance; and "no monuments have been reared by the hand of art, nor has the muse's footstep wandered and thrown around our scenery a hallowed spell." Yet we venture the assertion, that the scenery revealed in this country, intrinsically, possesses a charm more potent than that conferred by any other.

Let an American sojourn abroad, and soon, how eagerly he longs again to tread his own proud land; again to behold her cloud-capped mountains, towering in fearful sublimity—her solemn and trackless forests with a vegetation of unrivaled grandeur—her mighty lakes spreading their broad expanses like sheets of liquid silver—her deep and lordly rivers, rolling on in ocean magnificence—her awful cataracts "thundering in their solitudes" and shaking earth with an eternal anthem—her broad valleys teeming with wild luxuriance, and her "cloudless sky robed in the tints of a most glorious sunshine." Ay, it is for these enrapturing, heart stirring visions, that he sighs amid

"The Isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,  
The purple heavens of Rome."

Philosophy has long descanted on the effects of scenery in the formation of the national character. If any influence is to be attributed to this source, what a renowned existence may not be ours. And that such influence exists, who can

doubt. Who is there so earth-bound and so lethargic, that has not felt his bosom throb with the noblest emotions, beat with the highest pulsations, when witnessing the glories spread so profusely around him. Who is there that does not feel this sentiment impressed upon his heart, that this great and august temple of nature was built for lofty designs and purposes. This language is uttered every where throughout our country. Niagara proclaims it in a voice of thunder—it is echoed along the crags of our mountains—it is heard, in the stormy music of two oceans—it is traced, wherever we turn our gaze, as with a finger. Whether our brows are fanned by the breezes of the Ohio or Red rivers—whether we repose under the huge sycamores of the Miami, or the towering elms of the Connecticut. Whether we range our illimitable prairies, or ascend our mountain heights!

J. M.

Fairfield Academy, August 10, 1839.

## BIOGRAPHY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

### GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

Among the many acts of tyranny and oppression which exiled from Britain her noblest sons, and which crowded the forests of America with an educated and enterprising population, was the memorable battle of Culloden. The dull pen of history slumbers over the details of that terrific conflict, while romance has caught from it some of the proudest examples of virtue, patriotism and chivalry. The Stuarts' throne was filled by a sullen and phlegmatic race—the unholy union with England; a nation's birthright prostituted to sale by a hireling parliament—the burnings, wastings, and judicial murders, under the iron law of the sword, and the heroism of her true, though proscribed sovereign, all conspired to leave a festering wound on the heart of Scotland, and to render her restless and insubordinate under the rule of a foreign king. The battle of Culloden quenched the last gasp of her independence, and the stern revenge inflicted on the vanquished by the merciless Cumberland, while it filled the nation with woe and wretchedness, expelled from her bosom those sons whom power could not conquer. In that memorable engagement, the subject of our memoir bore an honorable part in the service of his oppressed country. Having graduated at an early age in the science of medicine, he acted on this occasion as an assistant surgeon, and, with a multitude of the vanquished, he shortly after sought a refuge of virtue and a home of freedom in the wilderness of America.

Landing in Pennsylvania, he remained there a short time. From thence he removed to Fredricksburgh, in Virginia, where he married and became highly distinguished as a practitioner of medicine. An unsubdued enemy—merciless, treacherous and revengeful, hovered around the frontiers of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, repressing settlements, murdering defenceless women and children, and frequently making inroads into the cultivated open country of the colonies. Joining the army under Washington, which was collected for the purpose of subduing

the Indians, General Mercer, then holding the rank of Captain, became an actor in those wild, perilous, and spirit-stirring scenes which characterized the Indian war of 1755. In one of the engagements with this wily foe, he was wounded in the right wrist by a musket ball: and in the irregular warfare then practised, his company scattered and became separated from him. Faint from loss of blood, and exhausted by fatigue, he was closely pursued by the savage foe, their warwhoop ringing through the forest, and stimulating to redoubled energy the footsteps of their devoted victim. Fortunately, the hollow trunk of a large tree presented itself. In a moment he concealed himself in it, and though his pursuers reached the spot, and seated themselves around him, yet he miraculously escaped!—Leaving his place of refuge, he sought the abodes of civilization, through a trackless wild of more than a hundred miles in extent, and after supporting life on roots and the body of a rattlesnake, which he encountered and killed, he finally reached Fort Cumberland in safety. For his gallantry and military skill in this war, proved in a distinguished degree by the destruction of the Indian settlement at Kittening, Pennsylvania, the corporation presented to him an honorable and appropriate medal.

The commencement of the American revolution found him in the midst of an extensive medical practice, surrounded by affectionate friends, and enjoying in the bosom of a happy family all the comforts of social life. Stimulated to action by a lofty spirit of patriotism, he broke from the endearments of domestic life, and gave to his country in that trying hour, the energy and resources of a practiced and accomplished soldier. In 1775, he was in command of three regiments of minute men, and early in 1778, we find him zealously engaged as a colonel of an army of Virginia, in drilling and organizing the raw and ill formed masses of men, who under the varied names of sons of liberty, minute men, volunteers and levies, presented the bulk without the order—the mob without the discipline of the army. To produce obedience and subordination among men who considered military discipline as a restraint on personal liberty, and who had entered into the war unpaid and unrestricted by command, was a severe and assiduous task. The courage, the fortitude, the self possession of Col. Mercer, quailed not to these adverse circumstances, and by the judicious exercise of mingled severity and kindness, he soon succeeded in reducing a mutinous soldiery to complete submission. Tradition has preserved the following anecdote, illustrating in a striking manner his characteristic promptitude and bravery.

Among the troops which arrived at Williamsburg, then the metropolis of Virginia, was a company of riflemen from beyond the mountains, commanded by Captain Gibson. A reckless insubordination, and a violent opposition to military restraint, had gained for this corps the sarcastic name of "Gibson's Lambs." They had not been long in camp before mutiny rose among them, producing much excitement in the army, and alarming the inhabitants of the city. Freed from all command, they roamed through the camp, threatening with instant death any officer

who should presume to exercise any authority over them. In the height of the rebellion, an officer was despatched with the alarming tidings to the quarters of Col. Mercer. The citizens of the town vainly implored him not to risk his life, and person amid this infuriated mob. Reckless of personal safety, he instantly repaired to the barracks of the mutinous band, and directing a general parade of the troops, he ordered Gibson's company to be drawn up as offenders and violators of law, and to be disarmed in his presence. The ringleaders were placed under a strong guard, and in the presence of the whole army, he addressed the offenders in an eloquent and feeling manner—impressing on them their duties as citizen soldiers, and *certainly of death* if they continued to disobey their officers, and remain in that mutinous spirit—equally disgraceful to them, and hazardous to the sacred interests which they had marched to defend. Disorder was instantly checked, and after a short confinement, those under imprisonment were released, and the whole company were ever after as exemplary in their deportment and conduct as any troops in the army.

A similar incident in the life of Germanicus, must recall to the memory of the classical reader the imperishable page of the Annals, and he will find the glowing panegyric of Tacitus applying with redoubled force to the character of Col. Mercer. In the one case the legions of Pannonia, on the death of Augustus, revolted for the sake of plunder, and the army of Germany which joined them, were inspired by the double motives of revolution and pillage. The virtue of Germanicus refused a crown stained with treason, and he was forced to suppress the rebellion by means degrading to the soldier, and disgraceful to the patriot. He addressed the hearts of an army composed of the refuse of Rome, in the language of sympathy and compliment, and the honor of the soldier did not blush at the cowardice of a largess.—Col. Mercer appealed to the sense and patriotism of his rebellious soldiers—to the holy cause in which they were engaged; and while he awakened their remorse by his passionate eloquence, he asserted and maintained the supremacy of the laws.

Col. Mercer now joined the continental army, Congress having conferred on him the rank of Brigadier General; and throughout the whole of the stormy and disastrous campaign of 1776, he was a bold, fearless, and efficient officer. The fatal conflict at Long Island—the capitulation of Fort Mifflin, and the evacuation of Fort Mifflin, were the painful preludes to the disastrous retreat of the American army. From Brunswick through Princeton, to Trenton, our ragged and suffering army was driven by a powerful and insulting foe, until it was forced to cross the Delaware in search of an uncertain refuge in Pennsylvania. Dispirited by defeat, and disheartened by abject want, desertion daily thinned the ranks of the patriot army, and in that darkest hour of our history, the proclamation of General Howe, offering a free pardon, scattered far and wide the leprosy of treason. In vain did the Commander-in-chief implore the assistance of the New Jersey and Pennsylvania militia. Terrified or depend- ing, they refused all aid, and cautiously with-

drew from an army now rapidly approaching the verge of destruction. Flushed with victory, the enemy rioted on the plunder of the country, and calmly awaited the extinction of its humbled foe. The genius of Washington arose above these accumulated misfortunes. He could no longer repress the fatal disease of desertion and treason, which was fast reducing his army to a skeleton. The torrent of ill-fortune threatening to overwhelm his country, must be rolled back on the enemy, and he resolved to hazard one desperate effort for victory.

On the night of the 25th December, 1776, he crossed the Delaware at Trenton—surprised a body of Hessians, took nearly nine hundred prisoners, and immediately re-crossed the river, having lost but nine of his men.

This bold and masterly stroke awoke Cornwallis from his dream of conquest, and leaving New York, he returned with an additional force, and concentrated his troops at Princeton. A portion of the Pennsylvania militia now joined the standard of Washington, and having persuaded the New England troops to serve six months longer, he again crossed the Delaware, and took post at Trenton.

On the morning of the second of January, 1777, the enemy advanced to attack the American army. On their approach, Gen. Washington prudently retired across a creek which runs through the town, and there drew up his troops. The fords being guarded, the enemy could not pass, and halting, a brisk cannonade was kept up with great spirit by both sides until night.—In this critical situation, Gen. Washington conceived the bold design of abandoning the Delaware, and marching silently in the night along the left flank of the enemy into their rear at Princeton. The plan was instantly approved by a council of war, and as soon as it was dark the baggage was removed to Burlington. About one o'clock on the morning of the 3d of January, the gallant band, its van led by General Mercer, decamped, and silently threaded its circuitous march along the left flank of its exulting foe. Reaching Princeton about sunrise, Gen. Mercer encountered three British regiments, who had encamped there on the previous night, and who were leaving the town to join the rear of their troops at Maidenhead. A fierce and desperate conflict immediately ensued. The American militia, constituting the front, hesitated, became confused, and soon gave way, while the few regulars in the rear could not check the dastardly retreat. Ere the fortune of the day was changed, and ere victory perched on the patriot standard, the heroic Mercer fell. Rushing forward to rally his broken troops, and stimulating them by his voice and example, his horse was shot from under him, and he fell dangerously wounded among the columns of the advancing enemy.—Being thus dismounted, he was instantly surrounded by a party of British soldiers, with whom, when they refused him quarter, he fought desperately with his drawn sword until he was completely overpowered. Excited to brutality by the gallantry of his resistance, they stabbed him with their bayonets in seven different parts of the body, inflicted many blows on his head with the butt end of their muskets, and did not cease their butchery

until they believed him to be a crushed and mangled corpse. Nine days after the battle, he died in the arms of Major George Lewis, of the army, the nephew of Gen. Washington, whom his uncle had commissioned to watch over the last moments of his expiring friend. His latter hours were soothed by the skillful and affectionate attendance of the distinguished Doctor Rush. He complained much of his head, and frequently remarked to his surgeon "that there was the principal danger," and Doctor Rush, whenever he detailed the thrilling narrative of his patient's suffering, always ascribed his death to the blows on the head more than to the bayonet wounds, although several of these were attended with extreme danger.

In a small house, a few yards distant from that blood red plain of carnage and death, far away from the soothing consolations of domestic affection, this distinguished martyr of Liberty breathed his last. The victorious flag of his country floated proudly over a field of triumph, and without a murmur he sank into a soldier's grave—finding a hallowed sepulchre in the hearts of his countrymen and a fadeless epitaph in their institutions.

The mangled body was removed under a military escort from Princeton to Philadelphia, and exposed a day in the coffee-house, with a design of exciting by that mournful spectacle the indignation of the people. The Pennsylvania Evening Post of January 13, 1777, has thus recorded his death and funeral obsequies:

"Last Sunday evening, died near Princeton, of the wounds which he received in the engagement at that place, on the 3d inst. HUGH MERCER, Esq. Brigadier General in the continental army. On Wednesday, his body was brought to this city, and on Thursday buried on the south side of Christ Church-yard, with military honors; attended by the committee of safety, the members of the assembly, gentleman of the army, and a number of the most respectable inhabitants of this city. The uniform character, exalted abilities, and intrepidity of this illustrious officer will render his name dear to America with the liberty for which she is now contending, to the latest posterity."

The battles of Trenton and Princeton, in which Gen. Mercer fought and bled unto death, were the most brilliant and fortunate victories won in the war of the Revolution. The establishment of our independence was now no longer a matter of doubt. Confidence was restored to our disheartened army, and a chord of sympathy stricken, which vibrated throughout the whole country. Europe looked with astonishment on the skill displayed by a raw and undisciplined militia—and in the undaunted fortitude of her banded chivalry, America felt that her independence was secured.

Gen. Mercer's elevated character, lofty heroism, and brutal murder, excited a deep and affectionate sympathy throughout the country. On the 8th of April, 1777, Congress unanimously decreed that a monument should be erected to the memory of Gen. Mercer at Fredericksburg, Va.—at the same time, a similar monument was decreed to the memory of Gen. Warren.

In the historical paintings of the battle of



Princeton, by Peale and Trumbull, Gen. Mercer is a prominent and conspicuous figure. That by Peale hangs in the chapel of Nassua Hall at Princeton, and that by Col. Trumbull is in the exhibition room at New-York. The states of Pennsylvania, and Kentucky, among their first acts of legislation, named portions of their territories "Mercer"—and lately Virginia has followed these examples of gratitude and respect. The country in New Jersey, Trenton, Princeton, Laurenceville, and the battle-field of the 3d of January, has been very recently erected into a county by the Legislature of that State and bears the appropriate name of "Mercer."

The remains of this gifted and accomplished soldier now sleeps in Christ church yard, Philadelphia. Impelled by filial love, his youngest son in the year 1817, sought his place of interment. The venerable Mr. Dolley, who had attended the funeral, was still the sexton, and assisted in the pious search; and near the grave on the southerly side of the brick enclosure, were faintly inscribed the letters "G. M."—a plain and unadorned marble slab now marks the grave, bearing the simple, yet impressive epitaph—

"In memory of Gen. Hugh Mercer, who fell at Princeton, January 3d, 1777."

### MISCELLANY.

From the Southern Rose Bud.

#### A FAMILY SCENE.

I CARRIED with me from my mother's house a cat, which was so beautiful that I named her Fairy, in honor of the damsel who was changed to Grimalkin in the old romance. If I had a prejudice, it was in favor of cats, and against dogs; this was unfortunate, for soon after my marriage I was introduced to a mastiff of Edward's nearly as large as myself. I had often heard him speak of his dog, and the faithfulness with which he guarded the office. I was too busy in other interests to think of Growler for some time. I only observed that, on occasional visits, (for the office was his head quarters,) Fairy's back rose indignantly, and I felt mine disposed to mount too. At length, Growler, finding the house so comfortable, came home at night and daringly laid his unwieldy form on the center of the hearth rug, while Fairy, routed from her luxuriant situation, stood upon her dignity, hissing and spluttering in the corner.

For a long period a single look from me would make Edward banish Growler from the room; but a present of a new office dog from a friend completely established him at home, and my husband became accustomed to my look and Growler's presence. When he grew indifferent, my ire was roused. I affirmed that of all created things dogs were the dirtiest—that the house was filled with fleas—that my visitors never could approach the fire—that Growler eat us out of house and home—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the Wilton carpet and painted floors, we had better be in a wigwam.

Edward sometimes gently excused his dog, sometimes defended him, and always turned him out of doors. The animal, knowing he had an enemy in the cabinet, would sneak in with a coward look, his tail between his legs, but inva-

riably succeeded in ensconcing himself on Fairy's rightful domain.

At length I became quite nervous about him. It seemed to me that he haunted me like a ghost. I was even jealous of Edward's caresses of him, and looked and spoke as no good wife should look or speak to her husband.

It is from permitting such trifles to gain the ascendancy over the mind that most connubial discords proceed. We dwell on some peculiarity in manner or taste opposed to our own, and jar the rich harp of domestic happiness, until one by one, every string is broken. I might have gone on in this foolish ingenuity, increasing my unhappiness, and perhaps have been among those whose matrimonial bands are chains, not garlands, had I not when reading one Sabbath morning the fifth chapter of Ephesians, been struck with the sudden sense of my duty, as I read the words, "And the wife see that she reverence her husband."

Oh, young and lovely bride, watch well the first moments when your will conflicts with his to whom God and society have given the control; reverence his wishes even when you do not his opinions. Opportunities enough will arise for the expression of your independence, to which he will gladly accede without a contest for trifles. The beautiful independence that soars over and conquers an irritable temper is higher than any other. So sure as you believe faults of temper are beneath prayer and self examination, you are on dangerous ground; a fountain will spring up on your household hearth, of bitter and troubled waters.

When this conviction came over me, I threw myself upon my knees, and prayed to God for a gentle submissive temper. After long and earnest inquiry into my own heart, I left the chamber calm and happy. Edward was reading, and Growler stood beside him, I approached them softly, and patting the dog's head, said, "So Growler helping your master read?" Edward looked at me inquiringly. I am sure my whole expression of face was changed; he drew me to him in silence, and gave me a token of regard he never bestowed on Growler. From that moment, though I might wince a little at his inroads on my neat house keeping, I never gave the dog an angry word, and I taught Fairy to regard him as one of the lords of creation.

Growler's intelligence was remarkable, although it did not equal that of Sir Walter Scott's bull-dog terrier, Camp, who could perceive the meaning of words, and who understood an allusion to an offence he had committed against the baker, for which he had been punished. In whatever voice and tone it was mentioned, he would retire into the darkest corner of the room with an air of distress. But if you said, "the baker was not hurt after all," Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered, barked, and rejoiced. Growler, however, had many of these properties of observation which raise the canine race so high in the affections of man.

When Edward made his forenoon *sortie* from the office to look at his sleeping boy, Growler always accompanied him, and rested his forepaws on the head of the cradle. As the babe grew older, he loved to try experiments upon the dog's sagacity, and the child's courage.

Sometimes Fred. was put into a basket, and Growler drew him carefully about the room with a string between his teeth; as the boy advanced in strength, he was seated upon the dog's back, with a whip in his hand. When my attachment to Growler increased, new experiments were made, particularly after the birth of Martha. She was an exquisite little infant, and it seemed to us that the dog was more gentle and tender in his movements with her than with Frederick. When two months old, Edward sometimes arranged a shawl carefully about her, tied it strongly, and putting the knot between the dog's teeth, sent her across the room to me. No mother ever carried a child more skilfully. Of course, all these associations attached him to the infant, and after a while he deserted the rug, where Fairy again established herself, and laid himself down and slept by the infant's cradle.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog. The little plump hand looks smaller and whiter, in his rough hair, and the round dimpled cheek rests on his shaggy coat—like a flower on a rock.

Edward, myself and Fred. rode one afternoon to Roxbury, to take tea with a friend. Our *woman in the kitchen* wished to pass the night with a sick person, after the evening lecture, and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha in Polly's care. We were prevented, by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the Neck, although it was fine sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I had never been so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederick with my furs, who soon fell asleep, singing his own lullaby. As we entered the Square, we perceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night, and no light visible, but a universal brilliancy through the crevices of our parlor shutters. Our hearts misgave us. I uttered an involuntary cry, and Edward said that a common fire-light could not produce such an effect. He urged his horse, we reached the house, I sprang to the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and both screamed in agony, "Fire!" In vain, Edward attempted to wrench the bolt or burst the door—that horrible light still glared upon us. We flew to the side door, and then I recollected that a window was usually left open in a room which communicated with the parlor, for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The window was open, and as Edward threw down logs that we might reach it, we heard a stifled howl. We mounted the logs and could just raise our heads to the window. Oh heavens! what were our emotions as we saw Growler, with his fore-paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with her night dress between his teeth, ready to spring at the last extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it but one of his customary gambols. With a little effort, Edward reached the child, and Growler, springing to the ground, fawned and groveled at our feet.

Edward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry,



from the close atmosphere and excess of terror. She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window curtain. The moment a blaze appeared, she endeavored to extinguish it: "but," said she, "the flames ran like wildfire; and when I found I could do nothing, I snatched Martha from the cradle and ran into the entry to get out by the back door; after that I recollect nothing."

With prodigious efforts the house was saved, though with great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us? We were sheltered by a hospitable neighbor; our little cherub was clasped in our arms, amid smiles and tears; and Growler, our good Growler, with a whimpering dream lay sleeping at our feet.

#### TO A MOTHER.

You have a child on your knee. Listen a moment—do you know what that child is? It is an immortal being, destined to live forever! It is destined to be happy or miserable! You—the mother! You, who gave it birth, the mother of its being, are also the mother of its soul for good or ill. Its character is as yet undecided, its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be? The child may be a liar: you can prevent it. It may be a drunkard; you can prevent it. It may be a murderer; you can prevent it. It may be an atheist; you can prevent it. It may live a life of misery to itself and of mischief to others; you can prevent it. It may descend into the grave with an evil memory behind and dread before; you can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things—will you or not?—Look at the innocent. Tell me again, will you save it? Will you watch over it? Will you teach it discipline—pray for it? Or will you in vain search for pleasure, or in gaiety, or fashion, or any other bubble, or even household cares, neglect the soul of that child and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil temptations, to ruin? Look at the infant. Place your hand upon its little head. Shall that heart be deserted by its mother, to beat, perchance, in sorrow, disappointment, and wretchedness, and despair? Place your ear to its side, and hear that heart? How rapid and vigorous the strokes! How the blood is thrown through its little veins!—Think of it: that heart in vigor now, is the emblem of a spirit that will work with ceaseless pulsation, for sorrow or for joy for ever.—*Fireside Education.*

#### FLOWERS.

"FLOWERS, of all created things, the most innocently simple, and most superbly complex—playthings for childhood; ornaments of the grave and companions of the cold corpse! Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of science! Flowers that, of perishing things, are the most heavenly.—Flowers, that unceasingly expand to Heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy; soothers of human sorrow; fit emblem of the victor's triumph, of the young brides blushes; welcome to the crowded halls, and the volume of nature, what the expression "God is love," is in the volume of the revelations. What a desolate place would be a

world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of Heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow creatures; for they first awake in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instructions, teaching man that he lives not by bread or from bread alone, but that he hath another than animal life."

#### DEATH AND SLEEP.

##### A GERMAN FABLE.

FRATERNALLY the angel of sleep and the angel of death wandered over the earth. It was evening. They reclined on a hill not far from the habitation of man. A melancholy stillness reigned, and the evening clock in the distant village was not heard.

Silently, according to their custom, sat the two benevolent genii of humanity, in a sad embrace, and already night drew near.

The angel of sleep arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with a gentle hand the invisible seed of slumber. The evening wind wafted it to the silent dwelling of the wearied husbandman. Now sweet sleep embraced the inhabitants of the rural cottage, from the gray haired man who leans upon his staff to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain, the melancholy their sorrow, the poor their wants. Every eye was closed.

After his labor was accomplished, the benevolent angel of sleep again laid down with his serious brother. "When the dawn appears," said he in a tone of cheerful innocence, "then man will praise me as his friend and benefactor! O, it is sweet to do good unseen and in secret! How happy we are, the visible messengers of the good spirit! How lovely our noiseless occupation!"

Thus spake the friendly angel of sleep.

The angel of death regarded him with silent grief, and a tear, such as mortals weep, stood in his large dark eye. "Alas! said he, that I cannot, like you, rejoice in the gratitude of man. The earth calls me her enemy and the disturber of her joy!"

"O my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "will not the good, on awakening, discover in you their friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless you? Are we not brethren, and the messengers of one father?" Thus he spake. Then the eye of the angel of death brightened, and tenderly the genii embraced each other.

#### RELIGION IN FEMALES.

THERE is nothing so beautiful in the character of a female as religion—no trait so endearing as a perfect reliance on Him "Who spake as never man spake." The love of God and works of pure and holy benevolence cast an halo around her

from which is bright and lasting, and which aught else on earth is incapable of doing.—Without it what is she? A frail and slender reed, with naught to lean upon but the changeable affections of the creatures of this world—with naught to support her in the trying hour of affliction—a tiny bark, cast abroad upon the troubled ocean of life and left the sport of every varying gale. But if the light of holy and undefiled religion—if the vivifying and beautiful love of God, find but a home in her breast, the rough surges of the world may bear on—the deepest trials of affliction may come—she is steadfast. Her hopes are centered where the petty cares and anxieties which beset her path can never reach them—and amid all her character shines forth with a purer and lovelier light!

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. R. W. De Ruyster, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Paris Furnace, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. G. Edgarton, Ma. \$1.00; W. H. M. Sauquoit, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$5.00; H. B. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; O. D. New-York, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. Oriskany, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. F. Hempstead, N. Y. \$1.00; K. E. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Warren, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Burnt Hills, N. Y. \$5.00; W. B. T. Lebanon, N. Y. \$2.00; D. C. O. Massena, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Quaker Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; O. S. M. Brandon, Vt. \$1.00; W. B. H. Ashland, O. \$1.00; S. G. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; O. R. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Phoenix, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. G. Porter's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; N. T. Richford, N. Y. \$1.00; G. H. Greenfield, Ma. \$1.00; A. G. West Chazy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. B. Baldwinville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. Shushan, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Edmeston, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Pendleton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stamford, N. Y. \$7.00; C. N. Broadalbin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Dunnesburgh, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Ira, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Farmington, N. Y. \$5.00; P. F. Washington, Ct. \$1.00; H. C. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; M. R. D. So. Cameron, N. Y. \$1.00; A. N. Black Brook, N. Y. \$1.00; R. L. C. Romulus, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Bainbridge, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Pamela 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Alden Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. New-York, \$1.00; J. C. P. Newark, N. Y. \$1.00; L. K. Perryville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. D. Eagle, N. Y. \$1.00; E. F. Dana, Ma. \$1.00; O. H. V. South Durham, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. M. Northville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. South Danby, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pendleton, N. Y. \$2.00; C. B. Scipioville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Chester, N. Y. \$2.00; H. Y. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. B. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; P. C. D. West Gaines, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Goshen, N. Y. \$3.00; T. R. Edgefield, S. C. \$3.00; H. G. O. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; S. H. West Stockbridge, Ma. \$1.00; A. A. G. Centerfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. S. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; Miss J. Brattleboro', Vt. \$0.75; H. D. L. Painted Post, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Phoenix, N. Y. \$5.00; S. G. T. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; I. W. Albany, N. Y. \$17.00; M. H. Hartsville, Ma. \$1.00; T. M. Berlin, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Warren, Vt. \$2.00; S. J. M. Tappantown, N. Y. \$1.00; A. W. Plainfield, Ill. \$0.75; D. B. Tuthill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Sidney, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cardiff, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. C. East Salem, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Perryville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$4.00; L. S. Madrid, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. W. Seely Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. De Ruyster, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Chittenango, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Bridgewater, N. Y. \$5.00; W. D. S. Jamestown, N. Y. \$5.00; G. P. V. Pine Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Sunderland, Ma. \$1.00; C. M. Angelica, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cannonsville, N. Y. \$5.00; I. A. G. West Dresden, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Alexander, N. Y. \$4.00; J. E. C. Schodack Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Remus Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Van Burenville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. E. Walworth, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Barton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. East Bethel, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. West Bloomfield, N. Y. \$2.00; P. A. D. Fort Henry, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### Deaths.

In this city, on the 8th inst. Mr. Simcoe S. Hatheway, in the 43d year of his age.  
Few men leave the world with a better reputation for consistency of conduct, and sterling honesty. He was a worthy member of the Baptist Church, and he adorned his profession. His loss will be severely felt by that religious community.—Communicated.  
On the 11th inst. Mary, wife of Ellab Coffin, in the 79th year of her age.  
On the 16th ult. Mary, daughter of Henry Anable, in the 17th year of her age.  
On the 31st ult. Mrs. Serena King, in the 25th year of her age.  
On the 3d inst. Mr. Albertus Swain, in the 85th year of his age.  
On the 3d inst. Ruby W. Noyes, in her 13th year.  
On the 5th inst. Mrs. Phebe Gifford, in her 81st year.  
On the 7th inst. Mr. Thomas McDonald, in his 46th year.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## REFLECTIONS ON A SUMMER EVENING.

"Hath mortal eyes these glories seen,  
Yet turned to such a world as ours?"

NIGHT's glittering canopy of stars  
Is spread upon the shining world,  
And the cool, soft breeze of evening bears  
To our fainting brows the balmy airs  
That have ocean's billows curled.

'Tis in this sweetly silent hour,  
To lonely contemplation given,  
That the thoughts of friends, with a soothing power,  
Come o'er the soul, like the breath of the flower,  
Or tones from the harps of heaven.

Come forth and worship, in the light  
Of nature's glorious temple, made  
By hand of uncreated might,  
Ere the sea was formed, or mountain's height,  
Or earth's foundations laid.

Ye worshippers of earthly shrines,  
Enter *this* temple's lofty dome,  
Its glittering arch above you shines,  
With brighter gems than from Indian mines,  
Or Brazilian mountains come.

Through space and time let the mind go free,  
On the wing of thought, to their farthest verge,  
That time when those orbs shall cease to be,  
When, in heaven's own high minstrelsy,  
Shall be chanted creation's dirge.

And e'en beyond time's lasting away,  
Canst thou thy feeble powers extend,  
And number the hours as they roll away,  
Of that infinite, eternal day,  
That shall *never—never* end?

Canst, e'en on fancy's pinions, find  
The limits of unbounded space?  
Or grasp, within thy narrow mind,  
The countless hosts, that, unconfin'd,  
Their measureless orbits trace?

Is there a bound within the flight  
Of imagination's soaring wing,  
Where those altars of heaven cease to light  
Their silver fires, or the spheres of night,  
Their evening song to sing?

See then, thy littleness, vain man,  
Bow, and with sacred awe adore,  
Nor dare with thy feeble powers to scan  
*His* works and ways, to whose smallest plan,  
Not fancy's self can soar.

Let pride no more thy vision blind,  
Low in the dust, in meekness, own  
Thou canst not, to perfection, find  
*The unsearchable, eternal mind,*  
Nor know the *Great Unknown*.

ELLA.

For the Rural Repository.

## HINDOO RITES.

BY S. COMPTON SMITH.

Go to far Indian shores, where Brahmins dwell,  
Where the bright waters of the Ganges swell,  
That sacred stream to virtuous pagans dear,—  
Go thou, and view their rites and worships there.

Why does the mother from her bosom rend  
Her offspring, and a willing offering send  
The dearest gift that Heaven e'er gave below,  
Her gods to please, her pious love to show?  
She thinks that as the waves close o'er its head,  
With its last dying shriek her prayers have sped—  
She sees an answer in the glowing skies,  
And wipes the tears from her maternal eyes.  
She feels that in yon blissful world above,  
Her spirit child shall share its mother's love.

That stream doth still flow on, in whose bright waves  
The pious Hindoos find their wished for graves.  
Those sacred waters can wash out the sin  
Of each faithful pagan who bathes therein.  
Approving gods are waiting in the skies,  
To welcome him who in those waters dies.  
Each golden sand that rolls upon that shore,  
Each blooming rose that hangs those bright banks o'er,  
Each mountain rill that empties in that tide,  
The withered leaves that on those waters glide,  
Are dear to pagans, and as sacred there,  
As Delphi's oracles to Grecians were.

Now leave that stream and seek the flowery vale—  
What means that crowd that pours the murmur'd  
wail?

What means that lofty faggot pile they rear,  
And what those eyes bedimmed with many a tear?  
A corpse they bear; they place it on that pile,—  
One who in life had met the joyous smile  
Of friends, had loved, and blessed his humble home;  
And now, those friends, and *she he loved* had come,—  
*They* to apply the torch with trembling hand,  
*She* to waft her soul to the spirit's land.

Her faith had taught her, that the Hindoo wife  
Must breathe out her own with her husband's life.  
But e'er she mounts that funeral pyre, she flings  
The robes of death around her, and she sings  
With mournful sweetness and with trembling breath,  
The last sad music of the song of death.

Those are her latest notes, her voice of mirth,  
No more shall cheer the bright and blooming earth;  
No more her saddened hymn of widow's wail,  
Shall mingle with the breeze of that soft vale;  
But hushed in death, that voice shall ne'er again,  
Wake thro' her home one loved or cherished strain.  
She invokes her gods to crown her faithful love,  
And join her soul with his in joy above—  
Her song is hushed, her eye she upward turns,  
And thro' the shining clouds she dim discerns  
The spirits there of those who've gone before,  
To roam in joyousness on that bright shore;—  
They seem to beckon her with them to come,  
To join them there in that eternal home.  
One look she gives to the fair world below,  
One sigh she heaves, and as the fires begin to glow,  
Her prostrate form by her dead lover lies,  
And midst the flames exultingly she dies.

From the Ladies Companion.

## THE DYING HUSBAND.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"DEAREST, I'm dying!—bend thee down!  
One little moment by my bed,  
And let the shadow of thy hair  
Fall gently o'er my aching head."

"O, raise me up, and let me feel  
Once more the beatings of thy heart,  
And press thy lips again to mine  
Before in midnight death we part."

Nay tremble not; but hold me close,  
Pillowed upon thy own dear breast,  
I fain would let my struggling soul  
Pass forth to its eternal rest.

She stoops, and on her bursting heart,  
His drooping head is resting now,  
While white and trembling fingers part  
The damp hair from his pallid brow.

And there upon its cold white front,  
With quivering lips the kiss was given;  
And press'd as if 'twould draw him back,  
Back from the very gates of heaven.

There, like a dying bird, his soul  
Lay panting out its quivering life;  
And still his almost lifeless arms  
Clung fondly to his pale young wife.

One look he gave her, and it seemed  
An angel had from Heaven above  
Shaded with wings of tenderness  
The troubled fountain of his love.

A holy smile came o'er his face,  
As moonlight gleaming over snow,  
One struggling breath—one faint embrace,  
And lifeless he is lying now.

The setting sun with golden light  
Was flooding all the room and bed,  
Infolding with his pinions bright  
The fainting wife, the marble dead.

From the Metropolitan.

## FLOWERS AND FRIENDS.

The sweetest flowers, alas! how soon  
With all their hues of brightness wither;  
The loveliest just bud and bloom,  
And drooping, fade away forever.

Yet if, as each sweet rose-bud dies,  
Its leaves are gathered, they will shed  
A perfume that shall still arise,  
Though all the beauteous tints are fled

And thus, while kindred bosoms heave,  
And hearts, at meeting, fondly swell  
How soon, Alas! those hearts must breathe  
The parting sigh—the sad farewell!

Yet from such moments, as from flowers,  
Shall friendship, with delight, distil  
A fragrance, that shall hold past hours  
Enbalm'd in memory's odor still.

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## SELECTED TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

### THE FATAL COSMETIC; Or, the Evils of "White Lies."

BY MRS. C. L. HENTZ.

CHARLES BROWN sat with Mr. Hall in a corner of the room, apart from the rest of the company. Mr. Hall was a stranger, Charles, the familiar acquaintance of all present. The latter evidently retained his seat out of politeness to the former, for his eyes wandered continually to the other side of the room, where a group of young ladies was gathered round a piano, so closely as to conceal the musician to whom they were apparently listening. The voice that accompanied the instrument was weak and irregular, and the high tones excessively shrill and disagreeable yet the performer continued her songs with unwearied patience, thinking the young gentlemen were turned into the very stones that Orpheus changed into breathing things to remain insensible to her minstrelsy. There was one fair, blue-eyed girl, with a very sweet countenance, who stood behind her chair, and cast many a mirthful glance toward Charles, while she urged the songstress to continue, at every pause, as if she were spell-bound by the melody. Charles laughed and kept time with his foot, but Mr. Hall bit his lips, and a frown passed over his handsome and serious countenance.

"What a wretched state of society," exclaimed he, that admits, nay, even demands, such insincerity!—Look at the ingenuous countenance of that young girl; would you not expect from her sincerity and truth?—Yet with what practical falsehood she encourages her companion in her odious screeching."

"Take care," answered Charles, "you must not be too severe. That young lady is a very particular friend of mine and a very charming girl. She has remarkably popular manners, and if she is guilty of a few little innocent deceptions such for instance, as the present, I see no possible harm in them to herself, and they certainly give great pleasure to others. She makes Miss Lewis very happy, by her apparent admiration, and I do not see that she injures any one else."

Mr. Hall sighed.

"I fear," said he, "I am becoming a misanthrope. I find I have peculiar views, such as set me apart and isolate me from my fellow beings. I cannot enjoy an artificial state of society. I consider truth as the corner stone of the great social fabric, and where this is wanting, I am constantly looking for ruin and desolation. The person deficient in this virtue, however fair and fascinating, is no more to me than the whitened sepulchre and painted wall."

"You have, indeed, peculiar views," answered Charles, coloring with a vexation he was too polite to express in any other way; "and if you look upon the necessary dissimulations practised in society as falsehoods, and brand them as such, I can only say that you have created a standard of morality more exalted and pure than human nature can ever reach."

"I cannot claim the merit of creating a standard that the divine Moralist gave to man, when he marked out his duties from the sacred mount in characters so clear and deep that the very blind might see and the cold ear of deafness hear."

Mr. Hall spoke with warmth. The eyes of the company were directed towards him. He was disconcerted and remain silent. Miss Lewis rose from the piano and drew towards the fire.

"I am getting terribly tired of the piano," said she. "I don't think it suits my voice at all. I am going to take lessons on the guitar and harp—one has so much more scope with them; and then they are much more graceful instruments!"

"You are perfectly right," replied Miss Ellis, the young lady with the ingenuous countenance, "I have no doubt you would excel on either, and your singing would be much better appreciated. Don't you think so, Margaret?" continued she, turning to a young lady who had hitherto been silent, and apparently unobserved.

"You know I do not," answered she, who was thus abruptly addressed, in a perfectly quiet manner, and fixing her eyes serenely on her face, "I should be sorry to induce Miss Lewis to do any thing disadvantageous to herself, and consequently painful to her friends."

"Really, Miss Howard," cried Miss Lewis, bridling and tossing her head with a disdainful air, "you need not be afraid of my giving you so much pain—I will not intrude my singing upon your delicate and refined ears."

Mr. Hall made a movement forward, seemingly attracted by the uncommon sincerity of Miss Howard's remark.

"There," whispered Charles, "is a girl after your own heart—Margaret Howard will speak the truth, no matter however unpalatable it may be, and see what wry faces poor Miss Lewis makes in trying not to swallow it—I am sure Mary Ellis's flattery is a thousand times kinder and more amiable."

Mr. Hall did not answer. His eyes were perusing the face of her whose lips had just uttered such honorable testimony to a virtue so highly respected by the world of fashion. A decent boldness lighted up the clear hazel eyes that did not seem to be unconscious of the dark and penetrating glances at that moment resting upon them. She was dressed with remarkable simplicity.—No decoration in color relieved the spotless white-

ness of her attire. Her hair of pale, yet shining brown, was plainly parted over a brow somewhat too lofty for mere feminine beauty, but white and smooth as Parian marble. Her features, altogether, bore more resemblance to a Pallas than a Venus. They were calm and pure, but somewhat cold and passionless—and under that pale and transparent skin, there seemed no under current, ebbing and flowing with the crimson tide of the heart. Her figure, veiled to the throat, was of fine, though not very slender proportions. There was evidently no artificial compression about the waist, no binding ligatures to prevent the elastic motions of the limbs, the pliable and graceful movements of nature.

"She has a fine face, a very handsome face," repeated Charles, responding to what Mr. Hall looked, for as yet he had uttered nothing; "but to me, it is an uninteresting one. She is not generally liked—respected, it is true, but feared, and fear is a feeling which few young ladies would wish to inspire. It is a dangerous thing to live above the world—at least, for a woman."

Charles availed himself of the earliest opportunity of introducing his friend to Miss Howard, glad to be liberated for a while from the close companionship of a man who made him feel strangely uncomfortable with regard to himself, and well pleased with the opportunity of conversing with his favorite, Mary Ellis.

"I feel quite vexed with Margaret," said this thoughtless girl, "for spoiling my compliment to Miss Lewis. I would give one of my little fingers to catch her for once in a white lie."

"Ask her if she does not think herself handsome," said Charles; no woman ever yet acknowledged that truth, though none be more firmly believed."

He little expected she would act upon his suggestion, but Mary was too much delighted at the thought of seeing the uncompromising Margaret guilty of a prevarication to suffer it to pass unheeded.

"Margaret," cried she, approaching her, unawed by the proximity of the majestic stranger—"Mr. Brown says you will deny that you think yourself handsome. Tell me the truth. Don't you believe yourself very handsome?"

"I will tell you the truth, Mary," replied Margaret, blushing so brightly as to give an actual radiance to her face, "that is, if I speak at all. But I would rather decline giving any opinion of myself."

"Ah, Margaret," persisted Miss Ellis, "I have heard you say that to conceal the truth, when it is required of us, unless some moral duty were involved, was equivalent to a falsehood. Bear witness, Charles, here is one subject on which even Margaret Howard dares not to speak the truth."

"You are mistaken," replied Miss Howard, "you force me to speak, by attacking my principles, I am very willing to say, I do think myself handsome; but not so conspicuously as to allow me to claim a superiority over my sex, or to justify so singular and unnecessary a question."

All laughed—even the grave Mr. Hall smiled at the frankness of the avowal—all but Miss Lewis, who, turning up her eyes and raising her hands, exclaimed—"Really, Miss Howard's modesty is equal to her politeness. I thought she despised beauty."

"The gifts of God are never to be despised," answered Miss Howard, mildly. "If he has graced the outer temple, we should be careful to keep the indwelling spirit pure."

She drew back as if pained by the observation she had excited; and the deep and modest color gradually faded from her cheek. Mr. Hall had not been an uninterested listener. He was a sad and disappointed man. He had been the victim of a woman's perfidy and falsehood, and was consequently distrustful of the whole sex. His health had suffered long from the corrosion of his feelings, and he had been compelled to seek in a milder clime, a balm which time alone can yield. He had been absent several years, and had just returned to his native country, but not to the scene of his former residence. The wound was healed, but the hardness of the scar remained.

One greater and purer than the Genius of the Arabian Tale, had placed in his breast a mirror, whose lustre would be instantaneously dimmed by the breath of falsehood or dissimulation. It was in this mirror that he saw reflected the actions of his fellow beings, and it pained him to see its bright surface so constantly sullied. Never since the hour he was so fatally deceived, had he been in the presence of woman with a melancholy conviction that she was incapable of standing the test of this bosom talisman. Here, however, was one whose lips cast no cloud upon its lustre. He witnessed the marvelous spectacle of a young, beautiful and accomplished woman, surrounded by the artifices and embellishments of fashionable life, keeping the truth, in all simplicity and godly sincerity, as commanded by the holy men of old. There was something in the sight that renovated and refreshed his blighted feelings. The dew falling on the parched herbage prepares it for the influence of a kinder ray. Even so the voice of Margaret Howard, gentle in itself and persuasive, advocating the cause he most venerated, operated this night upon the heart of Mr. Hall.

For many weeks the same party frequently met at the house of Mrs. Astor. This lady was a professed patroness and admirer of genius and the fine arts. To be a fine painter, a fine singer, a fine writer, a traveler or a foreigner, was a direct passport to her favor. To be distinguished in society for anything was sufficient, provided it was not "a bad eminence" which was attained by the individual. She admired Mr. Hall for the stately gloom of his mien, his dark and foreign air, and his peculiar and high-wrought sentiments. She sought an intimacy with Margaret Howard, for it was a distinction to be her friend, and moreover, she had an excellent taste and skill in

drawing and painting. Mary Ellis was a particular favorite of hers, because her own favorite cousin, Charles Brown, thought her the most fascinating young lady of his acquaintance. Mrs. Astor's house was elegantly furnished, and her fine rooms were adorned with rare and beautiful specimens of painting and statuary. She had one apartment which she called her Gallery of Fine Arts, and every new guest was duly ushered into this sanctuary, and called upon to examine and admire the glowing canvasses and the breathing marble.

A magnificent pier glass was placed on one side of the hall so as to reflect and multiply these classic beauties. It had been purchased in Europe, and was remarkable for its thickness, brilliancy and fidelity of reflection. It was a favorite piece of furniture of Mrs. Astor's, and all her servants were warned to be particularly careful, as they dusted its surface. As this glass is of some importance in the story, it deserves a minute description.—Mrs. Astor thought the only thing necessary to complete the furnishing of the gallery, were transparencies for the windows. Miss Howard, upon hearing the remark, immediately offered to supply the deficiency, an offer at once eagerly accepted, and Mrs. Astor insisted that her painting apparatus should be placed in the very room, that she might receive all the inspiration to be derived from the mute yet eloquent relics of genius, that there solicited the gaze. Nothing could be more delightful than the progress of the work. Margaret was an enthusiast in the art, and her kindling cheek always attested the triumph of her creating hand. Mrs. Astor was in a constant state of excitement till the whole was completed, and it was no light task as four were required, and the windows were of extra size. Almost every day saw the fair artist seated at her easel, with the same group gathered round her. Mary Ellis admired every thing so indiscriminately, it was impossible to attach much value to her praise, but Mr. Hall criticised as well as admired, and as he had the painter's eye and the poet's tongue, Margaret felt the value of his suggestions, and the interest they added to her employment. Above all things, she felt their truth. She saw that he never flattered, that he dared to blame, and when he did commend she was conscious that the tribute was deserved. Margaret was not one of those beings who cannot do but one thing at a time. She could talk and listen, while her hands were plying the brush, or arranging the colors, and look up too from the canvass, with a glance which showed how entirely she participated in what was passing around her.

"I wonder you are not tired to death of that everlasting easel," said Mary Ellis to Margaret, who grew every day more interested in her task. "I could not endure such confinement."

"'Death' and 'everlasting' are solemn words to be so lightly used, my dear Mary," answered Margaret, whose religious ear was always pained by levity on sacred themes.

"I would not be as serious as you are for a thousand worlds," replied Mary, laughing, "I really believe you think it a sin to smile. Give me the roses of life, let who will take the thorns. I am going now to gather some if I can, and leave you and Mr. Hall to enjoy all the briars you can find."

She left the room, gaily singing, sure to be immediately followed by Charles, and Mr. Hall was left the sole companion of the artist. Mary had associated their names together for the purpose of disturbing the self-possession of Margaret, and she certainly succeeded in her object. Had Mr. Hall perceived her heightened color, his vanity might have drawn a flattering inference; but he was standing behind her easel, and his eyes were fixed on the beautiful personification of Faith, Hope, and Charity—those three immortal graces—she was delineating, as kneeling and embracing, with upturned eyes and celestial wings. It was a lovely group—the last of the transparencies; and Margaret lavished on it some of the finest touches of her genius. Mary had repeated a hundred times that it was finished, that another stroke of the pencil would ruin it, and Mrs. Astor had declared it perfect, and more than perfect; but still Margaret lingered at the frame, believing every tint should be the last.

Every lover of the arts knows the fascination attending the successful exercise and development of their genius—of seeing bright and warm imaginings assume a coloring and form, and giving to others a transcript of the mind's glorious creation; but every artist does not know what deeper charm may be added by the conversation and companionship of such a being as Mr. Hall. He was what might be called a fascinating man, notwithstanding the occasional gloom and seriousness of his manners. For when flashes of sensibility lighted up that gloom, and intellect, excited and brought fully into action, illuminated that seriousness—it was like moonlight shining on some ruined castle, beauty and grandeur meeting together and exalting each other, from the effect of contrast. Then there was a deep vein of piety prevailing all his sentiments and expressions. The comparison of the ruined castle is imperfect. The moonbeam falling on some lofty cathedral, with its pillared dome and "long drawn aisles," is a better similitude, for devotion hallowed and elevated every faculty of his soul. Margaret, who had lived in a world of her own, surrounded by a purer atmosphere, lonely and somewhat unapproachable, felt as if she were no longer solitary, for here was one who thought and sympathized with her; one, too, who seemed sanctified and set apart from others by a kind of mysterious sorrow, which the instinct of woman told her had its source in the heart.

"I believe I am too serious, as Mary says," cried Margaret, first breaking the silence, "but it seems to me that the thoughtless alone can be gay. I am young in years, but I began to reflect early, and from the moment I took in the mystery of life and all its awful dependencies, I ceased to be mirthful. I am doomed to pay a constant penalty for the singularity of my feelings: like the priestess of the ancient temples, I am accused of uttering dark sayings of old, and casting the shadows of the future over the joys of the present."

Margaret seldom alluded to herself, but Mary's accusation about the thorns and briars had touched her, where perhaps alone she was vulnerable, and, in the frankness of her nature, she uttered what was paramount in her thoughts.

"Happy are they who are taught by reflection

not experience, to look seriously, though not sadly upon the world," said Mr. Hall, earnestly: "who mourn from philanthropy over its folly and falsehood, not because that folly and falsehood have blighted their brightest and dearest hopes! nay cut them off, root and branch, forever."

Margaret was agitated, and for a moment the pencil wavered in her hand. She knew Mr. Hall must have been unhappy—that he was still suffering from corroding remembrances—and often had she wished to pierce through the mystery that hung over his past life, but now, when he himself alluded to it, she shrunk from an explanation. He seemed himself to regret the hasty warmth of his expressions, and to wish to efface the impression they had made; for his attention became riveted on the picture, which he declared wanted but one thing to make it perfect.

"And what is that?"

"Truth encircling the trio with her golden band," he replied.

"It may yet be done," cried Margaret, and with great animation and skill, she sketched the outline which he suggested.

It is delightful to have one's own favorite sentiments and feelings embodied by another, and that, too, with a graceful readiness and apparent pleasure that shows a congeniality of thought and taste. Mr. Hall was not insensible to this charm in Margaret Howard. He esteemed, revered, admired, he wished that he dared to love her. But all charming and true as she seemed, she was still a woman; and he might again be deceived. It would be a terrible thing to embark his happiness once more on the waves which had overwhelmed it, and find himself again a shipwrecked mariner, cast upon the cruel desert of existence. The feelings which Margaret inspired were so different from the stormy passions that had before reigned over him, it is no wonder he was unconscious of their strength, and believed himself still his own master.

"Bless me," said Mary, who, entering soon after, "banished," as she said, Mr. Hall from her presence, for he retired; "if you have not added another figure to the group. I have a great mind to blot Faith, Hope and Charity, as well as Truth, from existence," and playfully catching hold of the frame, she pretended to sweep her hand over their faces.

"Oh, Mary, beware!" exclaimed Margaret, but the warning came too late. The easel tottered and fell instantly against the magnificent glass, on which Mrs. Astor set such an immense value, and broke it into a thousand pieces. Mary looked aghast, and her companion turned pale as she lifted her picture from amid the ruins.

"It is not spoiled," said she, "but the glass!"

"Oh! the glass!" cried Mary, looking the image of despair; "what shall I do! What will Mrs. Astor say? She will never forgive me!"

"She cannot be so vindictive," replied Margaret, "but it is indeed an unfortunate accident, and one for which I feel particularly responsible."

"Do not tell her how it happened," exclaimed Mary, shrinking, with moral cowardice, from the revealing of the truth. "I cannot brave her displeasure!—Charles, too, will be angry with me, and I cannot bear that. Oh, pray, dearest Margaret, pray do not tell her that it was I who did

it—you know it would be so natural for the easel to fall without any rash hand to push it. Promise me, Margaret."

Margaret turned her clear, rebuking eye upon the speaker, with a mingled expression of indignation and pity.

"I will not expose you, Mary," said she calmly, and withdrawing herself from the rapturous embrace in which Mary expressed her gratitude, she began to pick up the fragments of the mirror, while Mary, unwilling to look upon the wreck she had made, flew out to regain her composure. It happened that Mr. Hall passed the window, while Margaret was thus occupied, and he paused a moment to watch her, for in spite of himself, he felt a deep and increasing interest in every action of hers.—Margaret saw his shadow as it lingered, but she continued her employment. He did not doubt that she had caused the accident, for he had left her there alone but a few moments before, and he was not conscious that anyone had entered since his departure. Though he regretted any circumstance, which might give pain to her, he anticipated a pleasure in seeing the openness and readiness with which she would avow herself the aggressor, and blame herself for her carelessness.

Margaret found herself in a very unpleasant situation. She had promised not to betray the cowardly Mary, and she knew that whatever blame would be attached to the act would rest upon herself. But were Mrs. Astor to question her upon the subject, she could not deviate from the truth by acknowledging a fault that she had never committed. She felt an unspeakable contempt for Mary's weakness, for had she been in her place, she would have acknowledged the part she had acted, unhesitatingly, secure of the indulgence of friendship and benevolence.

"Better to leave the circumstance to speak for itself," said she to herself, "and of course the burden will rest upon me."

She sighed as she thought of the happy hours she had passed by the side of that mirror, and how often she had seen it reflect the speaking countenance of Mr. Hall, that tablet of unutterable thoughts, and then thinking how his hopes seemed shattered like that frail glass, she came to the conclusion that all earthly hopes were vain and all earthly memories fraught with sadness. Never had Margaret moralized so deeply as in the long solitary walk she stole that evening to escape the evil of being drawn into the tacit sanction of a falsehood. Like many others, with equally pure intentions, in trying to avoid one misfortune she incurred a greater.

Mrs. Astor was very much grieved and astonished when she discovered her loss. With all her efforts to veil her feelings, Mary saw she was displeased with Margaret, and would probably never value as they deserved, the beautiful transparencies on which she had so faithfully labored.

"I would not have cared if any other article had been broken," said Mrs. Astor, "but this can never be replaced. I do not so much value the cost, great as it was, but it was so perfectly unique. I never saw another like it."

Mary's conscience smote her, for suffering another to bear the imputation she herself deserved. A sudden plan occurred to her. She had

concealed the truth, she was now determined to save her friend, even at the cost of a lie.

"I do not believe Margaret broke it," said she. I saw Dinah, your little black girl, in the room, just before she left it, and you know how often you have punished her for putting her hands on forbidden articles. You know if Margaret had done it, she would have acknowledged it at once."

"True," exclaimed the other lady, "how stupid I have been," and, glad to find a channel in which her anger could flow unchecked by the restraints of politeness, she rung the bell and summoned the unconscious Dinah.

In vain she protested her innocence. She was black, and it was considered a matter of course that she would lie. Her mistress took her arm in silence and led her from the room in spite of her prayers and protestations. We should be sorry to reveal the secrets of the prison house, but from the cries that issued through the shut door, and from a certain whizzing sound in the air, one might judge of the nature of the punishment inflicted upon the innocent victim of unmerited wrath. Mary closed her ears. Every sound pierced her heart. Something told her those shrieks would rise up in judgement against her at the last day.

"Oh, how," thought she, "if I fear the rebuke of my fellow-creature for an unintentional offence, how can I ever appear before my Creator with the blackness of falsehood and cruelty on my soul!"

She wished she had had the courage to have acted right in the first place, but now it was too late. Charles would despise her, and that very day he had told her that he loved her better than all the world beside. She tried, too, to soothe her conscience by reflecting that Dinah would have been whipped for something else, and that, as it was a common event to her, it was, after all, a matter of no great consequence.

Mrs. Astor, having found a vent for her displeasure, chased the cloud from her brow, and greeted Margaret with a smile, on her return, slightly alluding to the accident evidently trying to rise superior to the event. Her guest was surprised and pleased. She expressed her own regret, but as she imputed to herself no blame, the hostess was confirmed in the justice of her verdict.—Margaret knew not what had passed in her absence, for the lady of the house was too refined to bring her domestic troubles before her guests. Mary, who was the only one necessarily initiated, was too deeply implicated to repeat it, and the subject was thus dismissed. But the impression still remained upon one mind, painful and unfaceable.

Mr. Hall marked Margaret's conscious blush on her entrance, he had heard the sobs and cries of poor Dinah, and was not ignorant of the cause. He believed Margaret to be aware of the fact—she, the true offender. A pang, keen as cold steel can create, shot through his heart at this conviction. He had thought her so pure, so true, so holy, the very incarceration of his worshipped virtue; and now, to sacrifice her principles for such a bauble—a bit of frail glass. He could not remain in her presence, but complaining of a headache, suddenly retired; but not before he had cast a glance on her, so cold and freezing, it seemed to congeal her very soul.

[Concluded in our next.]





### COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.

Previously to the Revolution the site of the present village was occupied as a station for the Superintendent of Indian affairs, who was the Patentee of the land for many miles around it. Nothing like a permanent settlement, however, was made.

In 1785, the late Judge Cooper first visited the spot, accompanied by a party of savages. He had become interested in the property, as the owner

of debts secured by the estate. In 1786, having become possessed of the fee of 26,000 acres, including the village plot, he commenced a settlement, which had a rapid growth. In 1792, the county of Otsego was formed from the county of Montgomery, and Cooperstown, then a village of four or five hundred inhabitants, was made the county town. The place did not grow essentially from the year 1800 to 1835. In 1800 it was

one of the largest villages west of Schenectady, containing about 1000 souls. In 1835 it had less than 1200, though the population, including some houses that lie just without the village boundaries, yet quite within the village society, was not far from 1300.

It has greatly improved since 1835, and materially within two or three years. Stone and brick are much used in construction. It contains

several good houses, some of which have been built many years.—Otsego Hall, the largest and one of the oldest houses, was built near the close of the last century. It has been repaired, and a good deal altered by J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist. It was the residence of the late Judge Cooper, and since his death, of different members of his family. For many years, the five or six last excepted, it was not inhabited at all, except



by a person who had charge of it. Apple-hill, Lebeland, Woodside, Fenimore, the Locusts and Edgewater are all pretty places, and some of them very much so.

The manner in which Gen. Clinton, the father of De Witt Clinton, caused a dam to be made at the outlet of the lake, in order to pass his brigade down the Susquehanna, is worthy of being commemorated.

The old settlers are principally dead, though a few still remain; we have their descendants in the fourth generation already, and many of the third in active life. Judge Cooper died in 1809.

In point of situation and beauty, Cooperstown is scarcely to be surpassed by any of our western villages.

### TRAVELING SKETCHES.

#### FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

VANGUARD! the terrific cry of fire, rolled from the tower of Anastasius, and gathering volume and force as it went on drowned all the voices and sounds in the tumultuous streets. It was some time, in the universal hurry and dismay, before we could ascertain the direction of the flames. They proved to be among the dwellings of St. Demetrius, a Greek town crowning one of the hills which lie north of the navy yard. We hastened that way, and ascending an elevation which swells from the suburbs of Galata, had full in view the terrible spectacle. The fire had broken out in the northern verge of the town, and a strong wind sweeping at the time, from that quarter, the flames had already been cast over a frightful extent of dwellings. Still the devouring element at every fresh rush of the wind, leaped farther on, while in each pause the falling roof and tumbling wall mingled their crackling and crushing sounds with the cries of hundreds, making their frantic escape. The whole town was soon in conflagration, and the flames, as they wound up over the summit of the hill, presented at one time, through the twilight of the hour, a towering pyramid of fire, and then again as the eddying currents broke away in violent gusts, the less ponderous materials were carried off in burning and threatening confusion, resembling more the flaring missiles sent from the mouth of the volcano.

The inhabitants fled to the open grounds which surrounded the devoted town; some of them, whose flight had been less precipitate, bringing with them a few articles of their furniture; while others had not saved a blanket to protect them from the heavy night that was now setting in. In this forlorn multitude, we saw at every few paces the wretched mother, gathering her little group about her, and calling each by name, to assure herself again that no one had been left behind; and then seating herself on the cold ground, clasp her infant to her breast, trying to protect it from the chilling dew beneath the narrow covering of her neck, while upon its unconscious cheek dropped her silent tears. Some of the children, too young to understand the anxious nature of her distress, or to know that they had no home to return to, were still playing with the toys they had brought from the nursery, or pointing with glee to the flame as it fringed the evening cloud. While a sister,

a few years older, would try to check their playfulness, and constrain them into an apparent sympathy with their poor distressed mother.

At the sheltering side of a small mound, a little retired from the crowd, we met with an old man, leaning tremulously on his cane, and listening to the replies of one who stood close to him, in all the touching sweetness of feminine beauty and youth. The old man was blind, and his young daughter, (in a soft and agitated voice,) was telling him the story of their escape, its difficulty, and by what means they had been able to effect it. "I must have perished in my chair," said the father, "had you not come home just at the moment you did." "I was away," explained the girl, "with some of my companions in the burial ground, where you know we go every Saturday to carry fresh flowers. When I heard the cry of fire, I instantly ran home, and thought at first that I should be able to get some of the men to take away a few of our goods, but they were all carrying their own, and the fire was so near, I had only time to catch up this little casket, which has your purse and my gold ornaments in it, and to take you by the hand to lead you off at once, for you did not seem to know, father, how dangerous our situation was." "No," said the old man, "I knew it not my child; I heard the cry, but did not suppose the fire was so near. I am glad you thought of the casket; but I fear, Therissa, there are but very few sequins in it, for you know the other day it was nearly empty, and the chest has not been unlocked since." "There is enough," interrupted the daughter, in a tone of the gentlest encouragement, "to get us the means of subsistence for a few weeks, and then there is my necklace, my bracelets, and ear-rings; these can be sold, and they will help us on some time, at least till I can find a situation where I may procure something for us both to live upon." Here she dropped her small hand into the casket to feel for the trifles that were to relieve them in the present emergency, and then anxiously withdrawing it again took out each little article, one by one, to the last—but neither purse nor jewels were there! a shadow fell on her sweet face; and the tears trembling for a moment on the long eye-lash, fell, unperceived by the blind parent, upon her nerveless hand.

In the hurry of the moment she had brought away the wrong casket; yet she would not reveal the mistake to her poor father, for fear of utterly overwhelming a heart already prostrated by misfortune. Silently pressing upon her the few piastres which the exigencies of the day had left, we turned to depart, fully resolved—at least it was so with myself—never again to entertain a murmuring or desponding sentiment while the craving hunger of this poor frame could find the coarsest crumb for its relief!

I have seen suffering and sorrow in almost every degree and form, but never encountered a spectacle of such extended and unrelieved wretchedness as here presented itself. Not only had the hundreds around me been deprived of their dwellings and scanty furniture, but they were suffering from the real and apprehended horrors of the plague. There was no community that would increase their present exposures by affording them an asylum; for one of the first

effects of this terrible scourge is an unnatural indifference to the fate of others, and a selfish, engrossing anxiety for personal safety. It is a pestilence which most truly "walks in darkness;" and its approaches are so mysterious and inexplicable, and its visitation so fatal, that the sympathies of the human heart appear to be bewildered in the general dread, to be paralyzed in the stunning consternation. Men become like a desperate crew escaping from a sinking wreck, where each, with frantic force, appropriates to himself the plank or oar that comes within his grasp. It was this excess of calamity, this overpowering dismay, that, in the fatal retreat of the French from Russia, induced the soldier, naturally a generous being, to leave his exhausted companion to perish in the snow, and to close his ears to those affecting cries for succor which only the dying can utter.

Every hill and valley without the walls of Constantinople and its swelling suburbs was shadowed by tents, in which the victims of the plague had been forced to take refuge. Every breeze, as it passed over the great city, came loaded with the wails and lamentations of the survivors over their dead companions; yet the multitude moved on, pursuing their individual ends, with an eagerness and directness which so far from being disconcerted, seemed to be increased by the general dismay. They appeared to exonerate themselves from all the claims of sympathy, affection, and kindness, on the score of their own liabilities. They scarcely noticed the hearse as it went past, simply because each one apprehended that he might possibly be the next over whom its pall should be spread. I have ever observed that a common danger, so peculiarly calculated, as we should suppose, to make the heart enter directly into the feelings, anxieties, and despair of those around, only renders it the more callous, selfish, cruel. A man who is walking himself upon thin ice, will seldom do more than turn a glance to those who have fallen through.

### MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Book.

#### EASY JOE BRUCE.

BY H. WELD.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Joseph Bruce,—or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, for, as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of allowing him more than half of his name, or of any thing else which belonged to him. "I see by the paper that Hawk & Harpy have assigned. I meant to have secured my debt yesterday!" He left his coffee half drunk, stumbled over the threshold, and went almost at a run to the counting room of Hawk & Harpy. One half his speed on the day before would have saved his debt; as it was, he was just in season to put his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half preferred ones, to receive ten per cent. He went back to his unfinished breakfast with what appetite he might.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr. Bruce?" said his helpmate and comforter.

"I meant to have attended to it yesterday, my dear."

"You meant! That is always the way Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then put yourself in a haste and a heat for nothing, my dear!"

"Really, Mrs. Bruce"—

But Mrs. Bruce did not allow him a chance to defend himself. On she went in a most approved conjugal manner, to berate him for his carelessness and inattention.

"Really, Mrs. Bruce"—

And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the feminine, and none of the masculine gender, could have kept pace with her. Certainly easy Joe could not. The clatter of a cotton-mill would not have been a circumstance to the din she raised. Easy Joe pulled a cigar case from his pocket—clapped his feet on the fender—and it almost seemed that the smoke had rendered his ears impervious to the bleatings of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his mouth. People overshoot the mark sometimes. Mrs. Bruce did. Had she spared her oration, the morning's loss would have induced her husband to have been punctual to his business, for one day at least. As it was, he took the same sort of pride in neglecting it under her lecture, that the Grand Nation took so long in refusing to pay the claims of our citizens.

"Breeze away, Mrs. Bruce!"

"Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one tittle of my energy to Mr. Bruce; I—I"—

Bruce sprang to his feet, and crash! came an elegant mantle clock down upon the hearth.

"There, Mr. Bruce! That clock has stood there three months without fastening—a single screw would have saved it; but—"

"Well, I meant to"—

"You meant! Mr. Bruce—*You meant* won't pay the damage, nor Hawk & Harpy's note! You meant, indeed!"

Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on 'Change. Nobody could read in his face any traces of the matrimonial breeze, and nobody could suspect from his countenance that Hawk & Harpy had failed in his debt. Easy Joe Bruce!

"Well, Mr. Bruce they have routed him."

"Who?"

"Our friend Check, Pingree was chosen President of the — Bank this morning. One vote would have stopped him."

"How deucedly unlucky. I meant to have been present to vote for Check myself!"

"Never mind, Bruce," said another—"you are a lucky man. The news of the great fire at Speederville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you was fully insured."

"Insured! my policy expired last week. I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no very happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

"Mrs. Bruce by staying at home to hear you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant to have got insured this morning. I did not; Speederville has burned down, and I am a beggar."

"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"

"I was thinking of Hawk & Harpy."

"Thinking! Why did you not secure yourself?"

"I meant to, but"—

"But—give me no buts."

"You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce."

"Never in better."

"Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars."

Mrs. Bruce sat down, and clapped her feet on the fender, after her husband's manner in the morning.

"We are beggars madam," Bruce repeated.

"Very good—I will take my guitar, and you shall shoulder the three children. We will play under Mr. Hawk's window first, then under Mr. Harpy's, and then beg our way to Speederville, to play to the ashes of what was once your factory—which you *meant* to have insured. I should like begging of all things."

"You abominable woman, I shall go mad."

"Do not, I beseech you, Mr. Bruce! They put mad beggars in Bedlam."

Bruce sprang for the door. His wife intercepted him. "Here, Joseph, is a paper I *meant* to have showed you this morning."

"A policy! and dated yesterday!"

"Yes. You meant to get it renewed to-day—I meant it should be done yesterday—so I told your clerk for you, to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

"When I said so I was in a pet. I meant!"

"No more of that, Joseph. Now tell me who is the first on Hawk & Harpy's assignment."

"Your brother."

"His claim covers both."

"You are an angel, Mrs. Bruce!"

Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her watch over his out-door business. She died some years before him—but we are half inclined to suspect, that after her death, Joe partially relapsed into his old habits—so true it is that habit is a second nature. Both were buried in the grave yard at Speederville, and our suspicions are founded on something like the following conversation, which took place between the grave digger and his assistant:

"Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave?"

"I do not know exactly. His will says, next his wife."

"Where was she laid?"

"That I don't know. Easy Joe always said he *meant* to place an obelisk over her—but it never was done."

From Cooper's Naval History.

#### THE FIRST ACT OF RESISTANCE.

"THE first overt act of resistance that took place in this celebrated struggle, occurred in 1772, in the waters of Rhode Island. A vessel of war had been stationed on the coast to enforce the laws, and a small schooner, called the Gaspé, with a light armament and twenty-seven men, was employed as a tender, to run into the shallow waters of the coast. On the seventeenth of June, 1772, a Providence packet, that plied between New York and Rhode Island, named the Hannah, and commanded by Capt. Linzee, hove in sight of the man-of-war on her passage up the bay. The Hannah was ordered to bring to, in order to be examined; but her master re-

fused to comply, and being favored with a fresh southern breeze, that was fast sweeping him out of gun shot, the Gaspé was signaled to follow. For twenty-five miles the chase continued, under a press of sail, when the Hannah coming up with a bar, with which her master was familiar, and drawing less water than the schooner, Capt. Linzee led the latter on a shoal, where she stuck. The tide falling, the Gaspé slowed, and was not in a condition to be removed for several hours.

"The news of the chase was circulated on the news of the arrival of the Hannah at Providence. A strong feeling was excited among the population, and towards evening the town drummer appeared in the streets, assembling the people in the ordinary manner. When a crowd was collected, this man led his followers in front of a shed that stood near one of the stores, when one disguised as an Indian, suddenly appeared on the roof, and proclaimed a secret expedition for that night, inviting all of 'stout hearts' to assemble on the wharf, precisely at nine, disguised like himself. At the appointed hour, most of the men of the place collected at the spot designated, when sixty-four were selected for the bold undertaking that was in view. The party embarked in eight of the launches of the different vessels lying at the wharves, and taking with them a quantity of round paving stones, they pulled down the river in a body.

"The commander of these men is supposed to be Capt. Whipple, who afterwards held a commission in the service of Congress, but none of the names were publicly mentioned at the time. On nearing the Gaspé about two in the morning, the boats were hailed by a sentinel on deck. This man was driven below by a volley of stones. The commander of the Gaspé now appeared on deck, and warning the boats off, he fired a pistol at them. This discharge was returned from a musket, and the officer was shot through the thigh. By this time the crew of the Gaspé had assembled, and the party from Providence boarded. The contest was short, the schooner's people being soon knocked down and secured. All on board were put into the boats, and the Gaspé set on fire. Towards morning she blew up."

#### SALLY CURRY'S COURTSHIP.

"WELL, Sally," said I, smiling, "am I to lose you on Sunday night?"

"I am afraid so, ma'am," said she, sliding behind the door.

"Don't be ashamed, Sally," said I. "I have shown you such an example of marrying one whom I preferred, that I am sure I cannot blame you."

Upon this Sally looked up, and I asked her how long she had known Mr. Curry.

Sally began twisting a gold ring that was on the fore-finger of her left hand, and said—

"My mother, ma'am, was a poor widow in Salem, the widow of a sea captain. He was lost on a voyage, she fell sick, declining, like. I was her only child. It was a very stormy night, a year ago, and my mother was very ill. I sent to a neighbor to say I was afraid she wouldn't stand it. Our neighbor sent back she wouldn't leave her baby, who was sick; but a young man named Curry, a very decent person, would come

and watch with me. I was thankful to see a living countenance, and said he might come, and be welcome.

"That was my forlorn night, but Mr. Curry helped me a sight. My mother was in a faint like, all night, and he was as tender as a child to her. Once he began to tell a sea story, to try to cheer me up; but he found he made me cry more, because it didn't seem some how respectful to talk of the things of life by a death-bed, and he stopped talking, and only now and then, when he found he couldn't comfort me, nor raise her neither, he would fetch up such a pitying look as if he wished he could.

"The day was just dawning, when my mother seemed to come to a little, and spoke right out, 'Sally, dear.'

"What, mother?" says I, "and my heart beat as if it would come through."

"Is there any body with you?"

"Yes dear mother, a friend," said I, whispering.

"Will he take care of you?" said she, and she looked with a sunken eye full on Curry.

"Curry got right up, and came by the bedside, and knelt down and took her thin hand, and said, in a voice quite loud and solemn, 'I will take care of her, so help me God.'

"She didn't say another word, but just gave a kind of sigh, as it were, sorrowful, but as if she was not satisfied, and squeezed his hand, and so she died."

## LOST TIME.

A FRAGMENT.

How beautiful and how truly has it been said, that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and in nothing is this truth more conspicuous than in the matter of education. Whilst enjoying the privilege of the means of cultivating our minds, how frequently do we elight those means, or, at least, but partially and imperfectly improve them! We are too apt to imagine that in after years by application and industry we may atone for the neglect of our youth, but how mistaken is this idea! When we have become emancipated from the duties and pleasures of the school-room, other duties devolve upon us, society has its claims upon our time, and little leisure remains for the improvement of our minds. And if we find it difficult to add to our attainments, how much more so will it be to acquire that knowledge of which we should have been possessed before? After the means of improvement are in a great measure beyond our reach, how much is their importance augmented, and the duties of our station as scholars appear far less irksome, and the pleasures much heightened when we know those days are passed! When we arrive at more mature years, how do our neglected advantages and mis-spent moments rise up in fearful array, and how sincerely and earnestly do we wish we could recall those days, and how differently we think we should act were it in our power to live them over again! But, no doubt, if such a thing were possible, the same thoughtlessness and carelessness would mark our conduct. We are too prone to slight present advantages in the vain hope of making future reparation for it. This has been the experience

of almost every one; and let it serve a useful purpose by being a warning to us; and by thus avoiding a similar course of conduct, we shall also escape its consequences.—*Lady's Book.*

## HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

A GREAT inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle, part on which was the house of the toll-gather, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succor, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, a Count of Pulverint, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope.—"Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the Count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

## "BOZ" (CHARLES DICKENS.)

Our neighbor of the National Gazette, who has recently visited England, thus describes the author of "Pickwick:"—"In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, that first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, and his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is, in repose, extremely agreeable and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dicken's manners and conversation, except perhaps in perfect abandonment among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humor. He is mild in the tones of his voice and quiescent; evincing habitual attention to etiquette and the conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and possibly to avoid the in-

vitations pressed upon him, he does not reside in London; but with a lovely wife and two charming children, has a retreat in the vicinity. He is about twenty-six years of age, but does not look more than twenty-three or four. Mr. Dickens is entirely self made, and rose from a humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius, and his industry.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. M'Donough, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Reidsville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. Benton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Saugerties, N. Y. \$5.00; G. C. Nantucket, Ma. \$1.00; G. P. Pine Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. P. A. Royalton, Ma. \$0.81; M. S. New-York, \$1.00; J. S. Mellensville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Warren, Vt. \$1.00; W. B. S. Linden, N. Y. \$1.00; I. O. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. D. Hyde Park, Vt. \$1.00; W. P. Lysander, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. Stafford, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Yatesville, N. Y. \$5.00; M. V. S. Fough-keepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. Lexington, West Kill, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Chenango Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Dresden, N. Y. \$1.00; O. H. L. Varysburg, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$3.00; W. D. Perry's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Philadelphia, N. Y. \$2.00; L. O. S. Madrid, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. F. Garratt's Villa, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. H. Scipio Villa, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Burksville, Ky. \$3.00; P. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Dalton, Ma. \$5.00; P. M. Stamford, N. Y. \$3.00; L. M. C. Montrose, Pa. \$1.00; W. W. H. Redwood, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Southville, N. Y. \$2.00; H. C. Marathon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Junius, N. Y. \$2.00; A. H. Huntsville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. Chazy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Rome, N. Y. \$2.00; M. L. Clermont, N. Y. \$1.00; S. & M. A. M. Montrose Pa. \$0.81; A. R. 2d. Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wood's Hole, Ma. \$1.00; P. M. Byron, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Rock City, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$2.00; E. H. H. Painesville, O. \$1.00; A. D. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; D. R. West Poutney, Vt. \$1.00; P. A. S. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; H. R. Rickburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. H. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$7.00; P. L. Utica, N. Y. \$1.00; R. M. K. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Brockett's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00.

## Arrived,

In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Ralph Wheeler to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of William Badgley, Esq.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. James Ellis to Miss Lucretia Van Hoesen, both of this city.

## Dead,

In this city, on Friday the 16th inst. Mr. James H. Gaul, an industrious and enterprising mechanic, and highly esteemed citizen, aged 27 years.

Mr. Gaul was unfortunately drowned at one of our docks. He had just stepped into a small boat for the purpose of crossing the river, when it was drawn under the wheel of the Steam-boat Oneida, which was at that moment leaving the dock. He was probably killed by the wheel. His body was found on the Tuesday following the accident, and followed to the grave by a numerous concourse of his friends and fellow citizens.

On the 20th inst. Thomas P. son of Joseph and Harriet Blake, in his 3d year.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Eleazer Hedges, a soldier in the Revolution, aged 83 years. And on the 21st, Amelia P. daughter of Stephen and Lucy Ann Hedges, aged 1 year and 4 days.

On the 22d inst. Mr. David Copeland, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 23d inst. Mr. Garret Gruesbeck, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. In Greenport, near the city of Hudson, N. Y. the Widow Jane Doan, a native of the city of Paisley in Scotland, in the 83d year of her age.

At West Dresden, Yates co. on the 17th inst. Mrs. Dorothy Yates, in the 55th year of her age, formerly of this city.

INSANITY AND SUICIDE.—On Monday morning last, the Coroner was called to hold an Inquest on the body of a man found dead in the Hudson House yard. He called himself Morgan, and said he was from Union, in the county of Broome. He exhibited strong symptoms of insanity on the day previous to his death, which was caused by jumping from the roof of the Hudson House. Verdict accordingly.

He was about 40 years old, of dark complexion, brown hair and whiskers; had on a cotton shirt, black silk hat, dark homespun coat, pantaloons and vest, collar lined with red flannel, black woollen stockings under his boots; and in his pocket a deed from David Pierce, of Berkshire, in the county of Tioga, to Jonathan Pierce, of Sutton, county of Worcester, Mass. of lands and tenements in Sutton, being the property of John Goodale. There was also found in the observatory of the Hudson House, a purse containing a small amount of money. Any person wishing further information will please call on William Gaul, Coroner, Hudson.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

SONG.

TUNE.—"Sitting on a Rail."

BY S. COMPTON SMITH.

WHERE murmur'g waters softly flow,  
A young and lovely maiden dwelt,  
She ne'er had tasted earthly wo,  
Nor e'er the pangs of love had felt.  
Happy there she dwelt,  
Happy there she dwelt,  
Happy there she dwelt,  
Nor sighed for brighter days.

Till on one bright and summer morn,  
A fair and smiling youth passed by,  
He met the maiden on the lawn,  
And love beamed from his sparkling eye.

Then rose forth a sigh,  
Then rose forth a sigh,  
Then rose forth a sigh,  
While she thought of him!

And oft that youth and maiden fair,  
Would wander by that flowing stream,  
And gladly would she hear him swear  
He loved her best of all he'd seen.

But men are often false,  
But men are often false,  
But men are often false,  
And he deceived the maid!

Then sorrow filled the maiden's breast,  
And deep her heaving bosom bled—  
A stranger now to earthly rest,  
The smile from her pale cheek had fled!

Her heart was broken then,  
Her heart was broken then,  
Her heart was broken then,  
And she pray'd for death to come!

At length the canker of the heart,  
Nipped the frail cords of life away,  
And near that stream where they did part,  
Her cold remains now buried lay.

And she's in Heaven now,  
And she's in Heaven now,  
And she's in Heaven now,  
Where tears are never shed.

For the Rural Repository.

IMPROMPTU.

I CANNOT mourn, that earth is dark,  
That life is made of sighs and tears;  
I cannot mourn, that one lone spark  
Of joy, upon this earth appears:  
For brighter, holier far, will be  
The ages of eternity.

I cannot mourn, the golden cup  
Of pleasure must be dashed ere long;  
I cannot mourn, the truant hope  
Has filled the world with faithless song:  
For brighter far will be the light,  
That bursts upon the ravished sight.

I cannot mourn, the nectar cup  
Of bliss, which man's so often tasted,  
Must perish, failing drop by drop—  
Till e'en the one we love has wasted:  
For more enduring still will be,  
The pleasures of eternity.

Spencertown, Aug. 12, 1839. CASSIOPEA.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. ADDY.

My father thou hast not the tale denied—  
They say that, ere noon to-morrow,  
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride  
To our lonely house of sorrow.  
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,  
But tears are my words suppressing;  
I think on my mother's dying kiss,  
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,  
I will still my bosom's beating,  
And strive to give to thy chosen fair.  
A kind and courteous greeting.  
She will heed me not, in the jocular pride  
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty;  
Ah! little need has a new made bride  
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems' they say,  
When thy heart first fondly sought her;  
Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,  
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.  
My eye, even now, on the treasure falls,  
I covet and ask no other,  
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—  
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,  
And the guests our rooms are filling,  
The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes  
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,  
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,  
Sad thoughts of thy owner giving;  
For a fleeting twelve month scarce has past,  
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,  
That portrait might awaken feelings  
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,  
And its sweet and kind revealings;  
Of her mind's commanding force, unchecked  
By feeble or selfish weakness,  
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect  
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,  
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,  
I remove this portrait from thy sight,  
To my chamber's still seclusion:  
It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,  
It will beam on me protection,  
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,  
To hallow thy new connexion.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,  
To renew the ties once broken,  
But nought upon earth remains to me,  
Save this sad and silent token.  
The husband's tears may be few and brief,  
He may woo and win another,  
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief  
To the image of her mother!

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

WOMAN.

Nor thine—not thine is the glittering crest,  
And the glance of the snow white plume;  
Nor the badge that gleams from the warrior's breast,  
Like a star 'mid the battle's gloom!  
Nor is thy place 'mid thy country's host,  
Where the war-steed champs the rein—  
Where waving plumes are like sea-foam tossed  
And the turf wears a gory strain!

Not these—not these are thy glorious dower;  
But a holier gift is thine,  
When the proud have fallen in triumph's hour,  
And the red blood flows like wine;

To wipe the dew from the clammy brow—  
To raise the drooping head—  
To cool the parched lips' fevered glow,  
And to soothe the lowly bed!

Not thine—not thine is the towering height,  
Where ambition makes his throne;  
The timid dove wings not her flight  
Where the eagle soars alone;  
But in the hall and in the bower,  
And by the humblest hearth,  
Man feels the charm and owns the power  
That binds him still to earth.

Yes, *these* are thine!—and who can say  
His is a brighter doom,  
Who winds fame's glory wreath of bay,  
Round an aching brow to bloom?  
Oh, to watch death's livid hues depart—  
To soothe each pang of wo,  
And to whisper hope to the fainting heart,  
Is the proudest meed below!

THOUGHTS BEFORE SUNSET.

GOD of the sun-light hours! how sad  
Would evening shadows be;  
Or night, in deeper shadows clad,  
If aught were dark to Thee!

How mournfully that golden gleam  
Would touch the thoughtful heart,  
If, with its soft retiring beam,  
We saw Thy light depart!

But no; the sun-set hours may hide  
These gentle rays awhile,  
And deep through ocean's wave may glide  
The slumber of their smile.

Enough, while these dull heavens may lower,  
If here thy presence be;  
Then midnight shall be morning hour,  
And darkness light—to me.

Through the deep gloom of mortal things,  
Thy light of love can throw  
That ray which gilds an angel's wings,  
To soothe a pilgrim's woe.

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

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VOLUME XVI

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NUMBER 7.

## SELECTIONS.

From the Lady's Book.

### THE FATAL COSMETIC;

#### Or, the Evils of "White Lies."

BY MRS. C. L. HENTZ.

[Concluded.]

"He believes me cowardly and false," thought she, for she divined what was passing in his mind, and if ever she was tempted to be so, it was in the hope of reinstating herself in his esteem. She had given her promise, however, and it was not to be broken. Mary, whose feelings were as evanescent as her principles were weak, soon forgot the whole affair in the preparations for her approaching marriage with Charles, an event which absorbed all her thoughts, as it involved all her hopes of happiness.

Margaret finished her task, but the charm which had gilded the occupation had fled. Mr. Hall seldom called, and when he did, he wore all his original reserve. She felt she had not deserved this alienation, and tried to cheer herself with the conviction of her own integrity, but her spirits were occasionally dejected; and the figure of Truth, which had such a beaming outline, assumed the aspect of utter despondency. Dissatisfied with her work, she at last swept her brush over the design, and mingling Truth with the dark shades of the back ground, gave up her office of artist, declaring her sketches completed.

Mrs. Astor was enraptured with the whole, and said she intended to reserve them for the night of Charles's wedding, when they would burst upon the sight in one grand *coup d'œil*, in the full blaze of chandeliers, bridal lamps and nuptial ornaments. Margaret was to officiate as one of the bride-maids, though she gave a reluctant consent. She could not esteem the bride, and she shrunk from her flattery and caresses with an instinctive loathing. She had once set her foot on a flowery bank that edged a beautiful stream. The turf trembled and gave way, for it was hollow below, and she narrowly escaped death. She often shuddered at the recollection. With similar emotions she turned from Mary Ellis's smiles and graces. There was beauty and bloom on the surface, but hollowness, and perhaps ruin beneath.

A short time before the important day, a slight efflorescence appeared on the fair cheek and neck of Mary. She was in despair lest her loveliness should be marred when she most of all wished to shine. It increased instead of diminishing, and she resolved to have recourse to any remedy that would remove the disfiguring eruption. She recollected having seen a violent erysipelas cured immediately by a solution of corrosive sublimate, and without consulting any one, she sent Dinah

to the apothecary to purchase some, charging her to tell no one whose errand she was bearing, for she was not willing to confess her occasion for such a cosmetic. Dinah told the apothecary it was for her mistress, and it was given without questioning or hesitation. Her only confidant was Margaret, who shared her chamber and toilet, and who warned her to be exceedingly cautious in the use of an article so poisonous, and she promised, with her usual heedlessness, without dreaming of any evil consequences. The eruption disappeared, the bride looked fairer than ever, and clad in her bridal dress of white satin, white roses and blonde lace, was pronounced the most beautiful bride of the season. Mr. Hall was present, although he refused to take part in the ceremony. He could not without singularity, decline the invitation, and notwithstanding the blow his confidence in Margaret's character had received, he still found the spot where she was, enchanted ground, and he lingered near, unwilling to break at once the only charm that still bound him to society.

After the short but solemn rite which made the young and thoughtless one, by indissoluble ties, and the rush of congratulation took place, Margaret was forced by the pressure close to Mr. Hall's side. He involuntarily offered his arm for her protection, and a thrill of inexpressible happiness pervaded his heart, at this unexpected and unsought proximity. He forgot his coldness—the broken glass—every thing but the joyous feeling of the present moment. Margaret was determined to avail herself of the tide of returning confidence. Her just womanly modesty and pride prevented her seeking an explanation and reconciliation, but she knew, without breaking her promise, she could not justify herself in Mr. Hall's opinion if even the opportunity offered. She was to depart in the morning, with the new married pair, who were going to take an excursion of pleasure, which is so fashionable after the wedding ceremony has been performed. She might never see him again. He had looked pale, and his face was now flushed high with excited feeling.

"You have wronged me, Mr. Hall," said she, blushing, but without hesitation, "if you think I have been capable of wilful deception or concealment. The mirror was not broken by me, though I know you thought me guilty, and afraid or ashamed to avow the truth. I would not say so much to justify myself, if I did not think you would believe me, and if I did not highly value the esteem of one who sacrifices even his friendships at the shrine of Truth."

She smiled, for she saw she was believed, and there was such a glow of pleasure irradiating Mr. Hall's countenance, it was like the breaking and gushing forth of sunbeams. There are few faces

on which a smile has such a magic effect as it had on Margaret's. Her smile was never forced. It was the inspiration of truth, and all the light of her soul shone through it. Perhaps neither ever experienced an hour of deeper happiness than that which followed this simple explanation. Margaret felt a spring-tide of hope and joy swelling in her heart, for there was a deference, a tenderness in Mr. Hall's manner which she had never seen before. He seemed entirely to have forgotten the presence of others, when a name, uttered by some one near, arrested his attention. "That is Mrs. St. Henry," observed a lady, stretching eagerly forward. "She arrived in town this morning with letters of introduction to Mrs. Astor. She was the beauty of — before her marriage, and is still the leader of fashion and taste."

Margaret felt her companion start as if a ball had penetrated him, and, looking up, she saw his altered glance fixed on the lady who had just entered, with a dashing escort, and was advancing towards the centre of the room. She was dressed in the extremity of the fashionable mode—her arms and neck entirely uncovered, and their dazzling whiteness thus lavishly displayed, might have mocked the polish and purity of alabaster.—Her brilliant black eyes flashed on either side, with the freedom of conscious beauty, and disdain of the homage which it inspired. She moved with the air of a queen, attended by her vassals, directly, forward, when suddenly her proud step faltered, her cheeks and lips became wan, and, uttering a sudden ejaculation, she stood for a moment perfectly still. She was opposite to Mr. Hall, whose eye, fixed upon hers, seemed to have the effect of fascination.

Though darkened by the burning sun of a tropical clime, and faded from the untimely blighting of the affections, that face could never be forgotten. It told her of perjury, remorse, sorrow—yes, of sorrow—for, in spite of the splendor that surrounded her, this glittering beauty was wretched. She had sacrificed herself at the shrine of Mammon, and had learned too late the horror of such ties, unsanctified by affection. Appreciating but too well, the value of the love she had forsaken, and goaded by remorse for her conduct to him whom she believed wasting away in a foreign land—she flew from one scene of dissipation to another, seeking, in the admiration of the world, an equivalent for her lost happiness.

The unexpected apparition of her lover was as startling and appalling as if she had met an inhabitant of another world. She tried to rally herself and pass on, but the effort was vain—sight, strength and recollection forsook her.

"Mrs. St. Henry has fainted—Mrs. St. Henry has fainted," was now echoed from mouth to mouth. A lady's fainting, whether in church,

ball-room or assembly, always creates a great sensation; but when that lady happens to be the centre of attraction and admiration, when every eye that has a loop-hole to peep through, is gazing on her brilliant features, to behold her suddenly fall, as if smitten by the angel of death pallid and motionless—the effect is inconceivably heightened. When, too, as in the present instance, a sad, romantic looking stranger rushes forward to support her, the interest of the scene admits of no increase. At least, Margaret felt so as she saw the beautiful Mrs. St. Henry, borne in the arms of Mr. Hall, through the crowd, that fell back as he passed into an adjoining apartment, speedily followed by Mrs. Astor, all wonder and excitement, and many others all curiosity and expectation, to witness the termination of the scene. Mr. Hall drew back while the usual appliances were administered for her resuscitation. He heeded not the scrutinizing glances bent upon him. His thoughts were bent within himself and “the soul of other days came rushing in.”

The lava that had hardened over the ruin it had created, melted anew, and the greenness and fragrance of new-born hopes were lost under the burning tide. As Mrs. St. Henry opened her eyes, she looked round in wild alarm, then, shading her brow with her hand, her glance rested where Mr. Hall stood, pale and abstracted, with folded arms, leaning against the wall—“I thought so,” said she, “I thought so;”—then covered her eyes and remained silent.

Mr. Hall, the moment he heard the sound of her voice, and was assured of her recovery, precipitately retired, leaving behind him matter of deep speculation.—Margaret was sitting in a window of the drawing-room, through which he passed. She was alone, for even the bride was forgotten, in the excitement of the past scene. He paused—he felt an explanation was due to her, but that it was impossible to make it. He was softened by the sad and sympathizing expression of her countenance, and seated himself for a moment at her side.

“I have been painfully awakened from a dream of bliss,” said he, “which I foolishly imagined might yet be realized. But the heart rudely shattered as mine has been, must never hope to be healed. I cannot command myself sufficiently to say more, only let me make one assurance, that whatever misery has been and may yet be my doom, guilt has no share in my wretchedness—I cannot refuse myself the consolation of your esteem.”

Margaret made no reply—she could not. Had her existence depended on the utterance of one word, she could not have commanded it. She extended her hand, however, in token of that friendship, she believed was hereafter to be the only bond that was to unite them.—Long after Mr. Hall was gone, she sat in the same attitude, pale and immovable as a statue, but who can tell the changes and conflicts of her spirit in that brief period?

Mrs. St. Henry was too ill to be removed, and Mrs. Astor was unbounded in her attentions. She could hardly regret a circumstance which forced so interesting and distinguished a personage upon the acceptance of her hospitality. Margaret remained with her during the greatest

portion of the night, anxiously apprehensive of a renewal of the fainting fits to which she acknowledged she was constitutionally subject. Margaret watched her as she lay, her face scarcely to be distinguished from the sheet, it was so exquisitely fair, were it not for the shading of the dark locks that fell unbound over the pillow, still heavy with the moisture with which they had been saturated, and as she contemplated her marvelous loveliness, she wondered not at the influence she exercised over the destiny of another. Mr. Hall had once spoken of himself as being the victim of falsehood. Could she have been false—and, loving him, how could she have married another? If she had involuntarily broken her troth, why such an agitation at his sight? and, if she were worthy of his love, why such a glaring display of her person, such manifest courting of the free gaze of admiration? These, and a thousand similar interrogations, did Margaret make to herself during the vigils of the night, but they found no answer. Towards morning, the lady slept; but Margaret was incapable of sleep, and her wakeful eyes caught the first grey tint of the dawn, and marked its deepening and kindling till the east was robed in flame, the morning livery of the skies. All was bustle till the bridal party was on its way. Mrs. St. Henry still slept, under the influence of an opiate, and Margaret saw her no more. Farewells were exchanged, kind wishes breathed, and the travelers commenced their journey. Margaret's thoughts wandered from Mrs. St. Henry to Mr. Hall, and back again, till they were weary of wandering, and would gladly have found rest, but the waters had not subsided, there was no green spot where the dove of peace could fold her drooping wings. Charles and Mary were too much occupied by each other, to notice her silence, and it was not till they paused in their journey, she was recalled to existing realities. Mary regretted something she had left behind—a sudden recollection came over Margaret.

“Oh! Mary,” said she, “I hope you have been cautious, and not left any of that dangerous medicine where evil might result from it. I intended to remind you of it before our departure.”

“Certainly—to be sure; I took especial care of it; I have it with me in my trunk,” replied Mary, but her conscience gave her a remorseful twinge, as she uttered the *white lie*, for she had forgotten it; and where she had left it she could not remember. As Margaret had given her several warnings, she was ashamed to acknowledge her negligence, and took refuge in the shelter she had too often successfully sought. Had she anticipated the fatal consequences of her oblivion, her bridal felicity would have been converted into agony and despair. She had left the paper containing the powder, yet undissolved, on the mantle piece of her chamber. The chambermaid who arranged the room after her departure, seeing it, and supposing it to be medicine, put it in the box that Mrs. Astor devoted to that department, in the midst of calomel, salts, antimony, &c. It was folded in brown paper, like the rest, and there was no label to indicate its deadly qualities.

Mrs. St. Henry still continued the invalid guest of Mrs. Astor, for her indisposition assumed

a more serious aspect and it was impossible to remove her. She seemed feverish and restless, and a physician was called in to prescribe for her, greatly in opposition to her wishes.—She could not bear to acknowledge herself ill. It was the heat of the room that had oppressed her—a transient cold, which would soon pass away—she would not long trespass on Mrs. Astor's hospitality. The doctor was not skilled in diseases of the heart, although he ranked high in his profession. His grand panacea for almost all diseases was calomel, which he recommended to his patient as the most efficient and speediest remedy. She received the prescription with very ill grace, declaring she had never tasted of any in her life and had a horror of all medicines. Mrs. Astor said she had an apothecary's shop at command in her closet, and that she kept doses constantly prepared, for her own use. After the doctor's departure, Mrs. St. Henry seemed much dejected, and her eyes had an anxious, inquiring expression as they turned to Mrs. Astor.

“You say,” said she to her, in a low tone, “that friends have been kind in their inquiries for me? Most of them are strangers, and yet I thank them.”

“Mr. Hall has called more than once,” replied Mrs. Astor; “he, I believe, is well known to you.”

“He is indeed,” said Mrs. St. Henry—“I wish I could see him—but it cannot be; no, it would not answer.”

Mrs. Astor longed to ask the nature of their former acquaintance, but a conviction that the question would be painful, restrained the expression of her curiosity.

“Would you not like to send for some of your friends,” inquired Mrs. Astor—“your husband?—My servants shall be at your disposal.”

“You are very kind,” answered Mrs. St. Henry, quickly—“but it is not necessary—my husband is too infirm to travel, and believing me well, he will suffer no anxiety on my account—I think I shall be quite well, after taking your sovereign medicine. Give it me now, if you please, while I am in a vein of compliance.”

She turned, with so lovely a smile, and extended her hand with so much grace, Mrs. Astor stood a moment, thinking what a beautiful picture she would make; then taking the lamp in her hand, she opened her closet, and took down the medicine casket. It happened that the first paper she touched was that which Mary had left, and which the servant had mingled with the others.

“Here is one already prepared,” cried she—“I always keep them ready, the exact number of grains usually given, as we often want it suddenly and at night.”

She mixed the fatal powder with some delicious jelly, and holding it to the lips of her patient, said with a cheering smile—“Come, it has no disagreeable taste at all.”

Mrs. St. Henry gave a nervous shudder, but took it unconscious of its deadly properties; and Mrs. Astor, praising her resolution, seated herself in an easy chair by the bedside, and began to read. She became deeply interested in her book, though she occasionally glanced towards her patient to see if she slept. She had placed

the lamp so that its light would not shine on the bed, and the most perfect quietness reigned in the apartment. How long this tranquillity lasted it is impossible to tell, for she was so absorbed in her book, time passed unheeded. At length Mrs. St. Henry began to moan, and toss her arms over the covering, as if in sudden pain. Mrs. Astor leaned over her, and took her hand. It was hot and burning, her cheek had a scarlet flush on it, and when she opened her eyes they had a wild and alarming expression.

"Water," she exclaimed, leaning on her elbow, and pushing her hair hurriedly from her brow—"Give me water, for I die of thirst."

"I dare not," said Mrs. Astor, terrified by her manner—"any thing but that to quench your thirst."

She continued still more frantically to call for water, till Mrs. Astor, excessively alarmed, sent for the doctor, and called in other attendants. As he was in the neighborhood, he came immediately. He looked aghast at the situation of his patient, for she was in a paroxysm of agony at his entrance, and his experienced eye took in the danger of the case.

"What have you given her, Madam?" said he, turning to Mrs. Astor, with a countenance that made her tremble.

"What have you given me?" exclaimed Mrs. St. Henry, grasping her wrist with frenzied strength—"You have killed me—it was poison—I feel it in my heart and in my brain."

Mrs. Astor uttered a scream, and snatched up the paper which had fallen on the carpet.

"Look at it, Doctor—it was calomel, just as you prescribed—what else could it be?"

The doctor examined the paper—there was a little powder still sticking to it.

"Good Heavens, Doctor," cried Mrs. Astor, "What makes you look so?—what is it?—what was it?"

"Where did you get this?" said he, sternly.

"At the apothecary's—I took it from that chest—examine it, pray."

The doctor turned away with a groan, and approached his beautiful patient, now gasping and convulsed. He applied the most powerful antidotes, but without effect.

"I am dying," she cried—"I am dying—I am poisoned—but oh, doctor, save me—save me—let me see him, if I must die—let me see him again, and she held out her hands imploringly to Mrs. Astor, who was in a state little short of distraction.

"Only tell me, if you mean Mr. Hall?"

"Who should I mean but Augustus?" she cried—"Perhaps in death he may forgive me."

The doctor made a motion that her request should be complied with, and a messenger was despatched.

What an awful scene was presented, when he entered the chamber of death! Was that the idol of his young heart, the morning star of his manhood; she, who lay livid, writhing and raving there? Her long, dark hair hung in dishevelled masses over her neck and arms, her large black eyes were fearfully dilated, and full of that unutterable agony which makes the spirit quail before the might of human suffering. Cold sweat-drops gleamed on her marble brow, and

her hands were damp with that dew which no morning sunbeam can ever exhale.

"Almighty Father!" exclaimed Mr. Hall—"what a sight is this!"

The sound of that voice had the power to check the ravings of delirium, she shrieked and stretched out her arms towards him, who sunk kneeling by the bedside, covering his face with his hands, to shut out the appalling spectacle.

"Forgive me," she cried, in hollow and altered accents—"Augustus, you are terribly avenged—I loved you, even when I left you for another. Oh! pray for me to that great and dreadful God, who is consuming me, to have mercy on me hereafter."

He did pray, but it was in spirit, his lips could not articulate; but his uplifted hands and streaming eyes called down pardon and peace on the dying penitent. The reason, that had flashed out for a moment, rekindled by memory and passion, was now gone forever. All the rest was but the striving of mortal pain, the rending asunder of body and soul. In a short time all was over, and the living were left to read one of the most tremendous lessons on the vanity of beauty, and the frailty of life, mortality could offer in all its gloomy annals.

"This is no place for you now," said the doctor, taking Mr. Hall's arm, and drawing him into another apartment, where secure from intrusion, he could be alone with God and his own heart. There was another duty to perform—to investigate the mystery that involved this horrible tragedy. The apothecary was summoned, who after recovering from his first consternation, recollected that a short time before, he had sold a quantity of corrosive sublimate to a little black girl, according to her mistress' orders. The servants were called for examination, and Dinah was pointed out as the culprit—Dinah, the imputed destroyer of the mirror, whose terror was now deemed the result of conscious guilt. Mrs. Astor vehemently protested she had never sent her, that it was the blackest falsehood; and Dinah, though she told the whole truth, how Mary had forbid her telling it was for her, and she merely used her mistress' name on that account, gained no belief. The chamber-maid, who had found the paper and put it in the chest, withheld her testimony, fearing she might be implicated in the guilt. Every thing tended to deepen the evidence against her. The affair of the broken looking-glass was revived. She had been heard to say, after her memorable flagellation, that she wished her mistress was dead, that she would kill her if she could; and many other expressions, the result of a smarting back and a wounded spirit, were brought up against her. It was a piteous thing to see the fright and hear the pleadings of the wretched girl: "Oh! don't send me to jail—don't hang me—send for Miss Mary," she repeated wringing her hands, and rolling her eyes like a poor animal whom the hunters have at bay. But to jail she was sent, for who could doubt her crime, or pity her after witnessing its terrific consequences. A damp, dreary prison-house, where seated on a pallet of straw, she was left to brood day after day, over her accumulated wrongs, hopeless of sympathy or redress. Let those who consider

a *white lie* a venial offence, who look upon deception as necessary to the happiness and harmony of society, reflect on the consequences of Mary Ellis's moral delinquency, and tremble at the view. She had not done more than a thousand others have done, and are daily doing; and yet what was the result? The soul of the lovely, the erring, and the unprepared had been sent shuddering into eternity, a household made wretched, the innocent condemned, a neighborhood thrown into consternation and gloom. Had Mary confessed her negligence to Margaret, instead of telling an unnecessary and untempted falsehood, a warning message could have then been easily sent back, and the wide-spread ruin prevented. There is no such thing as a *white lie*; they are all black as the blackest shades of midnight; and no fuller on earth can whiten them.

When Mrs. Astor had recovered from the shock of these events in a sufficient degree, she wrote to Mary a detailed account, begging her and Margaret to return immediately, and cheer the home which now seemed so desolate. The letter was long in reaching her, for the travelers were taking a devious course, and could leave behind them no precise directions. Mary was in one of her gayest, brightest humors, when she received the epistle. She was putting on some new ornaments, which Charles had presented to her, and he was looking over her shoulder at the fair image reflected in the glass, whose brow was lighted up with the triumph of conscious beauty.

"I look shockingly ugly to-day," said she, with a smile that belied her words.

"You tell stories with such a grace," replied her flattering husband, "I am afraid we shall be in love with falsehood."

"A letter from our dear Mrs. Astor; open it, Charles, while I clasp this bracelet; and read it aloud, then Margaret and I both can hear it."

Before Charles had read one page, Mary sunk down at his feet, rending the air with hysterical screams. Her husband, who was totally unaware of the terrible agency she had had in the affair, raised her in indescribable alarm. Her own wild expressions, however, revealed the truth, which Margaret's shivering lips confirmed.

"Oh! had you told me but the *truth*," cried Margaret, raising her prayerful eyes, and joined hands to heaven—"how simple, how easy it had been—Charles, Charles," added she, with startling energy, "praise not this rash, misguided girl, for the grace with which she *lies*—I will not recall the word. By the worth of your own soul and hers, teach her, that as there is a God above he requires truth in the inward heart."

Charles trembled at the solemnity of the adjuration, and conscience told him, that all the agonies his wife suffered, and all the remorse which was yet to be her portion were just. Margaret sought the solitude of her chamber, and there on her knees, she endeavored to find calmness. The image of Mr. Hall, mourning over the death-bod of her, once so madly loved, the witness of her expiring throes, the receiver of her last repentant sigh rose between her and her Creator. Then, that radiant face, that matchless form, which had so lately excited a pang of envy, even in her pure heart, now blasted by consuming poison, and mouldering in the cold grave; how aw-

ful was the thought, and how fearful the retribution! She, whose vain heart had by falsehood, endangered the very existence of another, was the victim of the very vice that had blackened her own spirit. Yes! there is retribution even in this world.

Mary returned, but how changed from the gay and blooming bride! Her cheek was pale, and her eye heavy. She hastened to repair the only wrong now capable of any remedy. The prison doors of poor Dinah were thrown open, and her innocence declared; but could the long and lonely days and nights spent in that weary, gloomy abode be blotted out? Could the pangs of cold, shuddering fear, the dream of the gallows, the rope, the hangman's grasp round the gurgling throat, the dark coffin seat, the scoffing multitude be forgotten? No!—Dinah's spirit was broken, for though her skin was black, there was sensibility and delicacy too beneath her ebony coloring. Could she bring back the gladness that once pervaded the dwelling of Mrs. Astor? Every thing there was changed. The room in which Mrs. St. Henry died was closed, it was haunted by two terrible remembrances. Bitterly did Mary mourn over the grave of her victim; but she could not recall her by her tears. No remorse could open the gates of the tomb, or reclothe with beauty and bloom the ruins of life.

Margaret, the true, the pure-hearted and up right Margaret, was not destined, like Mary, to gather the thorns and briars of existence. Long did the fragrance of her roses last, for she had not plucked them with too rash a hand. She and Mr. Hall again met. The moral sympathy that had drawn them together, was not weakened by the tragic event that had intervened; it had rather strengthened through suffering and sorrow. Mr. Hall could never forget the death scene of Laura St. Henry. The love expressed for him at a moment when all earthly dissimulation was over, had inexpressibly affected him. Her unparalleled sufferings seemed an expiation for her broken faith. It was at her grave, that he and Margaret first met, after their sad separation, when the falling shades of evening deepened the solemnity of the scene. Sorrow, sympathy, devotion, and truth, form a holy groundwork for love; and when once the temple is raised on such a foundation, the winds and waves may beat against it in vain. Mr. Hall found by his own experience, that the bruised heart can be healed, for Margaret's hand poured oil and balm on its wounds. He could repose on her faith as firmly as on the rock which ages have planted. He knew that she loved him, and felt it due to her happiness as well as his own, to ask her to be the companion of his pilgrimage. If they looked back upon the clouds that had darkened their morning, it was without self-reproach, and remembrance gradually lost its sting. Who will say she was not happier than Mary, who carried in her bosom, through life, that which "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder?"

On his death bed a distinguished humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral; "because," sobbed out the dying man, "it is a civility I can never repay."

For the Rural Repository.

EL BANDELERO.

BY S. C. S.

MORNING broke gloriously over the palm covered hills of Cuba; lighting a lovely prospect on which the eye of the mariner might gaze with delight. Not a breath of wind was stirring over the boundless ocean, which rose and fell in tremendous swells;—for the night before had been witness to one of those fearful and destructive tornadoes which often strew those rock bound shores with fragments of broken ships and the mangled bodies of drowned seamen.

In the distance might be discovered the city of the Havana, with its tiled-topped buildings reflecting the bright rays of the morning sun. The yellow striped banner of Spain was dimly seen floating above the tall battlements of the Moro Castle. The morning gun had just thundered forth its voice to welcome the advent of the God of day, and the hills caught up the sound, and re-echoed it far over the bright waters.

Many, who but a few days before were rejoicing in a speedy approximation to their desired haven, were now food for the hungry dolphin and devouring shark. Those who had anticipated a warm and joyous welcome from friends whose homes were in that land of fragrant flowers, had now found their graves among the coral caves of the briny deep.

But there was one noble bark that lived amid the horrors of that fearful storm; and now she rode upon the heaving seas—now hid in the deep trough of the rolling waves, and now rising again like some spirit of the air, upon the next succeeding wave, half way to the skies.

"She walked the waters like a thing of life."

She had striven with the elements, and that God whose providence watches over those that "go down to the sea in ships" had guided them safely through their tempestuous way; and now a blooming land stretched before them, and offered them an asylum in its quiet harbors.

As the ship slowly approached the land, those who had been watching her from the house-tops with telescopes, saw that the storm had not passed over her harmlessly, for her sails were shattered, her tall masts had been broken, and the loosened cordage hung carelessly from her swinging yards. Yet her hull seemed sound. She had not yet approached near enough to make distinct the forms that moved upon her decks.

There were many in that crowd of gazers, whose anxious and wishful countenances indicated that they were deeply interested in the object towards which their glasses were directed.

The merchant, who the night before had listened with fearful forebodings of bankruptcy to the voice of the raging storm, for his long-wished-for vessel was daily expected off the coast, was peering with anxious eyes upon the stranger, hoping that she, that had so gallantly outrode the storm, might be his.

Some were there who had been expecting the arrival of long absent and cherished friends. Were they on board that vessel? or had the relentless ocean claimed them for his own? O! in that hour of fearful suspense, when the heart is vacillating between the longings of hope, and

the agony of despair—in that fearful hour, who can express the mingled emotions of the soul! thoughts too deep for utterance swell the heaving breast, and the involuntary prayer bursts forth—that "He who rides upon the wings of the raging storm, and whose hand stirs the ocean into wrath" would protect and bring safely to a haven of rest, those whose loved and cherished forms are tossed upon its treacherous waves.

There was among those anxious gazers, one, who since the first rising of the sun, had stood upon a parapet of the castle, watching the approach of the vessel, as she rose and fell with the heaving waves. His was a noble form, and from the fine cast of his features, his dark expressive eye, his full and manly brow, it might be seen that the generous blood of Castile flowed in his veins.

He seemed deeply interested in the object on which he gazed; yet it was not the money-loving interest of the merchant, that made his dark eye flash with such brilliancy.—That ship, he hoped, contained a treasure dearer to him, than all the wealth of the East could be to the most sordid and selfish miser.

"It is she—it is the Esperanza!" he exclaimed as his glass revealed to him the ship's signal hoisted among the rigging.—"Thanks to the Holy Virgin, she has weathered the storm. I knew the saints would watch over so bright an angel as yon ship contains; and soon, my long worshipped idol, I shall fold thy dear form to this fond and anxious heart!"

The swell was rapidly subsiding;—a breeze had sprung up and the gallant ship though half disabled, moved gracefully before its influence, and passing the entrance of the port, was received with a cheering salute from the guns of the Moro. The salute was loudly returned from the ship, till the sea trembled with the echo; and like some tired bird of passage that had long struggled against the wind of a stormy day, she slowly glided under the high walls of the Cavannias, and rested in the quiet waters of that noble bay.

One small chandelier was casting its dim light through an elegantly furnished apartment in the suburbs of the Havana. The polished whiteness of the marble floor was relieved by the dark damask curtains that festooned the walls. The high ceiling was richly ornamented with arabesque carvings and fresco of various designs, commemorative of Moorish deeds, the conquest of Grenada, the Siege of the Alhambra, and other incidences connected with Spanish history.

In the center of the apartment a playful fountain threw up its bright waters, breathing coolness and music around, and sprinkled with sparkling diamonds the fragrant flowers that were placed about its basin.

In the farther end of the apartment a door hung with a loose curtain opened into a spacious garden, where the moonbeams smiled upon bright flowers and lovely walks. The citron and myrtle here vied in beauty with the majestic palm and fragrant orange. Here

"The acacia waived her yellow hair,"

And bending gracefully, laved her blossoms in the bubbling founts. The birds had not yet sought their nests, and their soft notes mingling with the expiring tones of the vesper bell, filled the evening air with melody.

Seated on a richly wrought sofa, were two happy lovers. They had just returned from a twilight ramble in the garden, where together they had breathed forth their vows of love, and offered their evening prayers to the Virgin.

Hence we will leave them for a while, and take the reader with us to the vine clad hills of sunny Spain.

Upon the lists of the old nobles of Castile, who could trace their ancestors far beyond the days of chivalry, even back to the period e'er the Roman dynasty prevailed over that land of romance, the name of de Morenci had ever ranked among the highest. In the wars and revolutions that had convulsed the land from time immemorial, the Moroncies had taken a conspicuous part, and among the chieftains of olden times, their swords were ever ready to advocate the cause of one party or the other. Sometimes it was that of justice against tyranny; at others, they were found the most zealous champions of oppression, and ruthlessly trampled upon the rights of the weaker party. But in those feudal times, when the nobles of the lands were all trained to the profession of arms, they fought as impulse directed—oftener governed by a lawless inclination than by a righteous perception of duty. Their ardent spirits must find employment, and they cared little whether their cause was just, so long as they were engaged in warfare.

The establishment of the Roman power in Spain in a measure tamed their warlike habits and propensities, or rather reduced them to a more systematic form. But still that spirit remained, and the age of chivalry commencing with the dawn of civilization, softened down the darker shades of their character; and their disciplined conquerors by their examples, instilled into them something of their own spirit.

But "the days of chivalry are over" and Spain, with her heroic sons, has been sobered down below the level of her less romantic neighbors. That haughty nation has been humbled. One by one her extensive possessions have been wrested from her—her ill gotten wealth has been squandered, and swells other coffers than her own; and she, that once ranked the proudest and richest among her contemporary kingdoms, is now but a dim shadow of her former greatness!

The name of Morenci is not yet extinct. That noble line was still perpetuated in the person of Don Pedro de Morenci; but the name alone exists. The continued revolutions of Spain, which for the last century have wrought so many changes among the hidalgos of the land, have affected him. The possessions which by right of descent should have been his, had long since been confiscated to the crown, and Don Pedro, like many others who had nothing but noble descent to boast of, had been educated to the profession of arms. He was but a youth, yet he held a conspicuous rank in the army; and he was deserving of his honors. His was a warm heart, and he possessed all the generous impulses characteristic of the noble hidalgos of Spain.

Don Pedro de Morenci had long loved the beautiful Inez de Cantero; and when at length he ventured to breathe his passion into her ear, he was made happy by the confession that his love was warmly returned. Often were they togeth-

er; but their meetings were unknown to the stern father of Inez. He had been informed of Pedro's attachment to his daughter, but his proud heart could not brook the idea of his only child—the child of a wealthy grandee, receiving as a lover, the addresses of one, who though his birth was far above his own, could not bring a title to corresponding riches. And though he could not help admiring the noble character of Pedro, he forbade Inez receiving his visits, except on such occasions as when the strict laws of etiquette made it necessary. But lovers will always form inventions by which to elude the vigilance of those who would oppose their happiness, and Inez and Pedro were seldom long absent from each other; until at length Pedro with the regiment of which he had command was ordered to the Havana. They parted, but not until they had established a medium through which they might carry on a correspondence with each other. Several years had passed away since they had been separated, but in that time they had frequent interchanges of sentiment, and often reiterated their protestations of love.

In the mean time the political changes which were taking place in Spain made it necessary for Don Jose de Cantero, either to advocate the cause of the ascendant party or leave the kingdom; and rather than compromise his principles and honor, he chose the latter alternative. The island of Cuba was the country which was to be his future home, and with his daughter the happy Inez, he embarked on board the *Esperanza* bound to the Havana, and after a successful voyage, unattended with any unpleasant accidents, save the encounter with the storm off the coast, and of which the reader has already been informed, they arrived at the city of their destination.

The lovers had met again, and were made happy in each other's dear society. The objections of the father of Inez towards Pedro had in a measure been removed; he had ever admired his character, and it was only as a suitor to his daughter, he objected to him. She was an only daughter, and the proud grandee had intended her for a more splendid connexion; but now he cordially received the welcome extended to him by Pedro, and for the time, until he could make the necessary arrangements relative to his household, he accepted his invitation, and made Pedro's house in the suburbs his home. And here after this long digression, in which we have twice crossed the Atlantic, we will return to them.

We left them seated on a sofa after their return from the garden. What had been the subject of their conversation during their walk, we will not pretend to divine; but from the deep blushes which made the face of the beautiful Inez still more lovely, and the happy smile which lit up the countenance of her lover as he gazed upon her, and looked forth his whole soul through his speaking eyes as they sat thus, one might easily guess that their evening ramble had not been productive of unpleasant thoughts.

"No Pedro! I cannot yet.—Thou knowest I love thee with all of woman's fond, enduring affection—years have proven the depth of that affection, and though unknown to my proud father, yet thy image has ever had a home in this

heart. I have ever cherished the memory of thy love as the dearest treasure of my existence, and the happiest moments of my life after thy departure were when I could steal away by myself to our favorite retreat in the garden, and there shed tears of happiness over thy fond letters, where thy heart seemed to have poured forth all its treasures of affection. Thou canst not doubt my love—I know thou dost not—but until my father's full consent can be obtained, I cannot marry!"

"But dearest Inez, that consent *shall be obtained*—I will see your father and lay my whole care before him. I will plead our cause with all the enthusiasm of a lover, and *you*—my loved one, will be my advocate—wilt thou not?"

"Yes! and if together we can move him and his consent be granted, then Pedro I will be yours, and——"

"Then she is yours!"—and Don Jose, who had just entered from the garden, and overheard unseen their conversation, approached, and putting the hand of his daughter into that of her lover, exclaimed—

"Take her, young man—*she is yours*, with my consent and the consent of Heaven—and may you both ever be as happy as at this moment."

[Concluded in our next.]

## MISCELLANY.

### SIR ISAAC COFFIN.

THERE were some things about this personage too much out of the common course to allow of letting him go down to his grave without a vol-ley. Our readers all know that the Admiral was a Bostonian. He loved to speak of the times when he was "a dirty-faced little rascal, licking molasses with the boys on Long wharf." This was before the Revolution. The veterans say that his family—which we have always heard was rather of humble condition than otherwise—resided in Province House Court.

Isaac was not destined, however, to be always licking molasses. There was a spirit in him which yearned for activity and adventure, and we find him in the British Navy at a very early date. In this service, no man more thoroughly earned that advancement and reputation which are both so hard to be earned. He went regularly and rigorously, we believe, through all the ordinary grades till he reached the *fourth* step from the summit of a list which is always long enough to discourage the hardiest aspirant. During this long service he must have lived over strange scenes. Indeed we know very well that he did so, and can only regret that we hear nothing of a memoir appearing which should embody the spirit of these things. At one time, the Duke of Clarence was under him—as midshipman, we believe. William got greatly attached to his commander too, who, though "rude in speech" sometimes, had yet, as the Indians say, a soft heart, and a large one. As Duke and King, the middy afterwards did all he could for Coffin's promotion, nor was he content to relinquish his society after coming to the throne. It is about three years since William inviting him to dine, was informed by the Admiral, that the gout, his great enemy, had wholly disabled him; he was



obliged to be trundled about in an easy chair. "Well, then, come with your easy chair," was the royal sailor's response to his old comrade; and go with his easy chair, he did. He had long before this, received a splendid medal on some occasion from his sovereign's hand. This he carried with him on land and sea, and he had it when he was cast adrift on the Atlantic ten years ago or more, by the burning of the "Boston." It was the only article then saved out of all his chattels, but his happiness was complete when it was held up to him on Captain Mackey's deck, while the helpless hero lay flat on his back.

This we have from a spectator of the scene. Our neighbor Osgood, the artist, was on board the Boston. He describes the fire, lighting in a cotton ship, and the whole scene as terrific. The sea ran mountains high, and it seemed doubtful if a boat could live, yet the Admiral never blenched. He was disabled, and his companions were very anxious to save him. Mr. O. says that as several were about to go below for that purpose, they encountered the veteran at the head of the cabin stairs. He, having heard of the danger, had ascended thus far, by the assistance of his servant, and with great and painful exertion. A mattress was laid in a whale boat, which was on the quarter. On this he was placed, with his servant by his side, while a man was stationed at each tackle. He at the bows seemed well aware of the critical situation in which they were placed; but the man at the stern took out his knife, and when the wave rose to the boat, cut the tackle, so that when the latter rose again, the other end being fast, the boat was half filled with water, and the sailor at the stern thrown into the deep. By this time the bow-tackle was unhooked, the boat cleared from the side, and the old tar taken, half drowned, from the sea, to receive a pretty severe reprimand from the fearless man whom he had so unintentionally immersed in a cold bath.

Thus the scene went on till all were afloat, in boats, three hundred miles from land. One soon died of exhaustion. The rest were on allowance of a third of a biscuit and a gill of water a day. The admiral not only shared all, but he alone kept up the life of the company, giving them every encouragement, and winding up occasionally with one of his best songs. "Oh! my lads," he roared out at one time, "don't look so eagerly on my old carcass. Here's a young painter will make a much better meal!" Fortunately, this lasted but a night and a day. The passengers got into this port not long after. The Admiral went to the Tremont again, just as if all was not lost. Moreover, he sat to the artist, and paid him double price. He also gave Captain Mackey, who rescued the company, a douceur of five hundred dollars and a splendid gold watch.

This is a long story, but it shows the whole man. He was a sailor of the old school. Smollet would have gloried in him; but he was too good for Smollet. With all his little eccentricities, and all disciplined as he was, there was a sound sense and sterling Yankee spirit at the bottom, which still kept him ahead. Yet, to his shrewdness were added a gallantry and generosity that flinched from nothing. His impulses were noble, and he yielded to them. He once com-

manded a ship, when a man was knocked overboard in a gale, his comrades hesitated, but not Coffin; in five minutes he had the fellow on deck again, heels over head. "Ah, you blackguard," he cried as he shook the water out of his trowsers, "You've cost me a new hat!" At another time he had a fire suddenly discovered below, which proved to be close to the magazine, and even the old sailors were so frightened that 60 of them swam ashore. The Admiral, however, led on the rest to the rescue, and the fire was with great exertions extinguished. As to liberality, his character is well known. We see that he has lately been publicly thanked as a leading benefactor of the "Naval School." Every body knows that the Coffin School, consisting wholly of persons of that family, has long been flourishing by his beneficence at Nantucket, where there are said to be at least 500 of the name. The old man loved America best after all. There was nothing like Boston to him. Much more might be added to this gossip, but enough. We hope that some of the Admiral's contemporaries, who are qualified, will let us hear from them. Meanwhile, as we said before, they'll excuse this "volley."

#### FEAR OF DEATH.

SURELY, to the sincere believer, death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties—those heart-strings—by which we are attached to life. Nor, indeed, do I believe that it is natural to fear death, however generally it may be thought so. From my own feelings I have little right to judge; for, although habitually mindful that the hour cometh, and even now may be, it has never appeared actually near enough to make me duly apprehend its effect upon myself. But from what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer, that the fear of death is not common, and that, where it exists, it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind, than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a natural composure which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief, as it is from the delirious rapture of fanaticism. There is a true, unhesitating faith; and they are willing to lay down the burthen of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. *Southey.*

#### ROMANTIC VILLAINY.

SOME time since the sheriff of a county in the southern part of Mississippi, had received, in his official character, a large sum of money—say fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. Under pretext of a call from home for a day or two, he placed the money in the keeping of his wife, whom he charged to take good care of it.

Late in the evening of the day on which he left home, a stranger of genteel appearance, called at the house, and asked permission to remain over night. Disliking to entertain a stranger during her husband's absence, the wife of the sheriff denied the request, and the stranger rode on. Directly after his departure, however, the lady

came to the conclusion that she had done wrong in refusing to take him in, and sent a servant to recall him.—The gentleman returned, and soon after retired to rest.

Late in the night, three men, disguised as negroes, came to the house, called up the lady, and demanded possession of the money left in her charge. Believing that there was no help for it, she at length told them that the money was in another room, and that she would go and get it for them.

It so happened that the money had been deposited in the room occupied by the stranger, and on her going for it, she found the stranger up and loading his pistols. He had been awakened by the noise, and had overheard most of the conversation between his hostess and the robbers.

Telling the lady to be of good heart, he gave her a loaded pistol, and instructed her to go out and present the money to one of the robbers, and to shoot the fellow whilst in the act of doing it—on her doing which, he, (the stranger) would be ready for the other two.

With a coolness and courage that it is difficult to conceive of in a woman, she did as directed, and the robber who received the money fell dead at her feet. Another instant, and the stranger's bullet had felled the second robber. The third attempted to escape, but was overtaken at the gate by the stranger, and fell under the thrust of his knife.

As soon as practicable, the neighbors were alarmed, and on washing the paint from the faces of the dead robbers, the one killed by the lady proved to be her own husband, and the other two a couple of near neighbors!

#### EDUCATING A WIFE.

FROM the "Journal of Aaron Burr," during his residence in Europe, just published by the Harpers, we extract the following curious narrative:

PERRY, the proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, has now an income of £10,000 per annum. Born in the north of Scotland and having received a good classical education, at the age of twenty he walked to London to seek his fortune. He had on his arrival two and six-pence.—For some time he nearly starved. At length he got employment and small wages from the editor of the Morning Chronicle, and subsequently he became principal editor, and then a partner, and finally, sole proprietor. At the age of forty he was wealthy. Happening to make a journey in the country, he saw, in a milliner's shop, a girl, with whose beauty and manner he was greatly smitten. He begged leave to repeat his visit—at the second interview, he told her he would marry her, but, added, I am a man of fortune, and wish to live hospitably, and to make my friends happy at home. I am not accustomed to society, and must have a wife who can do the honors of my house with grace, and dignity, and fashion. Now you have seen nothing of the world, and know less of these matters than I do; but you have talents, and would presently become a lady, if you were under proper advantage. Then, if you will go to Paris, and spend two years there to perfect yourself, I will furnish the means, and marry you on your return." The lady, who was seventeen, was not long in balancing on so hard a condition.

She went to Paris, passed the two years under every advantage which money could procure, returned an accomplished lady, and all that Perry could wish. They married, and have six lovely children. She has been the pride of his heart, the ornament of his house, and the admiration of his friends.

I know an Irishman who did something of the same kind, but I doubt whether there be anything similar in the history of an Englishman.

#### MANNERS.

I MAKE it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if he means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same congealing of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—"how are you my old friend?"

A REVOLUTIONARY HERO GONE.—Among the foreign volunteers in the army of the revolution, the reader can but remember the name of Baron Steuben. After the treachery of Arnold, he could not bear to hear the name of the man or any allusion to him. Once, while reviewing a regiment of light horse, he incidentally heard the name which he so much abhorred. He ordered the person bearing it, to the front, and was astonished at the appearance of a young and gallant rider of portly bearing, excellently equipped. "Change your name, brother soldier," said the Baron; "you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take then, General?" said the soldier. "Any you please. Mine is at your service." An offer so honorable was thankfully accepted; the name of Steuben was entered upon the roll. The soldier whose name was thus changed, carried his new name to the day of his death, which occurred last January. He died at Steuben, in this state, aged 82.—*New York Sun.*

#### HOW HE SAVED IT.

A MILITARY man "Down East," knowing he could be elected to a captaincy if he would consent to a nomination, called upon a neighbor who had formerly served in that capacity, to ascertain if the office was one of pecuniary profit. Being told by the retired veteran that he had held the office for five years, and saved five hundred dollars, he gladly accepted the nomination, and was chosen captain of his company. After some years campaigning in the way of "company trainings" and "general musters," finding his office to be a heavy bill of expense, instead of a source of profit, he called on his old friend again for information as to how he had saved

five hundred dollars, while he himself lost one hundred dollars annually by the same office. "Why," replied the captain, "I was worth just one thousand dollars when I was elected; I held the office five years, and lost five hundred dollars by it; so I resigned and saved the other five hundred."

#### NATURAL RELIGION.

COME quietly away with me, we will walk up and down the narrow path, by the sweet-briar-hedge: and will listen to the low song of the black-bird, and the fresh air will cool our aching brows, and we shall find comfort. To these things, fresh air and the bird's song and the fragrance of the lovely flowers, God has given a blessing; like sleep, they are medicines—"balm of sweet winds!" We will walk to and fro under the shade of those elms; and we will be calm; bitter recollections shall be made sweet by the thought of his mercies; and in the midst of the sorrows we have in our hearts, his comforts shall refresh our souls: and our minds shall be stored with many thoughts, sweet, like the perfumes of these flowers.

#### A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

ABOVE all things strive to have a good conscience. Most studiously avoid giving your heart the least motive to reproach you on account of your actions, and the means you employ to attain your ends. Never pursue crooked ways and you may firmly rely upon good consequences, and the assistance of God, and of good men in time of need. Although you should be thwarted for some time by misfortune, yet the blissful consciousness of the goodness of your heart, and the rectitude of your designs, will afford your uncommon strength and comfort; your sorrowful countenance will interest those with whom you converse, much more than the grimaces of a smiling and grinning villain who seems to be happy.

MEN measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars, he might give one; carry it higher and there comes a falling off. One hundred dollars would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be deemed miraculous from a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's high-sounding and widely-trumpeted benefaction.

A GENTLEMAN traveling on the road, seeing a man standing at the door, asked if he was master of the house. "I don't know," he replied, "as my wife and I have just quarreled; but I'll step in and see." Returning, he said he was master, and inquired the stranger's business. "Only," replied the gentleman, "to direct me the nearest road to the next tavern."

A CLIENT once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, "I did not think I suffered half so much till I heard it this day."

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."—As the chaplain in the Wethersfield State Prison, was passing the cell of a culprit, who was reading his bible, he was accosted thus; "If I had only known these words before I had committed crime, I should not have been for twenty-eight years a tenant of the State's prison." "What words," said the chaplain. "Why these in Gen. xvi. 13. the words of Hagar, 'Thou God seest me.' And he was not the only prisoner who made similar statements to the chaplain. A number told him they found it impossible to perpetrate the crimes for which they were sent, until they had banished the thought of the omniscient and omnipresent God from their minds.

"WILL you let me have a few articles out of your store on credit?" asked a new customer of a Quaker merchant. "Well, I don't exactly know. When thee re-sits thy fence in the spring, does thee set it inside or outside, of where it stood before?" "Why, I set it outside, and clean up the row where it stood." "Does thee? Well, thee shall have credit in my store for any thing thee wants."

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. G. Saugerties, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Paltz Landing, N. Y. \$2.00; J. U. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. S. Pleasant Mount, Pa. \$5.00; H. S. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$3.00; J. A. C. Rushville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. L. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; D. W. K. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; D. J. A. Stearnsville, Ms. \$1.00; R. C. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. S. West Genesee, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Meredith, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. D. B. Kingston, N. Y. \$1.00; F. M. B. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. L. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; L. R. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Whitney's Point, N. Y. \$5.00; A. H. R. Wyoming, Mich. \$1.00; E. H. W. Redford, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cambridge, Vt. \$6.00; G. W. B. Cincinnati, O. \$5.00; J. C. New Hampton, N. H. \$2.00; W. D. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Marlborough, N. H. \$2.00; H. L. Otis, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Saint Pie, L. C. \$5.00; A. G. Belvidere, Ill. \$1.00; S. B. Hatfield, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Bolivar, N. Y. \$5.00; S. H. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; R. B. M. Toronto, U. C. \$1.00; P. M. Jackson, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Six Mile Creek, N. Y. \$6.00; P. M. Middlebury, Vt. \$2.00; D. E. P. Somerset, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. V. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. B. Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; S. V. R. T. Fort Covington, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### Married,

In this city, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. John L. Whiting, of Kinderhook, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of Robert A. Barnard, Esq.  
On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Van Wagenen, Mr. Henry S. Van Etten to Miss Margaret Rossmann, both of Livingston.  
On the 24th ult. by the same, Mr. John Shutts to Miss Catharine Cole, both of Livingston.  
On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. William H. Campbell of Hudson, to Miss Maria Defreest of Livingston.

#### Deaths,

In this city, on Thursday, the 5th inst. Mary Elizabeth, only child of the late James H. and Melissa Gaul, aged one year.  
On the 26th ult. Ellen B. daughter of Abraham and Sarah Van Hoesen, aged 1 year.  
On the 27th ult. Sarah, daughter of Aaron C. Macy, aged 9 months.  
On the 30th ult. Wm. H. son of Mary Frost, aged 8 years, 10 mo. and 18 days.  
On the 4th inst. Robert E. Atwell, in his 30th year.  
On the 5th inst. at the residence of Wm. O. King, Mr. Benajah Bingham aged 75 years. Mr. B. was long a resident of this city.  
On the 6th inst. Thomas P. son of Eleazer M. and Hester Hedges, aged 1 year.  
On the 8th inst. Abraham, son of Lewis and Margaret Ann Remer, aged 4 years and 6 months.  
On Monday, the 2nd inst. at Ghent, Columbia County, David Skinner, esq. aged 48 years.  
At Albany, on the 27th ult. Eliza, wife of Frederick J. Barnard, and daughter of the late Col. Eleazer Pomeroy, of Coventry, Conn.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Dew for the rose in its first youthful hour,  
And honeyed sweetness for the op'ning flower  
Veiled amid shadowy leaves:  
Its earliest bud that yet is half concealed,  
Deep bowered in shade, but by perfume revealed,  
More than full bloom receives;—  
And thus fair honor, purity and truth,  
Coldly received by man, the generous youth  
Knows, values and believes.  
Can future life give aught so fair as now  
Of truth in heart, or beauty on the brow,  
Or feelings, gay and free?  
Perchance;—but still when early mem'ries fade,  
Each fond remembrance darkened or decayed,  
Remember me! FIDELIA.

For the Rural Repository.

## LAURA JANE.

I miss her on the green,  
Where once we culled the summer flower;  
Her sprightly form not there is seen  
At noontide's sunny hour.

When study's task is o'er,  
And merry voices greet my ear,  
Her joyous laugh is heard no more,  
The lonely hour to cheer.

A modest floweret blooms  
Far down some lone and lovely vale,  
Content to yield its sweet perfumes  
To every passing gale.

The strong winds sweep the flower,  
And scatter all its charms away,  
That tender blossom of an hour,  
Just bloomed, but to decay.

So down a shady glen,  
Where flowers of every hue grow wild,  
Far from the busy haunts of men,  
The lovely Laura smiled.

In nature's forest bower,  
Her tiny feet were wont to roam;  
And there she bloomed, the fairest flower,  
That graced her woodland home.

But ah! the spoiler came—  
The dewy brow, the heaving breath,  
The faded cheek and wasting frame,  
Were harbingers of death.

The sick child murmured low,  
While tears stood trembling in her eye,  
"Mother, the realms to which I go,  
Beyond the dark tomb lie.

"And fearful shades of gloom,  
Across the dreary vale are thrown:  
Oh mother, guide me through the tomb,  
I dare not go alone.

"How soft would be this bed,  
How calm the hour of life's decline,  
If you could lay your aching head  
Low in the dust with mine,

"Oh, take me to your arms—  
Pray to the Saviour, whom I love,

To bear me safe from death's alarms,  
Up to his courts above."

That mother, bowed with grief,  
Embraced her darling fondly there,  
Then both in concert sought relief,  
Their voices joined in prayer.

The Saviour heard their cry,  
And wiped away their burning tears;  
He taught the child in peace to die,  
And scattered all her fears.

Then ceased the dying groan—  
The scarce articulated prayer,  
She passed the vale, but not alone,  
For God was with her there. S. B.

For the Rural Repository.

## IMPROMPTU.

How deep the yearning in me for that clime,  
That radiant clime, the spirit's dwelling-place,  
That lies far, far beyond the reach of time,  
And never yet hath felt its blighting trace.

I'd flee from earth—I sigh to bid adieu,  
To all its scenes of anguish, care and strife—  
Too many are its woes, its joys too few,  
Its joys—ah, rainbows of the storms of life!

O, for the blissful lot of dwellers there,  
In the bright, amaranthine bowers on high,  
When bliss each hour new-born, for aye they share,  
And sorrow enters not to prompt the sigh! J. M.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

## THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"My boy was beautiful; and he is dead!  
Ask me no more; for I would be alone—  
Alone to weep."

Long flowed that mourner's tear;  
And then, beside the Bible, she knelt down,  
Laying her cheek upon its hallowed page,  
And, said "God comfort me!"  
And as she closed  
The fervent prayer, methought a still, small voice,  
Bade the swollen surges of her soul be still;  
That He who walked upon Tiberia's lake,  
Ruling the midnight storm, might thither come,  
And save from shipwreck.

Then, with pang subdued,  
Memory went wandering to the loved one's grave,  
Marking in every bud that blossomed there—  
In every joyous butterfly, that spread  
Its radiant wing amid the flowers—a type  
Of glorious resurrection. Every drop  
Of dew that sparkled on that turf-clad mound,  
Was holy to her. Even the bitter grief  
That made the parting hour so desolate,  
Put on the robe of humble faith and said,  
"Tis well, my Lord—well with the little one  
Who dwells with thee."

And then methought, she heard  
Sweet sounds of heavenly harpings—and beheld  
Celestial gleamings of cherubic wings;  
And 'mid the chant of ransomed infancy  
Unto its Saviour, caught the tuneful voice  
Of her own cherished nursing.

So her lip  
Join'd in the praise. For how could she forbear  
To thank her God for him who ne'er should taste  
Of trouble more.

Was it the tender tone

Of him, so often cradled on her breast,  
That whispered as she lay that night, in dreams?  
"Oh, mother, weep no more!—but with a heart  
Of holy love, hold on yon shining path  
And come to me. For He who took, on earth,  
Young children to his arms, will bid in Heaven  
The mother find her babe. So keep thine eye  
Clear from the grief cloud—for the time is short—  
The way is plain. Dear mother, come to me."

## ODE TO SCIENCE.

BY J. CLEMENT.

FAIR orb, that first on Egypt gleamed,  
And thence illumed the Grecian isles;  
O'er Rome's Augustan greatness streamed,  
And, lingering still, on Europe smiles.  
Revolving westward in thy sphere,  
O'er this sweet land thy radiance stay,  
With moral light the soul to cheer,  
And kindle intellectual day.

May Newtons here and Herschels rise,  
To trace, with philosophic eye,  
The worlds that through the midnight skies  
In countless hosts revolve on high.  
May other Franklins, too, appear,  
And in thy realms serenely shine,—  
On thy refulgent car career,  
Enrobed in splendor all divine.

Where Ignorance her gloom has spread,  
And Superstition holds her reign;  
Where blinded Man, by Error led,  
Now bows him at an idol's fane;—  
Oh through that dark benighted clime,  
Benignly shed thy sacred beams,  
Till earth is freed from wo and crime,  
And truth on every spirit streams.

With pure Religion blend thy light,  
And onward speed thy course afar,  
Till they who sleep in pagan night  
Shall hail the dawn of Bethlehem's star;—  
Till he who roams the forest wild,  
And he who feels a despot's rod,  
Shall each of faith become the child,  
And all shall know and worship God.

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NUMBER 8.

## AUTUMN.



THE affinity which the soul of man bears to the things around him, is another proof of the wisdom and goodness of God. How can we conform ourselves to the varying seasons of the changing year, and enjoy those changes which we had conceived adverse to our feelings and desires, not only the animal enjoyment, but the ecstasies of the soul, the elevation of the mind, and the purification of the heart. It is because God speaks to us through his works, in his own language, which never breathes in vain, because it is never misunderstood.

Every season has its beauties, and gives its own occasions for rejoicing.

The mild influence of Spring awakens every passion to a new existence. He that then loves, feels

it grow stronger and deeper. He that hopes, feels his hopes renewed and strengthened; and he that has surrendered his heart to God, sees around him brighter and sweeter inducements to worship and to love.

But mild and mellow Autumn, how we can contemplate, in the decline of Nature's beauties, the downward path of life, when the soul looks beyond the pagantry of the world, for more sure happiness and lasting enjoyment! When it resigns its buoyancy, its beauties, its schemes, and every thing but its hopes, to assume the calmness and the cares of age.

It is the finest portion of the year, when the fields, the trees, and the feelings assume different

garbs and hues, doffing the gold for the grey; the smile of mirth for the look of gravity; noise and bustle for staidness and quiet sobriety. For the glossy green the fields put on the russet, here and there faintly tinged by the remains of its former freshness, while sheltered at the base of the withered stubble. And the trees too will lose the evidences of their being, and the red, the yellow, and the pink, will usurp the place of the thrice-favored "hue of heaven," lending to the day, when the pale sun casts his expiring beams upon their tops, a picture of declining beauty, that shall seem fairer than its meridian splendors, and the feelings also will tune to the change, and enjoy the happiest illusions in the sublime display of God's goodness and wisdom.—*Saturday Courier.*

would, one of these bright days, fall, and we should catch larks. Being of a benevolent and equable temperament, her credulity has the most happy manifestations. Her faith in her fellow-creatures is implicit, and her confidence in the happiness of the future unwavering; so that, however dark and heavy the clouds may be at any given moment, she believes they are on the point of breaking away.

I have known but a single exception to the general and pleasant current of my friend's life. One anxiety and disappointment crossed her, which even her blessed alchemy could not gild or transmute. Her husband lost all his fortune; this was not *the cross*. Mrs. Dunbar said, she saw no reason why they should not take their turn on Fortune's wheel; she did not doubt they should come up again, and if they did not, why, her own private fortune was enough to secure them from dependence and want. Her husband had none of her philosophy, or rather happy temperament; philosophy gets too much credit. He had an ambitious spirit, and his ambition had

taken a direction very common in our cities; an aspiration after commercial reputation, and the wealth and magnificence that follow it. Mr. Dunbar had mounted to the very top round of the ladder, when, alas, it fell! and his possessions and hopes were prostrated. A fever seized him in the severest hour of disappointment, and the moral and physical pressure killed him. But this was not *the cross*. Mrs. Dunbar loved and honored her husband, without having any peculiar sympathy with him. He imparted none of his projects to her, and neither interfered with nor participated in her quiet, every-day pursuits and pleasures; so that no harmonious partnership could be dissolved with less shock to the survivor. Mrs. Dunbar, beside the common-place solaces, on such occasions, such as "We must all die"—"Heaven's time is the best time," had a particular and reasonable consolation in being relieved from the sight of unhappiness that she could not remove or mitigate. This was not selfishness, but the necessity of her nature, which resembled those plants that cannot live unless they have sunshine, and plenty of it.

Mrs. Dunbar had one son, Fletcher, a youth of rare promise, who was just seventeen at his father's death. He most happily combined the character of his parents—the aspiring and firm thoughts of his father, and the bright spirit of his mother. His education had been most judiciously directed by his father; and his mother, without any system or plan whatever, had, by the spontaneous action of her own character, most happily moulded his affections. At seventeen, Fletcher Dunbar seemed to me the perfection of a youth; with a boyish freshness and playfulness, and a manly grace, generosity and courtesy. Much more attention than is usual in our country had been given to the adornments of education; but his father, who had all respect to the solid and practical, had taken care that the weightier matters were not sacrificed; and he had a prompt reward. So capable and worthy of trust was Fletcher at his father's death, that the mercantile house in which he was clerk, offered him, on advantageous terms, an agency for six years, in France and England. Mrs. Dunbar consented to his departure. But this parting of the widow from her only son, her only child, and such a child, was not *the cross*. "There was nothing like throwing a young man, who had his fortune to carve, on his own responsibilities," she justly said, "Fletcher would get good, and not evil, wherever he went. She should hear from him by every packet, and six years would soon fly away." And they did, and this brings me to the story of that drop, that diffused its bitterness through the cup my friend till now had preserved sweet and sparkling.

The six years were gone; six years they had

## SELECTED TALES.

From the Token for 1840.

### SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"Grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair." MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

It is a common saying, that no individual profits by another's experience—there are few, we believe, that profit by their own; few to whom may not be justly applied that striking saying of Coleridge, that "experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which only illuminates the way that is passed." But, of all the scholars I have ever known in this ever-open school of experience, my friend, Mrs. Dunbar, is the most unteachable. With a fair portion of intellect, with a quick observation, and fifty years' acquaintance with the world, she is as trustful, as credulous, and as hopeful, as when a child, she believed the rainbow was a rope, of *substantial*, woven light, with a golden cup at the end of it; that there was a real man standing in the moon, and that the sky

been to Fletcher, of health, prosperity and virtue. I need say nothing more for a young man, who had been exposed to the temptations of London and Paris. The happy day and evening of his arrival had passed away. Uncles, aunts, and friends had thronged to welcome him, and gone to their homes, and Mrs. Dunbar was left alone with Fletcher and Ellen Fitzhugh.

I have said that Mrs. Dunbar had but one child; but, if it be possible for the bonds of adoption to be as strong as those of nature, Mrs. Dunbar loved Ellen as well as if she had been born to her. This instance was enough to prove, that there may be the happiness of a maternal affection without the instincts of nature, or the feeling of property in the object, which more selfish natures than my friend's require. Ellen was the child of a very dear friend of Mrs. Dunbar, who, from a goodly portion of nine daughters, surrendered this, the fairest and best, to what she then deemed a happier destiny than she could in any other way secure for her.

I do not believe Mrs. Dunbar could have told which she loved best, Ellen Fitzhugh, or her son; in truth, they were so blended in her mind that they made but one idea. When she saw Ellen, Fletcher was in her imagination; when she thought of Fletcher, Ellen was the present visible type through which her thoughts and affections went out to him.

Now he had returned; they were under the same roof;—Fletcher was three and twenty, with a handsome fortune to begin the world with; and Ellen was just eighteen, with

"A countenance, in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Never was there a fitter original for this beautiful description of the poet, than Ellen Fitzhugh; and could there be anything more natural than Mrs. Dunbar's firm belief, that Fletcher would set right about weaving into an imperishable fabric the golden threads she had been spinning for him.

The first evening had passed away; the old family domestics had received from Fletcher's hand some gift "far fetched," and enriched with the odor of kind remembrance; and Mrs. Dunbar and the young people lingered over the decaying embers, to talk over the thousand particulars that are omitted in the most minute correspondence. "Pray tell me, Fletcher," asked Mrs. Dunbar, "who was that Bessie Elmore you spoke of so frequently in your last letters?"

"Bessie Elmore! Heaven bless her! She was the daughter of a lady who was excessively kind to me the last time I was in London. She bore a striking resemblance to Ellen, so I called her cousin—a pretty title to shelter a flirtation; I should inevitably have lost my heart, but for the presumption of asking her to give up her country."

"Was she very like Ellen?"

"Excessively; her laugh, too, always recalled Ellen's. She was a charming little creature!"

Ellen blushed slightly, and Mrs. Dunbar's happy countenance smiled all over as she said, "Ellen is very English in her looks."

"Yes, aunt, a 'rosy, sturdy little person,' as English Smith used to call me."

"Not too sturdy, Ellen," said Fletcher, "and not too little—just as high as our hearts, mother, is she not?"

"She has always just filled mine," replied the delighted mother, who had already jumped to the conclusion that the affair was as good as settled, and the wedding, and the happy years to follow, floated in rich visions before her. She ventured on one question she was anxious to have settled. "You have no occasion to go abroad again, Fletcher?"

"None. A happy home, in my own country, has long been my 'castle in the air,' and now, thank Heaven, I can give it a terrestrial foundation."

"Ellen is not the person to relish this 'taking for granted,'" thought Mrs. Dunbar; Fletcher should be more reserved.

Fletcher soon turned the current of her apprehensions. "Pray," he asked, "what is the reason, Ellen, that you and my mother have so seldom mentioned Matilda Preston in your letters of late?"

"We have seen much less of her than usual the winter past. Matilda cannot

"To a party give up what was meant for mankind."

I suppose you know she has been a 'bright and particular star' this winter—a belle?"

"Has she? I am sorry for it!"

"So is not Matilda. She enjoys her undisputed reign. She lies, to those she chooses to please, captivating manners, and you know she is talented. The beaux, of a score of years standing, declares there has been nothing like her in their time. She is beset with admirers and lovers. She says she is obliged, when she goes to a ball, to keep an ivory tablet under her belt, with a list of her partners. Some wag pasted upon Carroll Place, where the Prestons live, 'Apollo's Court,' on account of the perpetual serenades there. Poor Rupert Seldon told me, he had thrown away a half year's commissions on bouquets, and serenades to her, which, in his own romantic phrase, had 'ended in smoke.' She is said to be engaged."

"Engaged!" Fletcher bit his nails for two or three minutes in deep abstraction, and then added, "To whom is she engaged?"

"Pray don't look so distressed, cousin, I only reported it as an *on dit*—I forgot your flame for Matilda."

"Pshaw, Ellen! but who is the person?"

"The pre-eminent person at the present moment is Ned Garston."

"Ned Garston! a monkey—impossible!"

"Oh, he is much improved by foreign travel, and, if still a monkey, a romantic monkey, a monkey *en beau*. He has put himself into the hands of some Parisian master of the science of transforming the deformed, and has come forth the *tableau vivant*, copied after a famous picture of some Troubadour in the Louvre."

"What do you mean, Ellen?"

"I mean, that Ned Garston's, very pretty black hair hangs in hyacinthine curls over the collar of his coat—that he wears tresses, like a girl's, on each side of his face, and mustaches and whiskers that would besit a grand Sultan. The girls call him the "Sublime Porte."

"And is it possible that Matilda Preston, that

gifted, beautiful creature, is going to throw herself away upon this Jackanapes!"

"How wildly you talk, Fletcher!" interposed his mother, "you have not seen Matilda Preston since she was a mere child."

"But a rare child, my dear mother; Matilda Preston, at thirteen, was a fit model for sculpture and painting. She moved like a goddess, and her faculties were worthy such a form. Lord bless me, what a sacrifice!—is it a sacrifice to Mammon, Ellen?"

"Do not insist that the sacrifice is certain—"

"I have no doubt it is his fortune," said Mrs. Dunbar, for the first time, I believe, in her life, turning a scale against an absent person that might have been struck in her favor, "that is to say, fortune and style. Garston has the most showy equipage in the city, and his family, you know, are all in the first fashion."

"The fashion would have more influence with Matilda than fortune, I suspect. You know, aunt, she refused Stanhope Gilmore, who is very rich, and very clever in the bargain."

"But you remember, Ellen, she told us her father would never have consented to her marrying a Loco Foco."

"Loco Foco! what the mischief is that, mother?"

"Why—the lowest of the people—an agrarian, you know—a Tory."

"What does my mother mean, Ellen? I never heard such a confusing combination of terms."

"You surely know what we mean by Whigs and Tories?"

"Not I."

"Did you never read our newspapers?"

"Very seldom—never the party papers. An American abroad is ashamed of the petty wrangling, virulence, and vulgarity of our political papers. We care only for the honor and prosperity of the country at large. We love our countrymen, by whatever name they are called, and it makes us heart-sick to take up one of our popular journals and see it proclaimed that 'a crisis is at hand!' that the country is on the brink of ruin! that the Constitution is in jeopardy! and can only be saved by a doubtful majority, rallying with all their strength against a corrupt *faction*, about to prostrate the liberties of the country!—The only way to keep your temper is never to look into a newspaper. But, pray, can you tell me what are these Loco Foco Tories?"

Poor Mrs. Dunbar never disturbed the serene heaven of her mind with politics. She received a very vague impression from the persons she associated with, and in according with this impression, she now replied, "I don't know precisely—I remember my father talking about the Tories in Revolutionary days, being the enemies of their country, and I suppose it is just the same now."

Mrs. Dunbar answered in good faith. The changes of the last sixty years, the new formations, and the remodelings; the old parties with new names, and the new parties with old names, still existed in her mind as the ideas originally entertained it, as banded Whigs and Tories. Fletcher laughed at her reply and said, "I see, my dear mother, you are just where I left you. The Loco Focos, I take it for granted, Ellen, are the Administration party."



"Yes."

"And Stanhope Gilmore, sprung from the most aristocratic family in the State, is a Loco Foco? and Matilda Preston's father, of a purely democratic origin, belongs to the aristocratic party?"

"Just so."

"Well, thank Heaven, our party associations may make a great uproar, but they can never have the element of danger while they are so unstable and accidental."

A ring at the door, and the entrance of a note "To Mrs. Fitzhugh," cut the thread of Fletcher's generalizations. He cast his eye on the note, and exclaimed, "That I am sure is from Matilda Preston, though I have not seen her writing for six years. If there is nothing private in it, will you allow me to look at it, Ellen?"

"Certainly, there is nothing private, only such a strange proposition!"

"Read it aloud, please, Fletcher," said Mrs. Dunbar; and Fletcher read as follows:

"DEAREST ELLEN:—You are engaged to go to Mrs. Reeve's costume-ball to-morrow evening. Some tiresome people have been persuading me to appear as Rebecca. Now I am well aware, that, in the article of beauty, I am not fitted to impersonate the lovely Jewess, but I am half inclined to try it, because I can so well arrange a dress for the character. Mamma has a remnant of a last century's dress, a bright yellow India silk, embroidered with silver, that, with my ostrich feather, and *agrafe*, will do admirably for the turban. I do not quite comprehend Rebecca's *simarre*, but I think the boddice of my brocade will do as a substitute.

"My note was interrupted by a visit from Madame Salasuar. She offers me her diamonds—a *bas* pride I'll wear them. They are essential to give the eastern character of magnificence. Then you know my 'sable tresses,' my 'aquiline nose,' my 'dark complexion,' and my 'Oriental eyes,' as De Ville will call them, will all work in as accessories, to give *vraisemblance* to the *tableau vivant*.

"Now, my sweetest Ellen, I cannot appear as the Jewess, unless you will accompany me as the Lady Rowena. Pray—pray do not refuse me, why should you?"

"Perhaps you think '*l'obscurite convient aux femmes*;' my dear, it will come soon enough when there are kitchens, and nurseries for us to supervise—let us buzz a little, while in the sunshine, first.

"Do you know a possible Ivanhoe among the invited? I do not. My acquaintances are all party-going, unknighly gentry enough. Gars-ton proposes to appear as Brian de Bois-Guilbert!!! The perverse winds and waves! if they had but sent us Fletcher Dunbar!" (Here the reader blushed, smiled, and hesitated. "Read on, my son," said his mother impatiently, and on he stammered.) "A Palmer's dress, in which you know Ivanhoe first appears, would have been just the thing for Fletcher's advent from foreign land, though the uprooted oak, the device of his shield at the tourney, and the motto, *Desdichado*, (Disinherited,) would have ill-fitted Mrs. Dunbar's heir-apparent. It is so intolerably provoking that he has not arrived, when he is probably

within two days' sail of us. He is so clever and with such a born-hero look! Perhaps, after all he might be cross and refuse; so let us be philosophers, and do as well as we can without him. You, dearest Ellen, will not refuse me? You will be the 'Queen of Love, and Beauty;' I only the poor Jewess, who, you remember, the Prior of Jorvaux swore was far inferior to the lovely Saxon Rowena."

"Is Matilda Preston out of her head?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. "A fitting character for you, truly Ellen, that pompous, cold, disagreeable, insipid Rowena. Don't think of it, my dear child."

"I shall not think of it for other reasons, aunt. I cannot conceive any thing more absurd than for me to personate a beauty—a tall beauty, too! born to the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage."

"I see no objection in that my dear child. There are not a half a dozen readers of Ivanhoe, who remember whether Rowena was tall or short; and as to beauty, that is, as to what is really engaging and captivating, I am sure —"

"Pray, dear aunt, —"

"The servant is waiting for an answer," said Mrs. Dunbar's maid.

"He shall have it instantly," replied Ellen, taking up her pen.

"Stop one moment, my dear cousin," said Fletcher, laying his hand on hers; "if it is not disagreeable to you, say ycs. I should particularly like surprising Matilda, and joining you at this ball in the way she proposes. I do not see, that, in merely dressing in costume for Rowena, and calling yourself by that name, you arrogate to yourself beauty, and queenship, and all that. Where you make one of a group, the resemblance is a matter of inferior consequence. Matilda's Jewess will be so striking, that she will shelter all our imperfections."

Ellen still hesitated, and looked perplexed, and Fletcher added, "I see it annoys you—it is a sacrifice of your prepossessions—write the note as you at first intended."

The word sacrifice seemed to Ellen to set her reluctance in a ridiculous light, and she felt ashamed of having hesitated, at this moment of Fletcher's return, to accede to a request that involved pleasure to him. "I will write it as I should have intended, if I had not been more thoughtful of myself than of others' pleasure. You must make up your mind, aunt, to my doing the Lady Rowena too much honor! Shall I tell Matilda I can find an Ivanhoe, and that we will meet her at Mrs. Reeve's at ten?"

"Thank you, Ellen—but pray don't give a hint of my arrival; let us see, what was the Palmer's dress; do you remember, mother?"

Mrs. Dunbar did not; but, believing and hoping in her heart it would be something so unsuitable as to induce Fletcher to abandon the project, she eagerly sought the first volume of Ivanhoe on the book-shelf, and gave it to him. Fletcher opened at the entrance of the Palmer into Roth-erwood. "'A mantle of course, black serge,'" he read aloud, "admirable! that is easily got up, and can be easily thrown aside. 'Coarse sandals bound with thongs on his bare feet.' By your leave, Sir Palmer, I shall not meddle with those.

'A broad and shadowy hat, with cockleshells stitched on its brim.' Excellent! 'A long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm.' As we are not to tramp to the Holy Land, we will omit the shoe-ing. The branch of palm is the grand point. That can be got from my old friend Thorborn."

"And what is Ellen's dress to be?" asked Mrs. Dunbar—"I hope that will not be forgotten."

"My dear mother, forgive me—Ellen was busy with her note—finished and sent is it!—you always execute while others are planning, Ellen. Ah, here is the description; 'Hair betwixt brown and flaxen'—yours has a touch of the Auburn—the Saxon red."

"Red!" interposed Mrs. Dunbar, "Ellen's hair red, it has a true golden tinge."

"Red gold, mother."

"At any rate, Fletcher, it is not red, flaxen, or brown; I might have remembered Rowena's hair was flaxen—every thing about her was unmeaning."

"Her hair," proceeded Fletcher, "was braided with gems."

"Le Fleur will manage all that," said Mrs. Dunbar, "with my set of pearl." She began to feel a little womanly interest in the getting up of the dress.

"A golden chain," proceeded Fletcher, "to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck." That, my dear cousin, you must allow me to manage, that is, if a cross will do in place of a reliquary, and, as they are both symbols of the same religion, I do not see why it will not." He unlocked a very beautiful dressing-case, which he now told Ellen he had brought for her, and took from it a rich gold chain, with an exquisitely wrought cross attached to it. "I brought this prophetically," he said, clasping it round Ellen's neck.

"Would the chain, and not the cross had been prophetic!" thought Mrs. Dunbar, and she heaved a deep sigh.

"The memory of affection is always prophetic, Fletcher," said Ellen; "it links the memory of past to future kindness."

"What, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dunbar; "I don't clearly understand you."

The chain and the cross were too suggestive to Ellen's mind to admit of any very clear explanation. Fletcher's quick eye perceived her embarrassment, and, imputing it to the awkwardness that very commonly attends receiving a gift, he went on with the book. "Her dress was an under gown and kirtle of pale green silk."

"Your new gown is the very thing, Ellen," interrupted Mrs. Dunbar; "how fortunate! green, your own color."

"Ellen's color the emblem of desertion! mother?"

"No, no indeed, Fletcher; no one who has ever loved Ellen could forsake her."

Fletcher, all unconscious of the feeling that was bubbling up from his mother's heart, coolly proceeded in his trying process. "Here is a stumbling block! The Lady Rowena wore a long, loose crimson robe, manufactured of the finest wool, which reached to the ground."

"A stumbling block? by no means, Fletcher; Amande can convert my India shawl into such a

robe without the least injury to it, and I'll answer for it the Lady Rowena's mantle was dowled to that. Is there any thing else?"

"A veil of silk interwoven with gold."

"My Brussels lace will be just the thing; it is magnificent and will shelter without concealing."

At another time Ellen's right joyous spirit would have found merriment enough in the project of arraying her little, unobtrusive person in a crimson robe, flowing to the ground, and at the simplicity of good Mrs. Dunbar, in supposing she could carry off any thing "magnificent." She had another kind of veil to wear, for the first time in her life, to conceal her feelings, and to assume a cheerfulness she did not feel.

Mrs. Dunbar retired for the night. Ellen, after despatching some trifling home affairs, was following her, when Fletcher, who had been leaning abstractedly on his elbow, said, "Ellen, do not go; I have something to say to you." Ellen turned with a beating and foreboding heart. "Tell me, Ellen, honestly, is it your belief that Matilda Preston is engaged to Garston?"

"I do not believe she is."

"Why are you in such a haste? sit down—there, thank you; but do not look as if I had murder to confess—I have only to tell you the weakness and strength of my heart. You know, my dear Ellen—cousin—sister, I should rather call you, for, without any tie of blood, no sister was ever dearer, there is no one but you to whom I can communicate my feelings, projects, and hopes—from whom I can take counsel. To begin, then, when I left America, you and Matilda Preston were very intimate. I do not find you so much so now; what is the cause of this alienation?"

"There is no alienation, Fletcher; we are intimate still."

"Affectionately intimate?"

"Matilda is very kind—very affectionate to me."

"And you not so to her? I am sure you never repelled affection with coldness. There must be some reason for this. My mother, too, seems to have a prejudice against Matilda; pray be frank with me, Ellen."

Frankness was Ellen's nature. She was one of the few beings in this world, who are thoroughly and habitually, by nature and by grace, true. For the first time a cloud had passed over her clear spirit. She began to speak, faltered, began again, and finally said, "It may be more mine than Matilda's fault, that we are less intimate than formerly. Our circumstances, our tastes are different. I think Matilda is much what she was when you left us—that is, allowing for the difference between a school-girl and a belle, Fletcher."

"A belle!—how I hate the term. But how could it be otherwise in a city atmosphere, with Matilda's beauty, talents, and accomplishments? I see she is not quite to your taste, Ellen; I am sorry for it, but this is better than I feared. Now for my confession, in brief. When I left you, I was a reserved boy, neither you nor my mother, probably, ever suspected my predilection, but for two years I had been desperately in love with Matilda Preston. I believed she loved me. We exchanged many a love token, many a promise.

It is true she was a mere child, I a mere boy; but there are such childish loves on record, Ellen. The germ of the fruit is in the unfolding bud. It may, after all, have been, on her part, a little innocent foolery, forgotten long ago; but, if so, I was coxcomb enough to take it in dead earnest. Through my six years of absence I have cherished, lived upon, these remembrances. All my projects, all my successes have blended with the thought of Matilda; and, blessed by Heaven in my enterprises, I have now come home determined to throw myself at her feet, if I find her what memory and a lover's faith painted her." Fletcher fixed his eye on Ellen. Her's fell—"Will you not—can you not, Ellen, give me a God speed?"

The flush on Ellen's cheek, faded to a deadly paleness. After a moment's hesitation, she summoned her resolution; and, raising her eye to meet Fletcher's, replied, with a tolerably steady voice, "Do not ask a God speed of me now, Fletcher;—wait till you have seen Matilda, and studied her character, as you ought to study that on which the happiness of your life is to depend; and then, if your ripened judgment confirms your youthful preference, you shall have my—" "God speed," she would have said, but her honest tongue refused to utter the word to which her heart did not answer, and adding, "my earnest wishes—my prayers," she burst into irrepressible tears, and, horror-struck at what she feared was a betrayal of her true feelings she fled, without even a good night to her own apartment.

The truth did once flash across Fletcher's mind. "It is a phenomenon to see Ellen in tears, save at some touching tale or known grief," he thought. "Ellen, with her ever bright, buoyant spirit—her obedient passions, will resign. Has my dear, imprudent mother, with her equal fondness for us both, been kindling a spark of tenderness in Ellen's heart." The thought was no sooner conceived than rejected.—There was no latent vanity in Fletcher's mind to please itself with cherishing it. It was happily improbable, and it soon gave place to thick-coming and most pleasant fancies. But one cloud hovered over them—Mrs. Dunbar's and Ellen's too evident distrust of Matilda. "I will study her character, and abide by the decision of my ripened judgment," resolved Fletcher. Alas for the judgment of a young man of three-and-twenty as to a talented beauty of nineteen, with the desperate make-weight against it of a long-cherished love!

When love takes possession of a mind perfectly sane in other respects, it acts like a monomania.—This one idea has an independent existence, a complete ascendancy, and absolute rule. The faculties of perception, comparison, judgment, have no power to modify—the will no control of it. An angel, surely, should keep

"Strict charge, and watch that—

No evil thing approach or enter in"

the paradise of the affections.

The trials of the evening were not over for Ellen. It was her invariable custom to undress in Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, and to have a little gossip over the interests of the closing day, and the anticipations of the leaf of life next to be turned, before they parted for the night. This

is the hour, that, of all others, unlocks the treasures of the heart. Memory pours out her hoarded stores, and young hope shows, by her magic lantern, her visions of the future.

[Concluded in our next.]

For the Rural Repository.

EL BANDELERO.

BY S. C. S.

[Concluded.]

THE old man could say no more, and being overcome with the excess of his feelings, seated himself upon the sofa, by the side of the happy lovers, who had thus unexpectedly received his sanction to their union. Their first impulse was to embrace each other, and then to pour out their gratitude to Don Jose, by seizing both his hands and covering them with kisses. They were a happy little group—the lovers were happy in the consummation of their dearest wish, and the father because he had made others so. It was now a settled thing; and Inez and Pedro were impatiently anticipating the time which was to make their happiness complete. Don Jose had purchased a beautiful estate about eight leagues from the Havana, towards the interior of the island. This he intended should be his future home; and no pains or cost had been spared to make it a suitable residence for one who had ever been accustomed to all the elegance and refinement that wealth could purchase. It was a lovely spot, and here the father of Inez proposed the marriage should be consummated. Accordingly on the day appointed, all the guests that had been invited to partake of the happiness of the occasion were assembled at Don Pedro's house in the suburbs, from whence they were to set out for the residence of Don Jose, who had already preceded them, accompanied by his servants, to have things in readiness for the reception of the party.

The guests were mostly mounted on horseback, while the happy pair, with their immediate attendants were to follow in carriages. The priest was in attendance with his assistants, and was to bring up the rear of the gay cavalcade.

It was a bright day.—The flowers were breathing their softest fragrance upon the morning air. The birds as if to hail the happy pageant as it passed, were pouring forth their sweetest songs, and all seemed propitious of a happy termination of a day so promisingly commenced.

Their road lay through a beautiful country where hill and valley alternately with each other, presented many objects to enliven their journey. Plantations of sugar and coffee, laid out with all the taste and skill displayed in the gardens of horticulturists spread before them on either side; while at frequent intervals the deep dark forests through which their road carried them, was fragrant with wild flowers and fruits, and tones of music were awakened from every bough that hung over their heads.

The wild parrot, with his many hued plumage, made the woods resound with his noisy voice, and his harsh coarse notes were the only discordant sounds that broke the harmony of their way. The scenery, the birds, the wild flowers, all about them, was so novel to Inez and so unlike what she had been accustomed to seeing in her own sunny Spain, that her immediate party had lo-

tered slowly along, while those who were mounted had left them far behind. She would often leave the carriage, and leaning on the arm of her lover, stop to gather the flowers that grew along their path.

As they were thus carelessly passing through a wild part of the forest, where a deep ravine lay before them, and through which it was necessary for them to pass, they were alarmed by a party of servants who had preceded them, returning in disorder, and with the greatest fear and terror depicted in their countenances!

"Los bandeleros! los bandeleros!" they shouted, and rushing past the party with the carriages, were soon out of sight. Don Pedro for the moment hardly knew what to do. He had heard that several years before, this part of the forest had often been the resort of Banditti headed by the notorious robber, Juan Revero; but since that time, travelers had never been molested. The soldiery and police, it was supposed had completely broken up the band, and Revero having been so closely hunted, had been forced to flee from the island. Pedro endeavored to call back his terrified servants, but his voice was unheard by them! On—they flew, as if all the bandits of the forest were at their heels!

He gathered his little party together and consulted which was their best course to pursue, in case the fears of the servants were true. The trembling priest, Father Diego, who until the cry of "los bandeleros" had aroused him from his slumbers, had been dreaming of the good dinner which awaited their arrival, now pushed his shaven head half way out his carriage, and advised that instead of proceeding through the ravine, they should immediately turn and hasten out of the forest.

But Don Pedro was aware, that if there were banditti near, and they had discovered the approach of the party, it was useless to hope to escape a rencounter with them; and that the best thing they could now do, was to proceed. Perhaps the rest of their party might not be far from them, and in case of an attack, they might come to their assistance. Accordingly he called upon all those who were armed and mounted to precede the carriages containing the ladies, while he himself went forward to reconnoitre. The party numbered about a dozen gentlemen, and nearly as many servants, and as it was customary or fashionable never to ride in the country without arms, they were sufficient to cope with an equal number of the enemy, should they meet them. Each man was provided with a pair of holster pistols, and a long machetta, while the drivers of the carriages carried each in addition to these a well loaded blunderbuss.

Don Pedro rode forward, and looking from an eminence into the ravine before them, discovered a party of armed horsemen drawn up on each side of the way, as if with an intention to dispute the passage with them.

He knew 'twas useless to proceed any farther until he had ascertained the nature of their intentions; and causing the carriages to stop, and the men to advance some distance in front, so as to form a barrier to prevent an approach to them, he advanced and hailed the occupants of the ravine. He inquired why they thus drew them-

selves up in array against them? no answer was returned—they maintained a sullen silence; he repeated the inquiry, and demanded to know who they were, that they should thus annoy peaceful travelers? At length they broke their silence, and the cry of "Revero!—Revero!" echoed through the forest!—and suddenly putting spurs to their horses, the bandeleros rushed upon the party, who received their first charge unmoved. Their pistols told well and three of the foremost robbers bit the dust, and others retired to staunch their wounds. Unfortunately they were not provided with a second charge of ammunition, and their machettas were but a poor match for the pistols of their assailants. Their blunderbusses were soon discharged, but not uselessly; while the robbers maddened by the loss of their friends, became desperate and fought like tigers!

Their numbers seemed increasing from every part of the forest, and they soon proved too much for our friends, who bleeding and cut to pieces, half of their number killed, and surrounded on all sides by the enemy who had joined their assailants since the commencement of the attack, and knowing it was worse than useless to contend any longer with such superior force, now began to cry out for quarter. It was granted, but not until the bravest of the party, among whom was Don Pedro, lay weltering in their blood!

It was almost night, and the party that had preceded them had arrived at the end of their journey, and after long and anxiously waiting for the arrival of the main party, began to fear that some calamity had befallen them. Accordingly several gentlemen were soon mounted and retracing the road they had come over, in search of their missing friends. They had ridden along, marking the tracks at every branch of the path, until they were about approaching the ravine, where the robbers had laid in wait for the bridal company. Here they were met by a man who had just ridden out of the forest, he was heavily armed, and mounted on a fleet and restive little animal. He boldly rode up and handed one of the gentlemen a sealed letter directed to "Don Jose de Cantero," and informed them of the fate of the party, and where they might find those of their friends, who had fallen in the attack.

They soon arrived at the spot, and here a scene of death met their eyes! scattered on the ground lay the mangled forms of those, who that morning were happy and careless as themselves! They little dreamed when the sun rose so brightly on the commencement of that bridal journey, that his evening beams would light up such a scene of their termination!

The carriages obstructed the road, but they were empty. Inez with her attendants was gone, the mules which had been detached from the vehicles, were wandering through the forest, and carelessly grazing upon the wild herbage.

A faint groan from a thicket at the side of the road attracted their attention, and approaching, they discovered the insensible form of Pedro de Morenci. Life was not yet extinct, and after forcing water into his mouth, and bathing the blood from his face, he revived by degrees, and at length consciousness returned. In the mean time the servants who had first been alarmed at the sight of the robbers in the ravine, and had

fled, had reached the Havana, where the hue and cry was soon spread throughout the city, and a company of Pedro's troops were sent in haste to his assistance; but they did not arrive until some time after the gentlemen, who were now engaged in endeavors to revive their wounded friends.

Hasty litters were formed by the soldiers, and the wounded were conveyed to the plantation of Don Jose.

The following letter, directed to Don Jose, explained the whole matter. Revero, who had been expelled from the island, had now returned with a band of desperate followers, which he had gathered from the vicious comrades with whom he had associated during the time he had been absent. He was not content with plundering the planters, and robbing the passing traveler of whatever money he might have with him, but he adopted a more extensive species of villainy;—which was to waylay those he knew to be wealthy, and detain them until a certain stipulated sum he would demand, had been paid as a ransom. He had been informed by his spies which were in the Havana, of the approach of the wedding party, and knew it would be a favorable opportunity to increase his almost exhausted funds with a portion of the old Don's gold. But to the letter.

"SEÑOR DON JOSE DE CANTERO.

"SEÑOR—By sending to-morrow at two o'clock, P. M. a servant to the small bridge in the ravine, with a purse of five hundred doubloons, you can recover your daughter. We were informed of the intended wedding at your place to-day, and met the party to invite them to our quarters; and though it has been at great expense to us, we have now the honor of entertaining Senora Inez with her attendants, as well as Father Diego and his company. They will remain with us, where they will be kindly treated until the receipt of the above named sum. We wish not to be the means of long delaying the marriage.

"As for the priest, we shall detain him until the sum of fifty doubloons (more than the value of the pope himself) is sent us from the church, or from some other source. Yours in friendship,

"JUAN REVERO, Captain de los Bandeleros.  
May 9th, 183—"

The next day at the time specified, a servant was sent with the sum demanded, to await the messenger of the robber at the bridge. Revero, with all his cold blooded heartlessness was never known to do a thing contrary to his promise, and Don Jose was aware that his daughter would be safely restored to him, if he complied with the demand.

It was a bright afternoon, and notwithstanding the extreme heat of the day, the great square called the "Plaza de Arma" in Matanzas, was thronged by a crowd of citizens, who had come forth to gaze upon a revolting spectacle. Raised upon a scaffold in the centre of the square, was exhibited the body of a fine-formed, athletic man. It was mangled and covered with gore, and was nearly naked, the lower extremities only were covered, with a pair of coarse linen drawers; the rest of the body was exposed, and revealed the gaping sword cuts and pistol wounds, which showed that he had manfully struggled with his executioners.

As the crowd gazed upon the bloody corpse before them, a chill of horror seemed to creep over them, and blanch their cheeks with terror! It was one, whose name, when uttered had a fearful sound—one, whom they were taught to fear as invincible; and now as they gazed upon his lifeless and mangled body, they almost trembled, loath it should start to life, and revenge its death upon their heads! It was Revero, the famed Bandolero! Troops had been sent throughout the island, and large rewards had been offered for his head; and at length after various struggles, and when his followers were either killed or had deserted him, he was taken, but not with life!

On the evening of the same day that the mangled body of Revero was exhibited to the populace of Matanzas, a different scene was enacting in the suburbs of the Havana. Tones of music, mingled with the voice of happiness was issuing from the casement of a noble building near the Paseo. Bright chandeliers were casting their light through elegantly furnished rooms, which were thronged with a gay company, whose happy faces indicated that an occasion of more than ordinary interest and pleasure, had called them there. It was the wedding of Pedro de Morenci and Inez de Cantero.

NOTE.—The above story is literally true.—The writer was himself intimately acquainted with all the circumstances; particularly of the history of Juan Revero.

## MISCELLANY.

### ANECDOTE OF REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The following is extracted from the "Metropolitan Pulpit," a work recently published in London, and republished in this country:

"A pious woman, a member in Surry Chapel, was married to a husband who, though very kind to her, and, in many respects, a moral man, had no sense whatever of religion, but delighted in spending the hours in swilling beer, which she spent in attendance on the preaching of the gospel. It so happened that the parties, through some disappointment in business, had been unable to pay their rent on a particular quarter day. The consequence was, that a distraint on their furniture were put into their house, and a party was employed, as the technical phrase has it, "to take possession." After turning over every scheme in their minds which could suggest itself for extricating themselves from the difficulties in which they were involved, they were just about to resign themselves to despair, when the idea occurred to the wife, of submitting the whole circumstances of the case to Mr. Hill. She accordingly proceeded to his house, at once got access to him, and with no small degree of terror, made a short and simple representation of the state of matters.

"How much would you require to save your furniture, and to get rid of the person in possession?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"Eighteen pounds, sir, would be quite sufficient for the purpose," answered the poor woman with a palpitating heart.

"I'll let you have the loan of twenty, and you can repay me at your convenience."

The heart of the other was too full to give ut-

terance to distinct expressions of gratitude for so great a mark of kindness on the part of her minister.—He was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to perceive that the broken accents, and sometimes entire absence of words, which characterized her attempt to express her gratitude afforded a far better proof of that feeling being at once deep and sincere, than if she had been the most affluent in words, and most fluent in using them.

"Send your husband to me on your return home," said Mr. Hill, after the other had returned thanks in the best way her feelings would allow her; send him to me presently, and I will have two ten pound notes waiting him by the time he arrives. I wish to give the notes to him rather than to you."

Mrs. D. quitted Mr. Hill's house, and hurried home with light foot, but a still lighter heart. Having communicated to her husband what had passed between herself and her minister, it is unnecessary to say that he lost no time in proceeding to the house of Mr. Hill. The latter received him with much kindness of manner.

"And so," said he, "you are so unfortunate as to have a person in possession."

"We unfortunately have, sir."

"And twenty pounds will be sufficient to get rid of him, and restore your furniture to you?"

"It will, sir."

"Well then," said Mr. Hill, pointing to the table, there are two ten pound notes for you which you can repay me when you are able. Take them."

The other hesitatingly advanced to the table, took up the notes, and was in the act of folding them up, at the same time warmly thanking Mr. Hill for the act of friendship he had done him, and expressing a hope he would soon be able to pay the amount back again—when the reverend gentleman suddenly exclaiming, "Stop a little! Just lay down the notes again, until I ask a blessing on them."

The other did as he desired, on which the reverend gentleman, extending both his arms, addressed a short prayer to the Divine Being, to this effect; "O Lord, who art the Author of all mercy, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, do thou be graciously pleased to bless the small sum of money to be given to him who is now before thee, that it may be conducive to his present and eternal welfare. For Jesus Christ's sake."

"Now, sir," said Rowland Hill, as he finished his brief supplication to the Throne of Grace, "Now, sir, you may take the money."

The party a second time took up the two ten pound notes, and was in the act, as before, of folding them up, when Mr. Hill interposed, by requesting him to wait a moment, adding that he had forgotten one thing.

It may easily be supposed that by this time the individual was a good deal confused. His confusion was increased a hundred fold when Mr. Hill remarked, "But my friend you have not yourself asked for a blessing on the money. You had better do it now."

"Sir," faltered out the other, scarcely able to support himself, "Sir, I cannot pray. I never prayed in all my life."

"You have the more need to begin now," observed the reverend gentleman, in his own cool, yes rebuking manner.

"I cannot, sir; I do not know what to say."

"Make the effort, however short your prayer may be."

"I cannot, sir. I am unable to utter a single sentence."

"Then you cannot have the money. I will not lend twenty pounds to a prayerless person."

The other hesitated for a moment, and then closing his eyes, and with uplifted hands, he said with great earnestness, "O Lord, what shall I say to Thee and Mr. Hill on this occasion?" He was about to begin another sentence when the reverend gentleman interrupted him by observing, "That will do for a beginning. It is a very excellent first prayer. It is from the heart. I have not uttered a more sincere or fervent petition to God for the last fifty years. Take the money and may God's blessing be given along with it." As he spoke, Mr. Hill took up the ten pound notes, and, transferring them to the half bewildered man, cordially shook him by the hand, and wished him good morning."

### GOD'S FAVORITE FLOWER.

"SISTER, dearest sister, come and see my flower bed. It is delightful to-day, there are so many in bloom. Come now, wont you? and I will show you what a nice piece of land father says I may have next summer, and I think you will buy me some new seeds, that I may have every sort of flower that ever grew; and then every body will praise my garden as much as they do cousin Sarah's."

"Yes my love, I will go now to see your flowers, and you shall be supplied with seeds; but there is one especially, I wish you could get and cultivate."

"What is it, Julia, your favorite—the *Moss Rose*?"

"I do admire the rose, but the one I speak of is much more beautiful than that, and will flourish when all other flowers are dead."

"O I wish I could get it; is it fragrant?"

"Peculiarly so; but it is difficult to be obtained. It is an exotic here, the first germ was brought from a foreign clime, where chilling frosts are unknown, and it requires a great deal of care to bring it to perfection. The cold winds of worldliness, and the scorching blasts of prosperity, often destroy it when young. Our dear mother cultivated it, and when she died and went to Heaven, she besought me to teach you to cherish it, for she said it was "*God's favorite flower*."—It never grows with gay and gaudy flowers; but flourishes best in some unfrequented spot, seeming to hide its little head from the gaze of the passer by.—When I saw you just now bending over your admired plants, I wished that you might early learn to love the purifying odor and chastening beauty of this celestial floweret. And while you prepare the soil your father has so kindly given you, think of the soil of your own heart. And when you remove the weeds from the one, remove them also from the other; and Fanny, my dear, never forget that the one needs the influence of the Sun of Righteousness as much as the other the genial rays of the natural sun. The

name of this little flower is *Humility*.—You may know it from its blossom being ever open to receive the dews of heaven, and from its pouring forth new sweets in perpetual succession, and surely, if things are valuable in proportion as they are rare, this floweret surpasses in value the richest flower on earth.—*S. S. Visiter.*

### TURKISH COURTSHIP.

IN Turkey there is no actual courting before marriage, though there may be quarrels. A youth hears of a girl, begs permission of some old female relative to visit her—seldom is unfortunate or fortunate enough, as the case may be, to meet with a refusal, which sometimes happens in the best “regulated families” of Europe, where a headstrong daughter disappoints her parents, and injures herself to follow an idle caprice. Here on the contrary, obedience to parents is one of the first laws of society. The father of a family has authority proceeding from respect, not fear. The inclinations of a lady being ascertained, the matter enters—as with us—into a form of mercantile transaction, except that the gentleman pays his bride and receives nothing; the sum varies in general, from ten pounds to forty of our money, half of which is paid down at the moment, and the other half on separation, in case he chooses to divorce his partner. This money seems trifling to us who walk on gold, but is considerable to the Turks, more particularly as they are generally poor, and have several wives to endow. The divorced wife has the liberty of marrying again, should she be able to find a husband.

The price being settled a witness from the bridegroom and another from her bride are called; they proceed to a judge, who writes the contract on their deposition, which is presented to the father of the lady, and then the nuptial ceremonies begin; which consists not in going to a mosque or being harrassed with settlements or ceremonies but among friends, eating, drinking, and hiring dancers to amuse them; these fetes last often for eight days. The consummation takes place in the house of his bride; the bridegroom is accompanied to the door of the nuptial chamber by his friends, and as he passes the threshold, they all, particularly the bachelors, strike or push him. The sacrifice of sheep or lambs is previously made by the family of his wife. The husband enters, kneels down and prays to Allah, then raises the veil and beholds his wife for the first time, gives her a present, and so concludes the day.—*Lon. Paper.*

### SOCIETY.

WHEN neighbors dwell together in peace, visit in friendship, converse for useful improvement, or harmless amusement, take part in each other's prosperity and adversity, concur in the government of their families, are candid to excuse and careful to conceal each other's casual or accidental failings, studious not to form real and dangerous faults; abide in their calling and quietly pursue their own business, and meddle not with the temporary concerns of others, a blessing will attend their labors and success will smile on their designs.—Their intercourse will be easy, pleasant and virtuous; and a foundation will be

laid for the happiness of succeeding generations. But if each is bound up within himself and looks with indifference on all round him, or beholds his inferior with contempt, and his superior with envy; if every meeting is filled with impertinent and angry controversy, and every visit employed in tattling and back biting, neighbor defames neighbor, and each watches for advantage against the other—if an acquaintance receives you with ready smiles of pleasure and friendly greeting, and debase your character when your back is turned; if every brother will endeavor to supplant, and every neighbor to walk in slander, one had better flee to the solitary mountains and dwell alone in the earth.

### “TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS.”

THIS beautiful sentiment of the poet finds its response in every one's experience. The child of affection—nurtured in tenderness, reared in kindly fosterage—turns with the deepest regrets from the home of his childhood. Wherever he may linger, in remote or in neighboring countries, he finds there is somewhat left behind him which binds him to that spot where his father and his mother blessed him; and, in the still seclusion of his closet, he repeats, “’tis home where the heart is.” The storm-rocked sailor-boy, gliding upon the treacherous dimples of the wave, thinks of the widowed mother for whom he toils, and in the delicious anguish of reverential tears, is lulled to sleep upon the lap of the ocean, to dream of that afar-off home where indeed his heart is. The hardy adventurer upon the western prairies—driven from among his kindred by coldness and hard fortune, learns by dear experience, the want of a friend to share his woes and listen to his determinations; and Love assists him in his need. The wife of his youth has listened to his story, and pities, soothes and loves him. She binds up the scattered heart with her caresses, and toils with him to outshine his cruel kindred. He learns to thank that Providence which has led him through such trials, to such a friend; and when the day's labor is over, and the blue smoke in his cabin serves both as a compass and chronometer, he turns his step homewards, and smiles upon his white-haired boys with a perennial pride which telleth plainly ’tis home where the heart is.—*Richmond County Mirror.*

### GRAMMATICS.

“ARRAH, Teddy, an’ wasn’t yer name Teddy O’Byrne before you left ould Ireland?”

“Sure it was, my darlint.”

“But, my jewel, why then do you add the s, and call it Teddy O’Byrnes now?”

“Why, ye spalpeen! havn’t I been married since I kem to Ameriky! and ar’ you so ignorant of *grammatics*, that ye don’t know when one thing is added to another, it becomes a *plural*!”

### FORCING A BALANCE.

THE following paragraph is from a late Paris paper:—The paymaster of a regiment, quartered in the south of France, having deposited a sum of 10,000 francs in the hands of a banker, suddenly learned, a few days since, that he had declared himself a bankrupt. The paymaster immediately went to the debtor's house, and de-

manded his money. The unfortunate banker replied that he had delivered in his balance sheet, and consequently it was too late. The officer, upon this, drew out a pair of pistols, and said “The 10,000 francs you owe me belong to the regiment; if they are not forth-coming, I am disgraced and ruined; therefore, you must either give me the money, or I will blow out your brains, and then shoot myself.” This mode of settling accounts defeated all the calculations of his banker, who took out his pocket book and gave him the sum demanded.

IN cases of doubtful morality, it is usual to say, “is there any harm in doing this?” This question may sometimes be answered by asking ourselves another; “Is there any harm in letting it alone?”

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. B. H. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. S. Montpelier, Vt. \$0.81; P. M. Vischer's Ferry, N. Y. \$3.00; C. D. L. Edmonston Manor, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. N. Philadelphia, N. Y. \$1.00; S. N. B. Dora, N. Y. \$1.00; S. F. Lexington, Westkill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gerry, N. Y. \$5.00; L. C. Etta, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Chelsea, Vt. \$1.00; O. J. Edgerton, Me. \$1.00; O. R. Bethel, Ct. \$1.00; J. T. W. Plymouth, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; A. W. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Avoca, N. Y. \$1.00; O. S. Alfred, N. Y. \$1.00; O. R. N. Chittenango, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. V. E. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. West Poultry, Vt. \$1.00; J. T. Preston, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. E. Bouckville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. L. Sherburn, N. Y. \$2.00; A. H. G. North Haverhill, N. H. \$1.00; M. D. Weiberfeld Rocky Hill, Ct. \$1.00; L. S. C. East Poultry, Vt. \$1.00; J. F. Chestertown, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Byron, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Westville, N. Y. \$2.00; E. C. H. Marshall, N. Y. \$1.00; R. J. I. South Lausung, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cheshire, Ma. \$1.00; J. R. I. Almira, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; M. T. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Edinburgh, N. Y. \$2.00; H. L. G. West Greenfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Manchester, N. Y. \$1.00; R. R. Delhi, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. W. jr. Warwick, N. Y. \$1.00; J. N. P. Charleston, S. C. \$1.00.

### Married,

In this city, on Wednesday the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Edward D. Mandeville to Miss Agnes S. daughter of John Crawford, Esq. all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ackly, Mr. Edward Lambert to Miss Emily A. Bullock, all of this city.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Frederick E. Brush to Miss Susan Dunn, both of this city.

At East Menden, on Monday the 9th inst. Mr. Moses Y. West, formerly of this city, to Miss Eliza Willet, of East Bloomfield.

At Osgo, on the 29th ult. Mr. John Patterson of Medina, to Miss Abnerine Rockwell, of the former place.

On Wednesday morning, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Paul Wiedman, Cornelius Mabce, Esq. of Palestine, to Miss Maria M. daughter of Lawrence Gros, Esq.

At Canaan, N. Y. on the 18th inst. by the Rev. David Ford, Mr. Sidney S. Wilcox to Miss Jane Ann, daughter of Widow Esther Sears, of Chatham.

On the 5th inst. at Philadelphia, by the Rev. D. Bigler, Mr. Edwin D. Townsend, of Palmyra, Wayne co. N. Y. to Miss Mary N. Jenkins, daughter of Capt. Joseph G. Jenkins, of this city.

### Died,

In this city, on Saturday morning the 21st inst. Mrs. Ann Joseph, aged 22 years.

On the 14th inst. Evelina, daughter of Thomas I. Jenkins, in her 5th year.

On the 16th inst. Michael, son of Mary McDonald, in his 2d year.

On the 17th inst. Mr. Joseph German, in his 36th year.

On the 23d inst. Lucy Ann, daughter of A. C. and Sarah Stephens, in her 3d year.

In Red Hook, on the 15th inst. Charles Lewis, only child of Horatio and Matilda Moore, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 18th inst. at Harpersfield, Mr. John Patterson, of Medina, son of D. W. Patterson, Esq. of Chatham, aged 32 years.

At Chatham, on Friday the 6th inst. Mr. David Sutherland, aged 74 years.

At Athens, on the 9th inst. Margaret Reynolds, a much esteemed member of the Society of Friends, in the 80th year of her age.

At Williamson, Wayne co. on the 26th ult. Capt. Abisha Pinkham, formerly of this city, in the 87th year of his age.

In Ghent, on the 4th inst. Jeremiah Bame, son of Mr. George D. Fultz, in the 8th year of his age.

In Ancram, on the 23d inst. Mr. Simon Rockefeller, aged about 65 years.





## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## SCENERY IN THE VICINITY OF THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

METHINKS I stand where Hudson's noble tide  
Two pine-clad precipices doth divide,  
And thence escaping spreads into a bay  
Reflecting all the hues of parting day;  
While every hill assumes a silent mien,  
And scarce a sound disturbs the tranquil scene,  
Save that of distant flute or tuneful bird,  
Or fairy song across the waters heard:  
I view the landscape o'er—four miles below  
The spires of Hudson city towering glow:  
This eastern, Athens holds the western side;  
They view each other in the crystal tide:  
Far to the west the Catskill mountains rise,  
And with their summits pierce the clouded skies;  
Three peaks uprising more than half a mile,  
Look down on others with triumphant smile:  
I see ten thousand farms of emerald green  
With peaceful vales and babbling rills between,  
And villas glittering in the morning beam:  
Lo! on the mountain's half developed side  
How clouds and shadows like the phantom glide;  
Yonder's the mountain of somniferous fame  
Where slept poor Rip oblivious of his dame,  
Whence he descending was surprised to view  
Old things departing, all things rising new.  
The "White-house" on the giant mountain's brow  
O'erlooks the mighty prospect spread below;  
And by the telescopic tube descries  
Far distant summits mingling with the skies;  
Vermont uprears her northern mountains green;  
The Hudson Highlands to the south are seen,  
The blue Taghkanick shades the eastern sky;  
The river like a riband meets the eye:  
And nine-score feet the Kaaterskill amain,  
Descending pauses—plunges down again.  
How well defined the mountain's outline blue  
Meets uncombined the aerial azure hue;  
And from behind as oft I wond'ring gaze  
The fleecy clouds their sun-gilt heads upraise;  
As if some angel from another sphere  
Desired to catch a glimpse of objects here,  
While Sol's full orb descending hides its ray,  
And Luna gains an hour from out the day.

But O! when Eolus has burst his cave,  
And fierce opponent winds embattled rave,  
Let me not there abide, but seek afar,  
A safer sight unmingled with the war.  
Portentous vapours dark, convolved, immense,  
A wild commotion round the mount condense;  
A shadowing darkness bids the ploughman fly;  
Mute gaze the herds upon the threatening sky:  
Foreboding silence widely reigns below;  
When suddenly evolved a fervid glow  
Tears every cloud and every summit rends;  
One reddened, broad, sulphureous sheet descends:  
Tired lightnings glance; re-echoed thunders roll;  
Each mountain totters; trembles every soul;  
The giant oak lies prostrate, shattered, scathed:  
Descends the deluge; every field is bathed;  
Obstreperous torrents urge the obvious hill,  
Leap down the rocks and every valley fill.

Between those mountains and this arbor flows  
Majestic Hudson; on his waves repose,

Innumerable vessels, while the snow-white sail  
Floats by distended in the gentle gale.  
And hark! they come! the thundering steamboats  
come!

And tear the placid waves to sparkling foam.  
Ye who hither gazing stand,  
Bear, bear my blessing to my native land;  
O for a friend! but ah! the wish is vain;  
They pass regardless o'er the watery plain;  
A lengthened swell behind the vessel lags  
Rolls to the shore and beats repugnant crags.  
*Red Hook Academy, Aug. 1839. G. W. S.*

From the Democratic Review for January.  
WOMAN.

WOMAN! a weary lot is thine,  
And dark the clouds that round thee rise;  
Well should'st thou list the voice divine,  
That tells thee where thy refuge lies.  
Is it with thee a joyous hour,  
Fraught with sweet glance and sunny smile,  
Do words of love and witching power,  
Alike thy heart and hand beguile?

Do friends crowd round thy onward path,  
Eager with flowers to strew the way?  
Do all the hopes this cold world hath  
Before thy youthful fancy play?  
Remember that the days draw nigh  
When one by one, thy hopes shall fade;  
When thou shalt turn with many a sigh  
From idols thine own hands have made.

The gorgeous vanities of life,  
Like childhood's mimic sports shall seem,  
And fashion's cares and pleasures strife  
Look like some dim fantastic dream.  
And more, yet more, the time may come  
When thou shalt stand on earth alone,  
"The voices of thy home all dumb,"  
Lover and friend forever flown.

And more, far more, the dearly loved  
May cast thy choicest gifts away,  
And those who best thy faith have proved,  
Thy trusting confidence betray.

O Woman! with these ills in view,  
To human aid why fondly cling  
What help may mortal courage shew—  
What succor to thy spirit bring?

Upon thy heart's own courage call,  
On thy immortal hopes rely,  
And turn to Him, whose love to all  
In sorrow's hour is ever nigh.

## THE BED OF GLORY.

BY JESSE HAMMOND.

I HAD a glimpse of Glory,  
Upon a far-famed plain,  
His garments red and gory,  
As tinted by the slain;  
The battle blast resounded,  
I saw the banners wave,  
And fancied wreaths surrounded  
The "temple of the brave."

I heard the tumult thicken  
As billows lash the shore,  
And saw the footsteps quicken  
For Death to number o'er;  
The war cry thrice was given,  
And o'er the frenzied fight  
Red grew the face of heaven,  
As blushing at the sight.

There man to man was calling  
'Mid waste of human life.

God's creatures round me falling  
Upon the field of strife;  
Yet Glory's eyes were gleaming  
Through dust and din afar,  
While slaughter's flag was streaming,  
Above the bloodstained car.

They perished not for freedom,  
Not at their country's call—  
Ambition seemed to lead 'em,  
And Fame but mocked their fall;  
A broken flag-staff clasping  
They lie on Glory's bed,  
A rag of red silk grasping,  
The dying and the dead.

And this, said I, is Glory,  
As trickled down the tear!  
And heroes gashed and gory,  
Are left to slumber here.  
Come, mad Ambition, hither,  
Behold Fame's blighted bud.  
Thy bays must surely wither  
When stained with human blood!

## THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

BY ELIZA COOK.

PEACEFUL and fair is the smiling repose  
That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows;  
Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,  
Whose feet have been galled with the dust and the thorn.

Sweet is the sleep on the eye-lids of youth,  
When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth!

Yet child, pilgrim and youth shall awaken again  
To the journeys of toil and the trials of pain.

But oh! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,  
The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep;  
'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,  
When our couch is the bier and our night-robe the pall.

No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart  
The proud flush to the cheek or warm throb to the heart;

The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,  
But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of death.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,  
When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast;

And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave  
The sleep that is dreamless—the sleep of the grave!

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VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1830.

NUMBER 9.

## SELBOW TALES.

From the Token for 1840.

### SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

(Concluded.)

ELLEN had often sat with her loving friend over the dying embers, reading and re-reading the passages in Fletcher's letters, where he dwelt on the fond remembrances of home. Every mention of Ellen—and the letters abounded with them—his mother repeated, and repeated, and always with an emphasis and smile, which sometimes made Ellen's blood tingle to her fingers' ends. And yet, simple as a child, the good woman never dreamed that she was communicating her faith and hopes, and awakening hopes never to sleep again. This she knew, as a matter of principle and discretion, would not be right; and, while she never said to Ellen, in so many words, "My heart is set on your marrying Fletcher, and I am sure his is, even more than mine," she did not suspect she was conveying this meaning in every look, word and motion. And even now, when the pillars of her castle in the air, were tumbling about her head, she had no apprehension that Ellen would be crushed by them. They were to meet now for the first time, with the most painful feeling to loving and trusting friends, that their hearts must be hidden with impenetrable screens; but such was the transparency of dear Mrs. Dunbar's heart, that, put what she would before it, the disguise melted away in the clear light. To tell the truth, Ellen's was little better; her safety was in the dim sight of the eye to be eluded.

She washed away her tears, called up all the resolution she could muster, and repaired to Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, whom she hoped she might find by this time in bed, and get off with her good night kiss; but, instead of this, she was pacing up and down the room, not a pin removed.

"Dear aunt, not in bed yet?"

"No, my dear child—I did not feel like sleeping the first night, you know, of Fletcher's being here; it's natural to have a good many wakeful thoughts of past times, and so forth." While saying this, she had turned her back, and was busying herself at the bureau; the tone of her voice, and the frequent use of her handkerchief, conveying the state of her feelings as precisely to Ellen as her streaming eyes would, had she shown them.

"Now you are at the bureau, aunt, please take out your crimson shawl," said Ellen, luckily hitting on an external object to engage their attention. Mrs. Dunbar fumbled at the drawers long enough to give herself time to clear her voice and dry her eyes, and then, throwing the shawl into Ellen's lap, she said, "You are welcome to

that and every thing else I have in the world, God knows, my dear child; but I don't wish you to go to Mrs. Reeves' to-morrow evening—I don't think you will enjoy yourself."

"It's no very rare thing, at a party, not to enjoy one's self, aunt. I shall certainly have the pleasure of obliging Fletcher."

"That's true, Ellen; but then it was not like him to ask you, when he saw it was so disagreeable to you. I don't see why he should set his heart upon this foolish *Ivanhoeing*."

"But you see *why he does*, aunt." Ellen spoke with a smile, melancholy, in spite of her efforts.

"Yes, I do, I do!" cried Mrs. Dunbar, her tears gushing forth afresh; "I see that Fletcher has the most unexpected, incomprehensible, unreasonable, unfortunate, strange, dreadful, wonderful, and amusing interest in Matilda Preston. I have never so much as thought of it—it's insanity, Ellen—he is as blind as a beetle."

"It is a blindness, aunt, that is not like to be cured by the presence of Matilda Preston."

"That's just what I feel, Ellen. Men are always carried away with beauty. I thought Fletcher was an exception; but he is not, or he would tell the gold from the glittering."

"But, aunt, you do Matilda and Fletcher injustice. She has fine qualities; and, if what you now expect should happen, you will look on Matilda with different eyes."

"Never, Ellen, never in the world—she will always seem to stand between me and—I mean—I can't tell you, Ellen, what I mean. But this I will say, come what will, no one can ever take your place to me—you are the child of my heart—you have grown up at my side—I can never love another; whomever you marry, Ellen, wherever you go, your home shall be my home."

"No, no, aunt," said Ellen, hiding her tearful face on the bosom of her faithful friend, "I shall never marry—*never*." And before Mrs. Dunbar could reply, she gave her good night kiss and left the room.

"Is it possible she could have understood me?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. After a little reflection she quieted her apprehension with a thought that she had a hundred times before spoken just as plainly, and Ellen had not suspected what she meant. She was like the child, who, shutting his own eyes, fancies no one can see him.

When Ellen left Mrs. Dunbar's room, she went mechanically down stairs to perform her last household duty, which was to see that the doors were secured. On the floor, at the street door, she perceived a note; and, on taking it up, saw it was addressed to a Miss Littell, Miss Preston's dress-maker, who lived opposite the Dunbars. It had been accidentally dropped by Miss Preston's careless servant. It was unsealed, and

Ellen taking it for granted, it related to something about the costume for the Reeves' party, and that it might be important to have no delay in getting it into the hands of the *artiste*, rang the bell for the servant, intending to send it, though the hour was unseasonable. Diana, Mrs. Dunbar's crippled old cook, called out from the kitchen stairs to Miss Ellen, that "Daniel had just gone up to bed." Daniel, like his pagan mate, Diana, had lived out, and overstayed his lease of three score and ten with kind Mrs. Dunbar; and Ellen, hesitating to call him down, ventured to open the note, to see if it were a matter of any importance. It contained only the following three lines:

"Pray, Miss Littell, if you have any dealings with Mrs. D's family, do not mention that you informed me of the arrival of her son. M. P."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Ellen, involuntarily.

"What is it, Ellen? what did you think?" asked Fletcher, who unheard by her, had just come into the open door for something he had left behind.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," said she.

He playfully attempted to wrest the note from her hand, till, seeing she anxiously retained it, he desisted, and she returned to her own apartment, where she breathed freely for the first time for many hours, and where she spent a long, sleepless night in expelling from her mind her shattered hopes, and forming her mind for the future.

"Ought I not," she said, in her self-examination, "to have obeyed the first impulse of my heart, and when Fletcher appealed to me, to have told him frankly my opinion of Matilda. After much meditation the response of her conscience was a full acquittal. She had done all that the circumstances of the case and her relations to the parties allowed, in withholding her "God speed" till Fletcher's ripened judgment should authorize his decision. She reflected, that Matilda's character had seemed to her to have the same radical faults six years before, that it had now, and that, in spite of them, Fletcher loved her then. Perhaps she judged these faults too strictly. Perhaps her judgment was tinged by her self-love; for she was conscious, that, in the points so offensive to her, she was constitutionally the opposite of Matilda Preston. She looked again at Matilda's discrepant notes of that evening and charitably allowed that she had at first felt too much displeasure at what struck her as absolutely false, but what, after all, might be an innocent stratagem to get up a dramatic scene, and perhaps to shelter her emotions at a first meeting with Fletcher. But oh, Matilda, why *always* a stratagem? Why never let the appearance answer to the reality? Why never trust yourself to simple truth?"

Because Matilda was afraid that truth would not serve her so well as she could manage for herself, We have no doubt our friends, the Phrenologists, would, with a very fair intellectual development, have found a great predominance of the organs of self-esteem, love of approbation, and secretiveness on Matilda's head. She had an intense love of admiration not merely of her personal charms, for her pre-eminent beauty was settled by universal suffrage, and she had no anxiety about it; but she would be thought, in all her circle of acquaintance, to be the most capable of disinterested friendship, and of self-sacrificing love; her tastes were in favor of all the virtues—she really wished to be amiable and excellent; but the virtues have their price, and they will not abate one jot or tittle; that price is self-abasement, self-forgottenness, and generosity. "Hard it is to climb their steep," and they can only be achieved by painful and persevering efforts. At the first real trial appearances vanish like vapor—there is no cheating in the long run in the matter of goodness.

With all Matilda's fine taste, with her susceptibility to opinion, and her eager desire of praise, she was no favorite. Her intense selfishness would penetrate all disguises—her consciousness of herself was always apparent—there was never a spontaneous action, word, or look. In all this she was the very opposite of Ellen, who, most strictly watchful of the inner world, let the outer take care of itself. This gave a freedom and simplicity to her manners, and a straight forwardness to all her dealing, that inspired confidence. Matilda, in the midst of her most brilliant career, had, whenever silent, an expression of care and dissatisfaction—a rigidity and contraction of the upper lip, (often criticised as the only imperfection of her beauty) that betrayed the puerile anxieties in which she was involved; the web she was perpetually weaving or raveling. There is no such tell-tale as the human countenance, or rather, we should say (with more reverence) God has set his seal of truth upon it, and no artifice has ever yet obscured the Divine impression.—Ellen Fitzhugh's lovely face was the mirror of truth, cheerfulness, and affection.

"There is no use," thought Ellen, as she pursued the meditations in which we left her, "in trying to conceal my feelings. I cannot—I never did in my life—I must just set to work and overcome them.—Dear Mrs. Dunbar, all those sweet fancies that you and I have been so busily weaving, the last six years, must be sacrificed at once and forever; and I must just learn to think of Fletcher, as I did when a little girl—as a dear, kind brother; that should be—it *shall be*, enough." This resolution was made with many showers of tears, and sanctified with many prayers, ejaculated from the depths of her heart; and once made, she set about, with most characteristic promptness, contriving the means for carrying it into execution.

"In the first place," thought she, "I must have something extraordinary to occupy me, or I shall be constantly, and oh how painfully, watching Fletcher's every look and action; in spite of myself I shall be hoping and fearing. This must not be, for I know how it must all end!" It occurred to her that it was nearly as

important to divert Mrs. Dunbar's attention as her own, and a lucky thought came into her head.—Mrs. Dunbar's physician had been urging her, for some weeks, to have a little wen removed, that was growing in a dangerous neighborhood to her eye.—Mrs. Dunbar was timid and procrastinating; but with Fletcher's aid, Ellen felt sure of persuading her that this was the very best time for the operation. Then she determined at once to put in execution a project she had conceived, of teaching a poor, young blind girl, a pensioner of Mrs. Dunbar's, music. Ellen was an accomplished musician; and she certainly was not over sanguine in believing, that the prospect of qualifying a drooping, dependent creature to earn an independent subsistence, would make sunshine for some hours every day.

With these, and other similar plans in her head, which were necessarily deferred until after the Reeves' ball, Ellen appeared the next morning with a light and strong heart, and correspondent face, voice, and manner. Oh, if rightly put to the test, what untold powers there are in those who every day yield themselves the passive victims to uncontrollable circumstances:

"powers  
That touch each other to the quick, in modes  
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,  
No soul to dream of."

Ellen talked over with Fletcher, with real interest and unaffected cheerfulness, the arrangements for the evening. If she had put into action all of Talleyrand's diplomacy, she could not so thoroughly have convinced him, that his surmise of the preceding evening was unwarranted. Half of Mrs. Dunbar's griefs were removed by the conviction that her favorite did not share them!

We could fill a volume with the details of the ball, and the circumstances of the following six weeks, and all the developments of character and feeling which came from them; but we must cut down our history to the dimensions of its Procrustes' bed. We must say for our favorite Ellen, that, bating a few inches of stature, she did honor to the character she so reluctantly assumed. Her usually sparkling eyes were languid from the sleeplessness of the preceding night, and her color, which, in heated rooms, was apt to be uncomfortably high, was abated and fluctuating, and her dress, so happily arranged and judiciously modified, that the Saxon beauty, for once, fairly divided the suffrages with the brilliant Rebecca. But with the mere externals ended all resemblance to the truth of the characters. The Palmer, the Christian devotee, had no eye nor ear, but for the prescribed Jewess; and Rebecca was all delight at finding, beneath the broad brim of cockleshells, and the *Slavonian*, the contour and air of a very elegant young man, who, she felt assured, had returned no less her ardent lover than the boy she had parted with six years before. She managed her prepared surprise so awkwardly, that Ellen wondered at Fletcher's blindness. He was indeed blind! As to poor Garston, he was so enchanted with himself in the Templar's costume, that he never once dreamed how near he was to a more portentous overthrow than that of his prototype on the field of Ashby de la Zouch.

We must pass over the next six weeks with merely saying, that Ellen executed her plans—

that Mrs. Dunbar found, in the complete success of a dreaded operation, a very considerable counteraction to what she still maintained was by far the greatest grief of her life. But it was plain, that even in no selfish grief could her benevolent feelings be merged. She was exceedingly excited with Ellen's marvelous success with her musical pupil, and she had the most eager pleasure, every day, in the result of a subscription Ellen had set on foot for the yet unpublished book of a poor author, or, rather a very poor man and good author. We must confess that Ellen had her hours of conflict, agitation, and despondency, when life was a burden; but even then, though the eclipse seemed total to her, she saw light beyond the shadow. Is there ever total darkness to the good?

Fletcher made her his confidant. This was a pretty severe trial; but she tried to feel, and did feel, in some measure, the sympathy he expected; and she was prepared by degrees for the final communication, that he and Matilda had plighted faith. In spite of her resolutions and efforts, she turned excessively pale, and tried in vain to command her voice to speak; but this did not surprise Fletcher. All deep emotions are serious. He had never himself been more so than at this moment of the attainment of the dearest, the long-cherished wish of his heart. One hour before, he had felt a pang that he in vain tried to forget, when, while their mutual vows were still warm on their lips, Matilda had left him in haste, lest she should not be the first at the opening of a newly-arrived case of French millinery! He painfully contrasted this with Ellen's emotion—with his own; and a thought arose through the mists of his mind, repressed as soon as perceived, that there were more points of sympathy between him and Ellen Fitzhugh, than he had found with Matilda.

As to poor Mrs. Dunbar, whom Ellen trusted she had quite prepared for the crisis, she took to her bed, upon the first intimation of it, with a head-ache that lasted, unintermitted, as never had head-ache, or *heart-ache*, with her before, for three days. In vain Matilda came to ask her blessing. Mrs. Dunbar was unaffectedly too ill to receive her. "With God's help and time," said the good lady to Ellen, "I will do my duty to Fletcher's wife; but as to seeing Matilda Preston now, that's quite impossible—and as to ever loving her as a child, as I do you, my dear Ellen, that's not to be looked for. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.'" Mrs. Dunbar was no philosopher; her instincts alone had led her to the discovery of the great truth, that our volitions have no power over our affections.

Ellen, now that all was decided, kept her eyes resolutely on the bright side. "I am very sorry aunt," she said, "you did not feel equal to seeing Matilda this morning; I have seen her more brilliant, but never one half so interesting. Love has given an exaltation to all her feelings—has breathed a soul into her face. There was a gentleness and a deference in her manners to Fletcher, that is quite new to her. She feels his superiority, and it may work wonders on her character."

"Do you think so, Ellen? Well—for Fletcher's sake—God bless him!—I'll hope for the

best. I am not an observing person, Ellen; but I have often remarked, that love, like show-ers from Heaven, is reviving to the thinnest soil, and every thing is fresh, and sweet, and beautiful for a little while; but the flowers soon fade—the grass withers—nature will take a natural course."

"But, aunt," replied Ellen, with a smile, "may not grace subdue nature?"

"No, my dear, no; it may help nature on in its way, but not change it. I am sure I have tried my best for the last six weeks to put down nature; but it is too strong for me Ellen." Mrs. Dunbar wiped away a flood of tears and then went on. "Ellen, I have been thinking this was a good time, while we are all so wretched—I mean, while I am—to speak to Fletcher about looking over that private desk of his father's. Will you take it to him dear? You know I have never looked into it. Before strangers come into the family, it is best to have papers that concern no one but us, disposed of. You need not say that to Fletcher; but I can trust you, dearest child, to say nothing to him that appears unfriendly to Matilda; just give him the desk and key."

Ellen did so; and, at the first leisure moment, Fletcher sat down to its examination. He found nothing of particular interest till he came to a file of letters, marked, "Correspondence with Selden Fitzhugh."—Before transcribing the only two letters of interest to the reader, it is necessary to premise, that the elder Dunbar and Fitzhugh had been intimate from their childhood, and that, after their marriage, the closest friendship united their families. A letter from Fletcher's father to his friend, which seemed to have been written soon after his failure, ran thus:

"DEAR FITZHUGH: My ruin is total. The labors, the enterprises, the successes of twenty years are wrecked—nothing remains. I am the victim, in part, of the folly of others, in part, I confess it with shame, of my own grasping. I had competence, I desired riches, and thus it has ended. But the worst is to come my dear friend, I have made shipwreck of your little fortune, as well as of my own hopes. I have been obliged to give up all my property to satisfy my indorsers, according to the received notion, that debts to them are debts of honor, and I have not wherewith to pay a penny of the thirty thousand dollars you trusted to me without bond, mortgage or security of any sort. This is the requital of your generous, but too rash friendship."

"Fitzhugh, I am a heart broken man. My hope and energy are gone. If it were not so, I might promise you a day of restitution—I should expect it myself: but all before me is dark and dreary. Even now I feel as if a fever were drying up the fountains of life.—Forgive me—pity me, my dear friend: I curse my own folly. You will not curse me, but, believe me, I would coin my heart's blood to make you restitution. Your miserable friend,  
F. DUNBAR."

The following answer to Mr. Dunbar's letter was dated at Mr. Fitzhugh's country residence, and written a week later than his.

"DEAR DUNBAR: I am truly sorry for your misfortunes; but my dear fellow, take heart of grace. If you have made a total shipwreck, as

you say, why so has many a good fellow before you. The storm will pass—you can fit out again; only don't carry quite so much sail, and take out a clearance for some other port than *El Dorado*. As to my money, believe me, on my honor, after the first surprise and shock were over, the loss has not given me a moment's uneasiness. I would not have put the money at risk for myself or you, if I had not secured an adequate provision for my good wife, and eight dear little girls, and Ellen into the bargain, if ever she comes home to us. Our wants are moderate, and our supplies sufficient; and, believe me, a few thousand dollars to be added to the inheritance of each of my girls, would not make one of our bright days brighter. They will never hear of the loss, for I have taken care they should not count upon money that I had subjected to the chances of mercantile life. I have been thus particular to tranquilize you, my dear friend. If finally you retrieve your circumstances, you will pay the debt, and all will be well; and, if you never pay it—why it will be just as well. Ever faithfully yours,

SELDEN FITZHUGH."

"God bless and reward you, noble, dear friend," was an indorse on the back of this letter, dated two days before Mr. Dunbar's death, and written by himself, evidently in a weak and tremulous hand.

Fletcher had read and re-read the letters, and had sat for half an hour meditating on their contents, when Matilda, who had called, on an appointment with Ellen, opened the door, and seeing him deep in occupation, was retreating, when he said, "Pray, come in, Matilda; you are the person I most wished to see."

"That, I trust, is not very singular! But what is the matter, Fletcher? Are you making your will?"

"I am thinking over the disposition of my worldly effects," he replied, with a very faint smile. "Will you read these letters, Matilda?"

"Yes; but, for Heaven's sake, don't look so solemn; I should think they were from the dead to the living."

"They are—read them, and tell me what you think of them."

Matilda read his father's while Fletcher perused her countenance with a far deeper interest than she evinced. "I see nothing very particular in this," she said. "Your poor father seems to have taken his failure sadly to heart. I never heard before that Mr. Fitzhugh lost by him. But the Fitzhughs are very well off for the country, and I suppose it did not matter much. Ellen was probably adopted by your mother as an off-set."

"No; my mother never knew any thing of the business."

"No! Oh, I forgot—Ellen has lived here all her life. But why are you so sad, dear Fletcher—there is no use in fretting over past troubles?"

"You have read but one of the letters, Matilda," said Fletcher, coldly, without noticing her last reply.

"So I see; but I was thinking so much more of you than of the letters!" She read Mr. Fitzhugh's. Fletcher's eye was riveted to her face; there was no change of color, no moistening of

the eye, the return message of a kindred spirit to a generous action. "How well he took it!" she said in her ordinary tone of voice. "I have often heard your mother say, that Ellen was just like her father, making the best of every thing—from evil still deducing good." Matilda saw that Fletcher expected something more from her; but what, exactly she could not divine. "Mr. Fitzhugh's letter must have been a balm to your father's wounded spirit, just at that sad time," she added, and paused again. A servant entered and filled the awkward interval with some good reason why Miss Ellen could not keep her appointment.

"I am not sorry," said Matilda, when the door closed, "for now, dear Fletcher, you will go with me."

"No, Matilda, I cannot."

"But you will," she urged, laying her hand persuasively on his shoulder, and with a look that would have seemed to defy denial, "Come, come away Fletcher, from these musty papers—you will be devoured with blue devils; come, I must go, and I will not go without you."

"You must excuse me."

"You are unkind, Fletcher," said Matilda, and her starting tears showed that she could feel keenly. Her pride would not brook any further entreaty, and she abruptly left the room, not doubting, however, that she should be intercepted, or immediately followed by her penitent lover. But she reached her own home unmolested, and retired to her own apartment, hurt and offended, and resolved, when Fletcher came to his senses, to be unrelenting. There was ring after ring at the street door, and visitor after visitor was announced; but the only one she cared for came not, and to every one else she was denied. At last the servant brought a note from Fletcher. "There must be something more than one note," thought Matilda, as she broke it open. The current of her feelings was somewhat changed as she read what follows:

"MY DEAREST MATILDA: Forgive me, I pray you. I have seemed unreasonable and sullen to you, and I have done you in my heart more wrong than I have expressed. That heart is wholly yours, and no feeling it harbors shall ever be hidden from you. The truth was, that I expected the letters would have called forth more feeling than they did. I ought to have reflected (and I have since) that our feelings depend much on our humors—that your mind was pre-occupied, and that, having no particular interest in the parties, you could not participate the strong and painful sympathy that then thrilled every nerve in my frame. I was wrong, and again, on my knees, I beg you to forgive me! I have bound myself to tell the whole truth; and I must confess, that I expected still more—that I expected you would anticipate the conclusions which of course were instinctive with me; but I should have remembered, my dear Matilda, that women, having no business, habits or notions, the duty devolving on me at this moment would not have occurred to you. That duty plainly is, to pay my father's debt to the Fitzhughs. There is no legal obligation, but a moral obligation, and an added debt of gratitude that no human law could make mere binding, or could invalidate.

If I had a family dependent on me, there might be a question; but, situated as I am, there can be none. The debt, with its accumulation of interest, will swallow up nine-tenths of the property I have acquired; but, with the remnant, with rare experience for three and twenty, with business talents, and a fair reputation, I shall soon go forward again. That event, which is to be the crowning joy of my life, must be deferred for two years. This is no small trial of my philosophy—of my religion (for I will use the right word;) but, with this bright reward ever in view, no labors, no difficulties will daunt my spirit. Dearest, dearest Matilda, forgive me for having for a moment doubted you. It was the first time. I believe, as I believe in all truth, it will be the last."

The following brief note, in pencil, was returned by the servant:

"Come to me at nine this evening. I shall be alone and disengaged then, and not till then. In the mean time, make no disclosures of your intentions to your mother, to Ellen, or to any one."

The interval was one of reposeful confidence to Fletcher, and of that celestial joy that springs from an ability, and an immoveable resolution, to perform a right action at a great personal sacrifice. We claim for him no great merit in yielding the money. Any right-minded young man, full of health and hope and conscious capacity, might have done this without a pang; but Fletcher was a passionate lover, and he had to encounter the miserable uncertainties of a hope deferred.

Let us see how the interval was passed with Matilda. After much agitating self-deliberation, she called her mother to her counsel. Mrs. Preston was the prototype of her daughter, save that what was but in the gristle with the daughter, had hardened into bone with the mother, and save that Matilda, from having had an education very much superior to Mrs. Preston's, had certain standards and theories of virtue in her mind's eye, that had never entered the mother's field of vision. Matilda, too, from having been all her short life in fashionable society, did not estimate it at so high a rate as her mother, who had paid for every inch of ground she had gained there.

Matilda related her last interview with Fletcher, and showed his note. "Do you believe," said Mrs. Preston, after reading it, "that Fletcher Dunbar will be so absurd as to adhere to this plan?"

"I am sure he will. He is perfectly inflexible when he makes up his mind to what he thinks a duty, however ridiculous it may appear to others."

"Of course, my dear, you are absolved from your engagement."

"If I choose to be."

"If you choose! My dear Matilda, you know how much it was against my wishes that you should form this engagement—that you should give up the most brilliant match in the city for what, at the very best, would be merely a genteel establishment. But the idea of your going into the shade at once, giving up every thing, and living perhaps at lodgings, or setting up house-keeping with two servants that you must

look after all day, and spend your evenings making your husband's shirts, by a single astral lamp, ride in an omnibus (you might ride in that splendid carriage,) and treat yourself, perhaps, to one silk gown a year—and all for what? To humor the notions of a young man, who is in no respect superior to Garston, except that he is rather taller, and has a straighter nose, and darker, larger eyes—not much larger either!"

Mrs. Preston had struck a wrong note. Matilda shrunk back from the path her mother was opening, as the images of her two lovers passed before her.

"Oh, mamma," she explained, "there is a horrid difference between them; and if I only could persuade Fletcher to abandon this notion—"

"Well, my dear, in my opinion, if he loves you, he will; if he does not, why then you lose nothing and gain every thing. Luckily your engagement is a secret, as yet, and you have taken no irretrievable step. Garston was here this morning—a look could bring him back to you."

"But, mamma, to give up what I have been so long dreaming of?"

"Yes, and what every young girl dreams of, and wakes up betimes to pretty dull realities. How should you like, for instance, to wash the breakfast things, and stir up a pudding—to wash and dress your children, and make a bowl of gruel for your dear mamma-in-law?"

"Oh detestable!" Matilda pondered for a few moments, and then said, "I really think, if Fletcher loves me, he will sacrifice his feelings to me. I am sure he owes it to me, after the sacrifice I made to him; I have certainly proved myself disinterested, but I do not like to be treated as if I could be set aside, and wait for the working of any fancy that comes up. I will tell him so—I am resolved. He must take the responsibility of deciding it."

The evening came, and when the clock struck nine, Fletcher entered Miss Preston's drawing-room, his fine countenance beaming with the serenity and trustfulness of his heart; but Matilda's first look sent a thrill through it, that was like the snapping of the chords of a musical instrument at the moment it is felt to be in perfect tune. She advanced toward him, and gave him her hand as usual, and she smiled; but it was a mere muscular movement, the expression was any thing but a smile. Her beautiful face had all the rigidity that a fixed and painful purpose could give to it; but it was a purpose that depended on a contingent, and to that contingent the smile and the responding pressure of her hand were addressed.

Her eyes were red and swollen, and, for the first time, her dress was not elaborately arranged.

She spoke first, "You do not love me, Fletcher?"

"Not love you, Matilda? God only knows how tenderly I love you."

"No, Fletcher, you do not love me—the truth has broken upon me with irresistible proof."

"What do you mean, Matilda? What have you heard? Surely it is not—it cannot be!"

"It is, Fletcher. Your note has nullified our engagement. I have judged you by my own heart. I have questioned, examined that, and I

am sure that no fancied duty—no *absolute* duty could have forced me—much less persuaded me at his first intimation, to expose the happiness that was just within our grasp to the hazards of time."

Fletcher poured out protestations and prayers, and concluded with assuring Matilda, that, "if she would share with him at the present moment, his abated fortune, if she would at once risk the uncertainties that he must encounter, he should be a happier and prouder man than all the wealth in the world could make him."

Matilda burst into tears. "It is not right—it is not generous," she said, "to put what you consider a test to me. It is none. You must acquit me of any groveling care of money. You have but to look six weeks backward to remember, that the first fortune in the city was awaiting my acceptance, and fashion, and brilliant family connexions. I sacrificed all, without a shadow of regret, to you, and now I am thought very lightly of in comparison with a fancied duty."

"A fancied duty? Good heaven!"

"A real duty, then; but so questionable, that nine out of ten would pronounce it no duty at all. It is *not* the money. I care as little for that as you can; but it is the terrible truth you have forced on me—you do not love me."

"Matilda, you wrong yourself—you wrong me."

"Prove it to me, then Fletcher. Let our relations be what they were yesterday—burn those letters, and forget them."

"Never!" cried Fletcher—indignantly, "so help me God—never."

"Then the tie that bound us is asunder—our engagement is dissolved."

"Amen!" said Fletcher, and he rushed from the house—his mind confused and maddened with broken hopes, disappointed affection, and dissolving delusions.

There is one painful, but sure cure for love. The slow-coming, resisted, but irresistible conviction of the unworthiness of the person beloved.

\* \* \* \* \*

A little more than two years had passed away, when one bright morning, at the hour of ceremonious visiting, a superb carriage, looking more like a ducal equipage than one befitting a wealthy citizen of a republic, drew up at Mrs. Dunbar's door. The gilded harness was emblazoned with heraldic devices, and a coat of arms was embroidered in gold on the hammer-cloth, and painted on the panels. The coachman and footman, in fresh and tasteful liveries, were in the dicky, and the proprietor of the equipage (in appearance a very inferior part of it) was seated on the box with a friend. Within the coach was a lady, magnificently dressed in the latest fashion. She seemed

"A perfect woman nobly planned

To warn, to comfort and command;"

but she had thwarted the plan—she had extinguished the "angel light"—she had herself closed the gates of Paradise, and voluntarily circumscribed her vision to this world. She had foregone the higher element for which she was destined; but the wings she had folded forever be-



trayed by their fluttering her disquietude with the way she had chosen. The face that, turned heavenward, would have reflected Heaven, was fixed earthward, and the dark spirits of Discontent and Disappointment brooded over it.

There is a baser traffic going on in this world of ours, than that which the poet immortalized in his history of Faust, carried on under the forms of law, and with the holy seal and superscription of marriage.

The lady alighted from the coach and was on the door-step, awaiting her husband. He did not move. The footman had rung the bell, and Mrs. Dunbar's servant stood awaiting the entrance.

"Are you not going in with me, Ned?" she asked.

"Not I—I hate bridal visits."

"Oh, come with me, I entreat you," she said earnestly.

"It's a bore! I can't. Bob and I will drive round the square, and take you up as we return."

The lady looked vexed and embarrassed; but there seemed no alternative.

"Is there much company in the drawing-room Daniel?" she asked.

"None, ma'am, Miss Ellen, that is, Mrs. Dunbar, the bride—Miss Ellen that was—don't see company in a regular way, as it were."

"No? I heard she did. I'll leave my card, now."

While she was taking it from her card-case the door opened, and Fletcher Dunbar, with a manner the most frank and unembarrassed, advanced, and offered her his hand. "Pray, Mrs. Garston," he said, "do not turn us off with a card; we are at home, and like all happy people, most happy to hear congratulations."

Matilda Garston had not been under Mrs. Dunbar roof since the memorable morning, when she found Fletcher at his father's desk. How changed was life now to all parties! Fletcher had awakened from the dream of boyhood to a reality of trustful love, to which his "ripened judgment" had set its seal.

Ellen, who had resigned her hope of reigning in Fletcher's heart, was now its elected and enthroned queen. She looked like the embodied spirit of home and domestic love and happiness. The two young women contrasted like the types of the spiritual and material world.

Our good friend, Mrs. Dunbar, was at the acme of her felicity. It would have been in vain for her to try to repress the overflowing of her heart, and try she did not. It sparkled and ran over like a brimming glass of champagne.

"I am truly glad to see you here again, Matilda—Mrs. Garston, I mean," she said; "I really am, my dear. And now we have met, old friends together, I will tell you, that I never had one hard thought, no, not one, at your breaking off with Fletcher. It was providential all round. Fine pictures should have fine frames; you, my dear, just fit the one you are set in, and our little Ellen was made to be worn, like a miniature, close to the heart. I used to be a believer in *first love*; now I think "*second thoughts best*."

## BIOGRAPHY.

From the Livingston Republican.

### REV. ANDREW GRAY.

We regret to record the death of another of those brave men, to whom under God, this country is indebted for her unequalled freedom. The Rev. ANDREW GRAY, of Sparta died at his house there, on Tuesday the 13th of August, 1839, much and justly lamented. He was seized with a paralytic stroke about a week preceding, and continued nearly the whole time that elapsed before death closed his earthly career, unconscious of suffering. The few lucid moments he enjoyed after being seized, were spent in leaving his dying testimony to the truth and excellence of that holy Religion, he was long successful in advancing.

MR. GRAY was born on the 1st of January 1757, in the county of Down, Ireland; and emigrated to this country, in company with his brother and family, previous to the Revolutionary War. At the age of seventeen, he joined in that momentous struggle, which awakened the latent energies of the nation, and issued in the establishment of an imperishable basis, of our precious and well earned independence. Being a man of uncommon strength and great energy of mind, his services were highly prized in the several engagements where he fought. At the battle of Long Island, he was unfortunately taken prisoner by the Hessians, who with great barbarity set him up for a target, to improve their skill in shooting. Three several times he escaped the deadly aim, by falling flat on the ground, at the moment the discharge took place. Thinking escape impossible, he remained in this position till the soldier who fired came up, and rolled him over to see if he still breathed. Knowing that the bayonet would finish what the musket had left undone, Mr. Gray then sprung to his feet, when at that instant another soldier interfered and claimed him as his prisoner. He seized him by the back of the neck but the former soldier drew a sabre, and aimed a fatal blow at the youthful captive. A merciful Providence again interposed for his deliverance. He eluded the stroke, but the soldier who held him had his arm cut off by the wrist. An altercation ensued, and death appeared inevitable; but just then an officer appeared, and rescued him from danger. He ordered a file of men to escort him within the British lines, who though they dared not destroy him, gratified their brutal spirit, by repeatedly knocking him down with the butt end of their guns. In this manner he was driven before them to the British camp, about half a mile distant, covered with bruises, and more dead than alive. Though he has encountered many perils since that time, and traveled many thousand miles, he has often been heard to say, that this appeared the longest and most dreadful march he had ever performed.

From Long Island, the prisoners were removed to the city of New-York, where with five or six hundred others, he was crowded into a small place of worship, in which there was not even room enough for them to lie down. For two days they remained without food, except a few baskets full of green apples, thrown in among them by the soldiery to make sport. The camp

distemper broke out in consequence; and the scene which ensued baffles all description. From this loathsome place he was put on board of the Jersey prison ship; and for a period of six weeks he passed through a series of privations and cruelties, which must forever rebound disgrace to the memory of his captors. Their food and drink were of the most abominable quality till hundreds perished under the fiery ordeal, and the living could not forbear to envy the condition of those whom death relieved from suffering. These measures were resorted to with a view to make them enlist in this British ranks and in some instances the dread of hunger and death impelled these poor men to do it. The wretched survivors were taken on shore, a line was drawn, provisions in abundance were exhibited, the drums beat for volunteers, and there was no alternative offered but "enlist or starve." Human nature could scarcely withstand such temptation. Mr. Gray being removed on ship board, and having gained a little strength, he watched his opportunity and made his escape.

Being an expert swimmer, he dropped silently over the vessel's side, eluded the sentinel's vigilance, was preserved amid the foaming billows and fainting with fatigue and want, he safely reached the shore. The British camp lay between him and his friends, and the country around swarmed with the adherents of the enemy. For a considerable time he lay concealed; when during the silence of the following night, he contrived to pass the guards, and traveled for nearly sixty miles, exposed to fearful hardships, till he at length arrived at the American lines. These miseries of war did not deter him from again taking up the sword in the cause of Freedom. He fought courageously in some of the most bloody engagements that occurred during the war, more especially in those of Monmouth and Brandywine. The time now approached, however, that his strength and talents were demanded in another field. He who had faithfully fought the battles of his adopted country, was henceforth destined to be a valiant soldier of the Cross. Having come under conviction of sin, and found relief for an awakened conscience in the redemption of a Savior's blood; he longed to proclaim to others the way of salvation.—But many obstacles had to be overcome before this could be accomplished. He was a stranger in a strange land—destitute of means to acquire a suitable education for the sacred office—and without one friend to counsel him in his difficulties. Having obtained on honorable discharge when his country could spare his services, he hired himself out among the Low Dutch by the day, month and year, that he might obtain a little money for the accomplishment of his fervent wishes. It was thus he acquired a knowledge of Dutch, in which language he often afterwards proclaimed the "unsearchable riches of Christ." He now commenced the study of Latin, but his memory, naturally good, had become so imperfect by the hardships he had undergone, that the difficulties he encountered in the study of the dead languages, appeared insuperable. But with admirable perseverance, he persisted in his design, and gradually he found his memory improve

and all his difficulties vanish. By the time he had acquired a knowledge of Latin, his resources failed, and having obtained the situation of usher in a school of eminence, he taught the Latin in the day time and studied Greek at night.

In consequence of his excessive application to study, his health began to sink; and being seized with a distressing vertigo, he was compelled for a time to relax his exertions. Still he was able to keep up with the Greek class, notwithstanding all his disadvantages, and having now become acquainted with the language in which Homer wrote, he commenced to study Hebrew, in the same manner. His zeal, ability, and devoted piety, attracted the notice of his Preceptor, Dr. Peter Wilson, a warm hearted Scotchman, afterwards Professor of Languages in Columbia College, New York, in whom the deserving student never failed to find a true friend and powerful patron. Having finished his Divinity studies he was licenced to preach, his inaugural sermon being delivered in Low Dutch, in which language he had studied.—When it was announced that the young Irishman was to officiate as a minister for the first time in Dutch; curiosity drew great numbers to hear him, and he who had not quailed where the bullet and the bayonet dealt destruction around on the gory battle field, trembled to face a friendly audience. After a very little experience, however, he completely mastered this uncomfortable feeling; and few men have displayed greater composure, readiness of utterance, or strength of mind while officiating in public. His services were put in immediate requisition, and during the years 1792 and '93 he was engaged to preach for twelve months at Poughkeepsie, in the forenoon in Dutch, and in the afternoon in English. Having become acquainted with Miss Mary Stuart, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. he was married to that lady in 1792, by whom he had a numerous family, most of whom, with his affectionate partner; survive to lament his loss. The next two years he continued to labor in the ministry, where his wife had resided; till in 1795 he removed to Allegany county, N. Y. in company with his brave early companion in arms, the celebrated Major Van Campen, and Mr. M'Henry. They purchased about three miles square of valuable land and gave their joint bond for the amount; but their titles having failed through some deception, they lost a handsome property. Mr. Gray lived about twelve years in Allegany county, and for the most of that period watched over the spiritual interests of three congregations, at considerable distance apart, viz: at Dansville, Almond and Angelica. Few constitutions could have sustained such excessive fatigue as he underwent; but nature had greatly favored him in this respect, and the promise was fulfilled in his experience, "as thy day is so shall thy strength be." He had often to contend with the fury of the elements, to brave the wild animals of the forest, and even to withstand the attacks of men nearly as savage. The God he served supported him amidst these dangers, and enabled him to say "hitherto hath the Lord helped me." About the year 1807 he removed to Livingston county, and took charge of the two congregations of Sparta and Groveland. Not long after he

was sent on a mission to the Tuscarora Indians, by the New-York Missionary Society, and the Lord appearing to bless his labors, he continued among them several years. His ministrations are said to have been highly prized by the dark sons of the forest, and to have been much blessed in the conversion of many of their number.—Between twenty and thirty church members were admitted by him to christian privileges; and those who were benefitted by his preaching and example, are spoken of as being highly exemplary in their behavior. The horrors of war, however, again scourged the country, and he and his little flock were greatly harrassed thereby. On the morning of December 18, 1814, the cry was raised "Lewiston is in flames," and every one who could, sought safety in flight. It was the Sabbath morning, the day of sacred rest; but no rest did they enjoy. The table was prepared for breakfast, and the tea poured out when the alarm was given:—and in the depth of winter, their perilous march commenced. His household property and library were of course destroyed, and he obtained no remuneration for his losses. He returned again to Sparta, and as long as his strength permitted, he continued to officiate in the work of the Lord. His great age and increasing infirmities rendered him unable to preach for several years preceding his death, and these reasons, together with some unhappy occurrences which it is unnecessary to particularize, induced him altogether to desist from official duty. Toward the close of his life, his mental as well as his bodily powers were considerably enfeebled; but though his mind exhibited evidences of decay when speaking of human affairs—it was pleasing to observe how his dim eye kindled, his trembling lips glowed with eloquence, and his soul resumed all its wonted energy, when the Redeemer's love to a perishing world was the theme of discourse. He departed this life without a struggle, in the midst of his afflicted family, who yet "sorrowed not as those who have no hope." A very large and respectable company followed his remains to the tomb, the procession being headed by two of our venerable revolutionary warriors, Captain Prime and Major Van Campen. His funeral sermon was appropriately preached in the Meeting House, where he had often fed multitudes with the bread of life, from these words of Isaiah, lvii. 1, "The righteous perisheth," &c. At the time of his death he was in his 82d year, and had been for nearly 50 years a minister of Jesus Christ. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

## MISCELLANY.

### THE LUXURIES OF COMMERCE.

#### AN EXTRACT.

EVEN in the simple business of refreshing ourselves with a good breakfast, we employ or consume the products of many regions. The tea we drink comes from China, or the coffee, is from Mocha, in Arabia; the sugar with which we sweeten it, from the West Indies; our porcelain cups and saucers were probably made in France;

the silver spoon with which each is provided, once lay dark and deep in the mines of South America; the table itself is mahogany, from Jamaica or Honduras; and the table-cloth was manufactured from a vegetable production in Ireland; the teapot is probably of English block-tin; and the steel of which the knives are wrought, may have come from Germany or Sweden; the bread is made of wheat, raised probably in Michigan; and the butter, if particularly good, must have come, a Philadelphian will say, from the neighborhood of his own city. If we are in the habit of eating relishes at breakfast, we discuss perhaps a beef-steak from Ohio, or a piece of smoked salmon from Maine, or it may be a herring from Scotland. Or suppose we take so very useless a personage as one of the foplings, whose greatest pleasure is in the decoration of their persons, and whose chief employment is to exhibit themselves at stated hours in Broadway, for the admiration of the ladies—and see how many lands are called upon to furnish the nice equipments of his dainty person. His hat is made of fur, brought thousands of miles from the north-west coast of America, or from an island in the South Antartic ocean; his fine linen is from Ireland, inwrought with cambric from British India; in the bosom glitters a diamond from Brazil, or perhaps an opal from Hungary; his coat is of Saxony wool, made into cloth in England, and it is lined with silk from Italy; his white waistcoat is of a fabric wrought in France; the upper leathers of his morocco boots have come from Barbary, and the soles are made of a hide from South America. His white hand, covered with kid-leather from Switzerland, jauntily bears a little cane, made of whale-bone from the Pacific, the agate head of which was brought from Germany; and from his neck is suspended a very unnecessary eye-glass, the golden frame of which is from Africa. His handkerchief is perfumed with scents of Persia, and the delicate moustache that shades his upper lip, has been nourished by a fragrant oil from the distant East, or by the fat of a bear that once roamed for prey amid the wastes of Siberia; while its jetty blackness has probably been artificially bestowed, by the application of the same Turkish dye that gives its sable hue to the magnificent beard of the sublime Sultan.—*Knickerbocker.*

### AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

A CIRCUMSTANCE of a very interesting and affecting kind occurred some time since at one of the Greek isles. A number of the islanders, terrified at the approach of a Turkish force, hurried on board a large boat, and pushed off from land. The wife of one of them, a young woman of uncommon loveliness, seeing her husband departing, stood on the shore, stretching out her hands towards the boat, and imploring, in the most moving terms, to be taken on board. The Greek saw it without concern or pity, and, without aiding her escape, bade his companions hasten their flight.

This unfortunate woman, left unprotected in the midst of her enemies, struggled through scenes of difficulties and danger, of insult and suffering, till her failing health and strength, together with a heart broken by sorrow, brought

her to her death-bed. She had never heard from her husband; and when wandering among the mountains, lying down in some wretched habitation, or compelled to urge her flight amidst cruel fatigues, her affection for him, and the hope of meeting him again, bore up her courage through all.

He came at last, when the enemy had retreated, and the Greeks had returned to their homes again; and fearing her situation, was touched with deep remorse.—But all hope of life was then extinguished; her spirit had been tried to the utmost;—love had changed to aversion, and she refused to see or forgive him. There is at times, in the character of a Greek woman, as more than one occasion occurred of observing, a strength and sternness that is remarkable. Her sister and relations were standing round her bed; and never in the days of health and love did she look so touchingly beautiful as then; her fine dark eyes were turned on them with an expression as if she mourned not to die, but still felt deeply her wrongs; the natural paleness of her cheek was crimsoned with a hectic hue, and the rich tresses of her black hair fell disheveled by her side. Her friends with tears entreated her to speak to and forgive her husband; but she turned her face to the wall, and waved her hand for him to be gone. Soon the last pang came over her, and affection conquered: she turned suddenly round, raised a look of forgiveness to him, placed her hand in his, and died.

#### A THRILLING STORY.

A THRILLING story is going the rounds of the papers, taken from the "Naval and Military Magazine," which, stripped of all its embellishment, is to the following purport:

On the day of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, Captain Walter Leslie's young bride, Helen, with feelings more easily imagined than described, took her seat at a window overlooking the field of that dreadful conflict; but being within reach of random shot, she, with the other inmates, retired to a barn as a place of more safety, and there remained in anxious suspense during the whole day. Some time in the night, Capt. Bryan was brought to the barn, badly wounded. Helen, with the necessaries which her forebodings had suggested, tenderly dressed young Bryan's wounds, and after his revival, ventured to inquire after her Walter. Bryan's evasive answer, but too fully portended the worst. She begged him to tell her the circumstances, for she knew that her husband was dead. Bryan then stated that just before going into action, Capt. Leslie thrust a small Bible into his bosom, charging him that if he fell in action, faithfully to deliver the sacred relic to his beloved Helen. But a few moments elapsed before he did fall. After learning from Bryan the spot at which Walter fell, she went alone in the night, lantern in hand, into the field of the dead and dying, amidst the plunging of wounded horses and other frightful sights, in search of the remains of her beloved. On the point of returning in despair of finding the object of her anxious search, among such a mass of carnage, her attention was drawn to an outstretched hand, on which was found the well known ring of her husband,

who was partly buried beneath a pile of other bodies. Whilst alone engaged in the release of the object of her affections, two soldiers sent by Capt. Bryan, came to her assistance, and bore "Ancaster's dear remains" to the same room with the wounded Captain. The Surgeon applying a glass to the lips of Leslie, declared that he yet lived. The shock of joy was too great for the delicate system of Helen; one vacant stare, and she fell lifeless on the floor, several hours being spent in restoring her to sensibility, and the embrace of her fond Walter.

The small Bible was presented to Leslie, by Helen, on their wedding day; neither of them dreaming that the Holy Book was to be the salvation of his bosom spent its force in the folds of the bible, which is now religiously preserved in the family, as a perpetual memorial of that extraordinary Providence.—*Raleigh Register.*

#### WOMAN'S LOVE.

Poor Joanna La Loca, Crazy Jane, the heiress of Isabella, was born to vast dominions and slender intellect. Her cloying fondness for her handsome husband defeated itself; Philip had married her for her kingdom, not her personal charms, and (like her niece, our Mary) she was by nature melancholy and ungracious. He became wearied, neglectful, and, by insensible degrees, unfeeling; his undisguised infidelities alienated her affections, without destroying the abstract remembrance of her former love. She shed no tear at his untimely death, but sunk into a moody imbecility. Soothed by music alone, all her occupations were merged in watching the remains of her husband. She had formed a vague idea, from some monkish tale, that he would be restored to life—and fed on a hope, which, if realized, would have converted passive sorrow into active misery. She traveled by night, in order that no female eye might behold the coffin. On one occasion, having entered a monastery, as she supposed, upon finding it to be a nunnery, she hurried out into the open country, encamped, and during a storm when the torches were extinguished, opened the coffin to verify the existence of the mouldering corpse—jealous as when, full of beauty, it was her life and joy—

"A sad remembrance fondly kept."

She obstinately declined all state affairs, which were carried on in her name. She pined continually, and, never telling her grief, for forty-seven long years immured herself in a convent, dead to the world, watching from her window the coffin of her husband, which was purposely so placed in a chapel.—*London Quarterly Review.*

#### I DIDN'T SAY BRISTLES.

The Louisville Journal relates the following anecdote:—"We remember that, some years ago, Roger M. Sherman and Perry Smith were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before a Court of Justice. Smith opened the case with a violent and fooling tirade against Sherman's political character. Sherman rose very composedly and remarked—"I shall not discuss politics with Mr. Smith before the court, but I am perfectly willing to argue questions of law, to chop logic, or even to split hairs with

him." "Split that then," said Smith, at the same time pulling a short, rough looking hair from his own head, and handing it over towards Sherman. "May it please the honorable court," retorted Sherman as quick as lightning, "I didn't say BRISTLES."

A HEAVY DEALER.—"Has Mr. Breed got any cedar shingles in his wharf?" inquired a little urchin at the counting-room door. "Yes he has," "Well, I want to get two cents worth, to make a sled."

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. South Orange, N. J. \$2.00; W. C. Richmond, N. H. \$1.00; H. N. B. Centerville, R. I. \$1.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$3.00; H. H. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Haven, Ct. \$2.00; W. A. Canaan, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Washington, N. Y. \$5.00; A. B. New Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hinesburgh, Vt. \$1.00; J. P. Byron, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. McLean, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Brookfield, N. Y. \$2.00; E. G. K. Tuscarora, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. H. North Haverhill, N. H. \$2.00; J. B. South Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cuyahoga Falls, O. \$2.00; J. G. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. W. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; M. H. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Waterbury, Vt. \$3.00; P. M. Pepacton, N. Y. \$2.00; L. M. B. Olean, N. Y. \$1.00; O. M. S. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; D. O. H. New-Haven, Ct. \$1.00; J. M. Somerville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. H. Vandalia, Ill. \$1.00; A. J. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. L. Keene, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### Attended,

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. William Housen, M. D. of Port Carbon, Penna. to Miss Catharine Bryan, daughter of the late John W. Lyon, of Ithaca.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ackly, Mr. William J. Folger to Miss Ann P. Hopkins, second daughter of Elias Hopkins, Esq.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Landon, Mr. Wm. H. Macy to Miss Mary Jane Brandon, both of this city.

At Canaan, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. Peter Townsend, of Tyringham, Mass. to Miss Amelia Bill, of Great Barrington, Ma.

At Valatie, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Wm. Hudson to Miss Julia Van Kuren, of the former place.

At Stockport, on the 2d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Scoval, Mr. William N. Burden to Mrs. Gidday Miller, both of this city.

At Canaan, on the 19th ult. by Hiram D. Ford, Esq. Mr. Lester T. Shurcliff to Miss Betsey Jones, all of Canaan.

On the 10th ult. in the city of New-York, by the Rev. Mr. Berger, Mr. William Lintz to Miss Maria Sneekner, both of that city.

On the 21st ult. by the same, Mr. Milton Bryant, of Claverack, to Miss Lucinda Miller, of Taghkanic.

At Ithaca, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. John C. Hoos, Mr. Samuel Stoddard to Miss Ann Cecelia Hutchinson, all of that place.

#### Deceased,

In this city, on the 2d inst. after a short and severe illness, James Mellen, Esq. President of the Hudson and Berkshire Rail-Road Co. aged 46 years.

He was endeared to our citizens by a long and intimate acquaintance, by his benevolent heart, and his great and extensive usefulness as evinced by his active, enterprising and efficient business habits.

On the 28th ult. Frederick, son of Franklin and Mary Ann Taylor, in his second year.

In Valatie, on the 28th ult. Mr. Jacob Washburn, aged 56 years.

On the 23d ult. at Chatham, of Consumption, Mary Elisabeth, daughter of James M. Cashore, in the 20th year of her age.

In Clermont, on the 16th ult. Mrs. Anna Cookingham, relict of the late David Cookingham, aged 63 years.

At Charlestown, Mass. on the 13th ult. in the 42d year of his age, the Rev. Thomas F. King, formerly Pastor of the Universalists Church and Society in this city. Mr. King has been for several years past, Pastor of the Universalists Church and Society in Charlestown—much beloved and respected by his congregation and by all with whom he had formed an acquaintance while performing the duties of Minister of the Gospel in the various places where he has visited. Forty Universalist Clergymen attended his funeral, besides clergymen of other denominations, and a vast concourse of people.

At Linden, Genesee Co. on Saturday the 21st ult. Juliet Estella, only child of Dr. H. L. W. Leonard, of Pendleton, Niagara Co. aged 21 months.

Sleep on, dear child, within thy narrow bed—

Why should fond parents at thy exit grieve?

Thy cheek is cold, but still thou art not dead,

In Heaven does yet thy little spirit live.

Thou art at rest, free from disease and pain,

And our untimely loss is thy eternal gain.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

On the banks of the Chatachoochy, lived a few years ago, and I suppose is still living, an aged Indian, the last of his race. He was the last of the Oak Mountain tribe. All his brave warriors had been killed in battle with the whites, who had wrested from them their territory, driven the game from their hunting grounds, and ploughed up the graves of their sires.

All had gone to the "land of spirits," save this one old relic, who infirm, alone and broken-hearted, begged the privilege of spending his few remaining days, and reposing his bones upon the soil of his fathers!

## THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

BY S. COMPTON SMITH.

THE last rays of the evening had turned to the east, And the sun dimly shone as he sunk to the west; No sound struck my ear as I wandered along, Save the murmuring stream and the robin's sweet song.

The bright landscape was fair, and the softly blue sky Begirt the Oak Mountain in deep fantasy. Now Autumn's dull foliage and every crisped leaf, On the lonely Oak Mountain seemed covered with grief.

But the sun stole away, and the oaks lost the fringe, Which the pale rays of evening did mournfully tinge; And the Indian queen's ghost seemed to glide through my view,

And expand her light wings to the night falling dew; Then a cloud broke away, and the rays of the sun, Now again to the top of the mountain had run; And they kissed and embraced e'er they parted again, While the dull god of night reared his throne on the plain.

And now the rays of the sun gild only the peaks, And the dark shades of vesper with the sun's light mix.

On the tops of the oaks such a bright golden hue— See the dark vales below—see the deep sky of blue, Such a contrast of shades—here so brilliant—there, brown,

And see Night moving up in her dark vapory gown.

But the dark mountain now is quite shorn of its crest,

For he who illumed it has gone to the west— There to shine on the red man, who once did reside On the oak covered mountain which then was his pride.

'Twas the home of his boyhood, the grave of his sire—

It was here walked the girl he was wont to admire, And here Tuckabosh sung his rude song to Allete, And the maid owned the voice of her Tuckabosh, sweet.

Here 'twas the red warrior chieftain knelt to her charms,

And 'twas here that he toyed with the maid in his arms;

And when fires had been lighted, and the tribe sunk to rest,

While the wolves howled around, she would sleep on his breast.

But the chieftain is called from his beloved Allete, The white foeman in arms on his borders to meet. And Allete sits alone on the Oak Mountain top, Her sad heart scarcely feeling one faint ray of hope,

May she hope—dare she hope that her Tuckabosh dear, Will survive the rude shock of the dark cloud of war?

Now the day of his promised return has arrived— O! "Great Spirit," she cries, "if my love has survived

The rude shock of the battle, O! let him return To my bosom," but destiny oft times is stern, And unheard was the prayer of the sorrowing Allete, And unaltered the dark lettered page of her fate; For the last ray of hope having quitted her breast, On the lonely Oak Mountain Allete sunk to rest.

On the brightest and loftiest peak is her grave— O! tread lightly there, she was the wife of the brave!

Now far off in the valley the tomahawks gleam, And the warwhoop is yelling, and deep flows the stream

Of the blood of the tribe of the Oak Mountain chief; For most bravely he fought, while his heart swelled with grief.

For his Allete was left on the Oak Mountain brow, And the chieftain remembered his last parting vow. Long time he contended, hard grappling with steel, And the long rifle, belching out peal after peal; And he manfully wielded the axe and the knife, As he fought for his nation, his home and his wife. But the battle pressed hard, and his warriors were few,

And compelled by his fate, the brave chieftain withdrew

To the swamps on his left with his brave little clan, There, regaining his strength, through the forest he ran

To his lovely Oak Mountain, expecting to meet The wife of his soul, his dearest Allete—

Though defeated in battle though his prospects were crossed,

A faint lingering of hope told him all was not lost. But ah! who shall attempt to describe what he felt, As alone on the grave of his Allete he knelt?

Thrice he kissed the rude stone that was laid on her grave,

Then he called o'er the names of his own warriors brave—

Then with mutterings of woe, and his soul full of grief,

To the dark Chatachoochy the heart-broken chief, Slowly wended his way, and there sad and alone,

Does the tragical fate of his nation bemoan—

And the fate of Allete, the girl of his love, Who slept on his breast in the Oak Mountain grove.

## LAMENT.

I am left alone! the dark storm has passed, And borne my loved nation away!

O! withering and cold was that pitiless blast, That made all my hopes to decay!

Chatachoochy! I stand where thy dark flowing tide Has oft washed the steps of my sires;

Where once their canoes could peacefully glide, And where once our tribe lit their fires.

But they are now gone, and lonely I stray Where thy waters are flowing, dark stream;

But Memory will come and light up a ray, O'er the past days of gladness to gleam.

Were it not that this heart were broken, and fled, The spirit that prompted bold deeds—

Revenge would spring forth for the dead, And the pale face receive his just meeds.

But now trembling age has palsied this hand That once fearlessly wielded the knife;

And all edgeless and broken the brand, That once tasted the pale foeman's life.

Time shall soon come when the last of his race Shall bid adieu to the land of his sires; The Great Spirit points me away to that place Where happy my tribe light their fires.

O! I will come and I gladly resign All thy sad and sweet music, loved stream— All the fond recollections that twine, Where my boyhood knew its first dream.

Yes! I go to that bright land which our foe, The pale face may never enjoy, Where the streams of bliss forever shall flow And no fearful thoughts shall annoy.

I am left alone the dark storm has passed, And borne my loved nation away! O! withering and cold was that pitiless blast, That made all my hopes to decay!

## THE YOUNG COMMUNICANT.

HAIL, young disciple! thou whose early feet From the broad pathway of the world have fled, Who, listening to thy Lord with reverence meet, Hast to his ritual bowed thy lowly head— How beautiful!—to heed the heavenly call Ere the full freshness of thy morning prime, Before the dark clouds threat, the mildews fall, Or o'er thy temples creep the frosts of time: So, from each wile that lureth from the fold, Still may thy chosen Shepherd hold thee free, And from all ill, till life's brief hour be told, O sweet disciple, may He succor thee,— Till to that radiant clime thy spirit soar, Where storms shall shroud the rose and toss the bark no more.

THE following lines were written by MR. LEGGOTT a few days before his death—they were the last from his pen:—

WHY, what is death, but life In other forms of being? life without The coarser attributes of man, the dull And momentarily decaying frame which holds The ethereal spirit in, and binds it down To brotherhood with brutes? There's no such thing As death; what's called so is but the beginning Of new existence, a fresh segment in The eternal round of change.

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VOLUME XVI.

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## THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE following description of this splendid victory will be found interesting:

"For eight days had the two armies lain upon the same field, in view of each other, without any thing decisive being on either side effected. Twice since their landing, had the British columns assayed to effect by storm the execution of their plans, and twice had failed—been compelled to relinquish the attempt and retire from the contest. It was not to be expected that things could long remain in this dubious state. Soldiers, the pride of England—the boasted conquerors of Europe, were there; distinguished generals were there leaders, who earnestly desired to announce to their country, and the world their signal achievements. The high expectations which had been indulged of the success of this expedition, were to be realized, at every peril, or disgrace would follow the failure.

"The 8th of January at length arrived. The day dawned; and the signals, intended to produce concert in the enemy's movements, were desisted. On the left, near the swamp, a sky-rocket was perceived rising in the air; and presently another ascended from the right, next the river. They were intended to announce that all was prepared and ready, to proceed and carry by storm a defence which had twice foiled their utmost efforts, instantly the charge was made, and with such rapidity, that our soldiers, at the out posts, with difficulty fled in.

The British Batteries, which had been demolished on the 1st of the month, had been re-established during the preceding night, and heavy pieces of cannon mounted, to aid in their intended operations. These now opened, and showers

of bombs, and balls were poured upon our line; while the air was lighted with their congreve rockets. The two divisions, commanded by Sir Edward Packenham in person, and supported by generals Keane and Gibbs, pressed forward; the right against the centre of Gen. Carroll's command—the left against our redoubt on the levee. A thick fog, that obscured the morning, enabled them to approach within a short distance of our entrenchment, before they were discovered. They were now perceived advancing, with firm, quick and steady pace, in column, with a front of sixty or seventy deep. Our troops, who had for some time been in readiness, and waiting their appearance, gave three cheers and instantly the whole line was lighted with the blaze of their fire. A burst of artillery and small arms, pouring with destructive aim upon them, mowed down their front, and arrested their advance. In our musketry there was not a moment's intermission; as one party discharged their pieces, another succeeded; alternately loading and appearing, no pause could be perceived—it was one continued volley. The columns already perceived their dangerous and exposed situation. Battery No. 7, on the left, was ably served by Lieut. Spots, and galled them with an incessant and destructive fire. Batteries No. 6 and 8 were no less actively employed, and no less successful in felling them to the ground. Notwithstanding the severity of our fire, which few troops could for a moment have withstood, some of those brave men pressed on and succeeded in gaining the ditch, in front of our works, where they remained during the action, and were afterwards made prisoners. The horror before them was too great to be with-

stood; and already were the British troops seen wavering in their determination, and receding from the conflict. At this moment Sir Edward Packenham, hastening to the front, endeavored to encourage and inspire them with renewed zeal. His example was of short continuance: he soon fell mortally wounded, in the arms of his aid-de-camp, not far from our line. Generals Gibbs and Keane also fell, and were borne from the field dangerously wounded. At this moment, Gen. Lambert, who was advancing at a small distance in the rear, with the reserve met the columns precipitately retreating, and in great confusion. His efforts to stop them were unavailing—they continued retreating, until they reached a ditch, at the distance of four hundred yards, where a momentary safety being found, they were rallied and halted.

The field before them, over which they had advanced, was strewn with the dead and dying. Danger hovered still around, yet, urged and encouraged by their officers, who feared their own disgrace involved in their failure, they again moved to the charge. They were already near enough to deploy, and were endeavoring to do so; but the same constant and unremitted resistance that caused their first retreat, continued yet unabated. Our batteries had never ceased their fire; their constant discharges of grape and canister, and the fatal aim of our musketry, mowed down the front of the columns as fast as they could be formed. Satisfied nothing could be done, and that certain destruction awaited all further attempts, they forsook the contest and the field in disorder, leaving it covered with the dead and wounded. It was in vain their officers endeavored to animate them to further resistance, and equally vain to attempt coercion. The panic produced from the dreadful repulse they had experienced, the plain on which they had acted, being covered with innumerable bodies of their countrymen, while, with their most zealous exertions they had been unable to obtain the slightest advantage, were circumstances well calculated to make even the most submissive soldier oppose the authority that would have controlled him.

The light companies of fusiliers; the forty-third and ninety-third regiments, and one hundred men from the West India regiment, led on by Colonel Rennie, were ordered to proceed under cover of some chimneys, standing in the field, until having cleared them, to oblique to the river, and advance, protected by the levee, against our redoubt on the right. This work, having been but lately commenced, was in an unfinished state. It was not until the 4th, that General Jackson, much against his own opinion had yielded to the suggestions of others, and permitted its projection; and considering the



plan on which it had been sketched, had not yet received that strength necessary to its safe defence.

The detachment ordered against this place, formed the left of General Keane's command. Rennie executed his orders with great bravery; and urging forward, arrived at the ditch. His advance was greatly annoyed by Commodore Patterson's battery on the left bank, and the cannon mounted on the redoubt: but reaching our works and passing the ditch, Rennie, sword in hand, leaped on the wall, and calling to his troops, bade them follow; he had scarcely spoken, when he fell by the fatal aim of our riflemen. Pressed by the impetuosity of superior numbers, who were mounting the wall, and entering at the embrasures, our troops had retired to the line, in rear of the redoubt. A momentary pause ensued but only to be interrupted by increased horrors. Captain Beal, with the city riflemen, cool, and self possessed, perceiving the enemy in his front, opened upon them, and at every discharge brought the object to the ground. To advance, or maintain the point gained, was equally impracticable for the enemy; to retreat or surrender was the only alternative; for they already perceived the division on the right thrown into confusion, and hastily leaving the field.

General Jackson being informed of the success of the enemy on the right and of their being in possession of the redoubt, pressed forward a reinforcement to regain it. Previously to its arrival they had abandoned the attempt, and were retiring. They were severely galled by such of our guns as could be brought to bear. The levee afforded them considerable protection; yet, by Commodore Patterson's redoubt on the right bank, they suffered greatly. Enflamed by this on their advance, they had been greatly annoyed, and now, in their retreat, were no less severely assailed. Numbers found a grave in the ditch before our line, and of those who gained the redoubt, not one, it is believed, escaped;—they were shot down as fast as they entered. The route along which they had advanced and retired, was strewn with bodies. Affrighted at the carnage, they moved from the scene hastily, and in confusion. Our batteries were still continuing the slaughter, and cutting them down at every step; safety seemed only to be attainable, when they should have retired without the range of our shot; which, to troops, galled as severely as they were, was too remote a relief. Pressed by this consideration, they fled to the ditch, whither the right division had retreated, and there remained, until night permitted them to retire.

Here was a period, the most auspicious that had appeared during the war, to have gained a complete triumph to our arms. What important events, in a nation's history, are often the result of slight occurrences! and how often are they prevented by causes no less inconsiderable! The truth is apparent in the fate of this grand expedition, which had been fitted out to humble our national pride; and which would have been captured or destroyed but for the ill-timed policy of the government, or its agents, who as has been shown, prevented the arrival of the arms destined for this place because an inconsiderable sum was thereby saved by the nation. A considerable

portion of our troops were inactive and useless for the want of arms to place in their hands. If this had not been the case—had they been in a situation to have acted efficiently, the whole British army must have submitted. But situated as Gen. Jackson then was, pursuit would have been rashness; though, with the additional force which a sufficiency of arms would have placed at his command, much might have been effected against an enemy whose ranks were thinned by the unparalleled slaughter of the day; and who, panic struck, and fleeing from the danger before them were incompetent to resistance, and already believed themselves conquered: but prudence, under existing circumstances, strongly opposed the idea of pursuit, and suggested to the commanding general, that although he had thus signally achieved even more than he had expected, yet with the kind of troops it had been effected, inferior in number and discipline, to attempt, even under present advantages, a contest on the plain was hazardous too greatly.

Colonel Hinds was very solicitous, and in person applied to the commanding general for leave to pursue, at the head of his dragoons, the fleeing and broken columns of the enemy; Gen. Jackson, however would not permit it. "My reason for refusing," he remarked, "was, that it might become necessary to sustain him, and thus a contest in the open field be brought on: the lives of my men were of value to their country, and much too dear to their families to be hazarded where necessity did not require it; but above all, from the numerous dead and wounded stretched out on the field before me, I felt a confidence that the safety of the city was most probably attained, and hence, that nothing calculated to reverse the good fortune we had met should be attempted."

### SPLENDOR TALKS.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

#### RUTH DEANE; Or, the Collegian's Sister.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"We shall barely have time," said Mrs. Deane, addressing her daughter, "to spin and weave this web of flannel in time to dispose of it before vacation, when Sedley's bill for board, and his other college expenses must be paid."

"I thought," replied Ruth, placing her spinning-wheel near the fire, for it was a cool frosty evening in October, "that father expected to be able to raise a sufficient sum to pay my brother's expenses, without being obliged to take the money we shall obtain by selling the flannel."

"He did," said Mrs. Deane, "but he is still owing Mr. Preston a small sum for the last land he bought of him, and although it does not become due till the spring, the long and distressing sickness of Mrs. Preston has made him in want of the money, and your father, as well as myself, think it right to pay him, and I dare say that you will agree with us."

"O yes, certainly," said Ruth, with a sigh, "though I could not help hoping—"

"Hoping what, my child?"

"That you and father would think yourselves

able to buy me the new gown that you promised me, before Sedley came home again. You know that I had my blue and white striped linen one three years ago, when I was only fourteen, and I have almost outgrown it now."

"What you say is true, and I wish you could be gratified, the more so, as you have always been a good, industrious girl, and without your assistance, we should have found it difficult to keep Sedley at college. But you will have this to comfort you, your brother will like you just as well in your scanty gown of blue and white linen, as he would in the most beautiful calico, or even silk."

Ruth did not reply, but kept her eyes, which her mother perceived were fast filling with tears, intently fixed on her work.

"Ruth," said Mrs. Deane, with some severity of tone, "is it possible that being disappointed in having a new gown, can affect you thus?"

"No," replied Ruth, and the tears now streamed down her cheeks, "it is not that."

"What can it be then?"

"Excuse me, mother, I had rather not tell."

"No, I insist on knowing the cause of this strange emotion."

"I am afraid," said the weeping girl, speaking with difficulty, "that Sedley will be ashamed of me."

"What! ashamed of his sister for assisting to pay his expenses by her industry, instead of spending her earnings in dressing fine? What could possibly suggest such an idea? Did Sedley ever say or do any thing to occasion it?"

"Let me entreat you to press me no further on the subject."

"No, Ruth, I shall not drop it here. What did Sedley ever say or do, to awaken the suspicion that he was ashamed of you?"

"Don't you remember that when he was at home last winter, I declined going to Lydia Freeman's quilting-party?"

"Yes, I believe I do. You did not appear to wish to go."

"Yet I did wish to go very much, and went so far as to dress myself for going, although you did not know it; when Sedley, who happened to see me just as I was coming out of my room, said something that made me determine to remain at home."

"I am sorry for that. You should not indulge yourself in sudden starts of passion. But what did he say?"

"He said that he hoped that I was not going to wear that queer looking gown to the party, and that his washer-woman would be ashamed to be seen in such a one. You know, mother, that it was the best I had, and as I did not like to enter into an explanation that might wound his feelings, and produce uneasiness when he returned to college, I concluded to remain at home."

Mrs. Deane remained silent and thoughtful for some time.

"I fear," said she, at length, "that by endeavoring with our small means to give Sedley the advantages of a college education, we have been unjust to you. We have even been obliged to debar you from attending the common district school, that you might by your earnings assist to defray his expenses. I don't know why, but the

subject never appeared to me before in the light that it now does."

"You need give yourself no uneasiness on account of my not having attended school much, for I have always been enabled, by stealing a few minutes from the hours of rest at night, and by rising very early, to keep up with Lydia Freeman, and she has always been considered one of the best scholars in school. Even Sedley acknowledges that the style of my letters is easy and correct, and that my hand-writing is good."

The conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Deane, which was not, at that time resumed.

The piece of flannel was finished, sent to town and sold; the proceeds of which, added to the sum already accumulated by other means, was sufficient to meet the demand of Mr. Preston, and to pay what was due on Sedley's account. All that Ruth received for her daily and almost unremitting toil at the spinning-wheel, was two yards of light blue shawing ribbon to trim a bonnet still more ancient than the blue and white gown.

It was late in the evening, and as Mr. and Mrs. Deane sat before the fire, felicitating themselves at being at last, after a struggle of twenty years, fairly out of debt, Ruth, being seated in one corner, trying to read a few words by fire-light, a letter from Sedley, handed by a neighbor, excited no little solicitude.

"He must be sick," said Mrs. Deane, as her husband broke the seal of the letter, "or he never would have written so near the time for him to come home."

Their anxiety, however, was quieted with regard to his health, and turned into a different channel, on perusal of its contents, which we subjoin:—

"DEAR PARENTS:—I write in great haste to inform you that Pembroke Harleigh will accompany me home, and will probably remain our guest a week or ten days. You know that I have spent two vacations with him at his father's, in Boston, who is a rich merchant; and, as he expressed a wish the other day in my presence, to spend a short time in the country, I could do no less than to invite him to go home with me. He has always, since the commencement of our acquaintance, professed a friendship for me, of which I have just reason to be proud, as he is a young man of superior talents and unblemished morals. Do tell Ruth to dress in something beside that eternal blue and white gown of hers, which is not only out of date, but was barely decent in its best days. Moreover, I have heard Pembroke express a particular dislike to blue as a color for any article of dress. Your dutiful and affectionate son,  
SEDELEY DEANE."

Ruth thought of the blue ribbon, and was sorry, on Sedley's account, that it had not been some other color.

"It is the twenty-third day of the month today," said Mrs. Deane, "and they will be here the twenty-sixth; I am sorry that we did not get the letter before you went to town yesterday, and then you might have bought a little more tea, and some white sugar. I am afraid that such a fine gentleman as Mr. Harleigh is, who has al-

ways been used to the best, will not relish our maple sugar in tea. Besides, we have sold almost all of that, so that it will hardly hold out to use twice a day for tea, and to sweeten our thanksgiving pies and puddings."

"We must have our porridge then, at night, as we commonly do," said Mr. Deane.

"What! set porridge before a Boston gentleman?"

"Yes, and if Mr. Harleigh is a young man of the good sense and understanding that Sedley represents him to be, he will think it much more commendable for poor people like us, to eat porridge for supper and pay our debts, than to drink tea and let them go unpaid."

"I hope he will think so, and I wish I could feel as easy about it as you do—but somehow it is natural for us women to have more pride about such things than the men. There is poor Ruth too—I do wish we could have got her a new gown."

"A new gown? What does she want of a better than the nice brown woollen one she made up the other day?"

"That will do very well for her to run into a neighbor's with, but even Rachel Bates, whose father does not own an inch of land in the world, would not be seen in young company with such an one."

"That is one reason why he never will own an inch of land."

"You don't consider, neither, how odd it will look to Mr. Harleigh, to see her dressed in a home-spun gown."

"Nor do I care," said Mr. Deane. So fine a gentleman as this Pembroke Harleigh, is no person to spend his thoughts upon a daughter of ours. There is Dr. Kilham likes her very well in her home-spun dress, and he, besides owning a farm four times as valuable as mine, is making money hand over hand by his profession."

"Yes, the Doctor would be a very good match for her if she only thought so, but there is no such thing as controlling the fancy, you know?"

"I would sooner die than to have him," murmured Ruth, as she left the room to go to her chamber.

It was much later than usual, before Ruth could compose herself to sleep. A variety of thoughts and emotions, many of them vague and undefinable, agitated her mind, but the painful and humiliating consciousness predominated over every other feeling, that she was not fitted by education to sustain the same rank in society as her brother. While he had been pursuing his studies at the highest seat of learning in the country, she had, even from her early childhood, been a constant and uncomplaining drudge at home, to the end that he might not feel mortified by any inferiority in his personal appearance, or embarrassed by any lack of accommodation. Nor was Mr. Deane severe in this respect, for, although he would not tolerate any thing approaching to luxury at home, he apprehended that there was a kind of dignity appertaining to those who had entered the precincts of a college, which ought to be supported; and he would have thought it nearly as great a scandal for one of its members to be restricted as to any desirable con-

venience, or to appear mean in his dress, as to see the parish minister enter the pulpit habited in a suit of home-made, instead of broadcloth; yet at the same time he would have considered it almost disgraceful to wear anything himself, better than his wife and daughter could spin and weave with their own hands. Ruth's affection for her brother, prevented her from repining at the sacrifice she had been obliged to make, and had he possessed feelings delicate and susceptible as her own, and had he been equally watchful not to wound the heart of another by deed, word, or look, the electric spark would never have been communicated, which awakened into life the train of painful thoughts and associations, which from time to time had preyed upon her spirits, and now agitated her mind. A person whose heart is wrapt in the dark mantle of its own selfishness, is as incapable of appreciating as of comprehending the soul of one, whose high and generous impulses urge to the sacrifice of personal good for the welfare and advancement of another; and that too with so much secrecy and delicacy, that the person benefitted does not even suspect that the richest and brightest of the plumes that adorn the pinions on which he soars, were nourished with the life-blood that should have given vigor and buoyancy to a gentler and nobler spirit.

Sedley Deane, at the time he bantered his sister about her dress, did not know that the money which she had been long in earning to purchase a better, in consequence of a wish expressed in one of his letters for some additional article of furniture for his room, convenient, although not absolutely necessary, had been unhesitatingly yielded by her for its purchase: and even if he had known it at the time, so accustomed had he always been to have every wish gratified, it is doubtful whether his generosity would have so far triumphed over his selfishness, as to induce him to decline receiving it.

The error of Mr. and Mrs. Deane, was similar to that committed by many other parents, especially at the early period of our story, when the facilities for acquiring a decent education were far inferior to what they are at the present time. Indications of early talent exhibited by their son, awakened in them an ambition to send him to college, a step which they were sensible, would oblige them to practice the most rigid economy, and probably in many instances subject them to severe privation. In deciding on this course, the thought did not once suggest itself that they were doing injustice to the fair girl whose buoyant step, happy laugh, and warbled song, diffused the sunshine of cheerfulness round their dwelling, and who, while she possessed as rich an intellect as her brother, had more heart, and was gifted with moral qualities of a higher tone and more finely harmonized.

The twenty-sixth of November came—not sad and melancholy, and clothed with a mantle of mist—but radiant with sunny smiles, such as more frequently beam on the face of bright October. Mrs. Deane and Ruth made themselves sure that not a speck sullied the unpainted and uncarpeted floors of the "fore-room" and the best bed-room. The maple desk, light stand

and "four-foot-table," all shone brightly with their waxen polish, while the linen window-curtains, of coarse texture but unrivaled whiteness—their edges embroidered with blue thread in flowers and leaves, that must have belonged to a class which Linneus never dreamed of—were drawn aside to give free admission to the sunbeams. In arranging the few books that lay upon the desk, Ruth was accustomed to take particular care that the poetical works of Pope and Collins, which her brother had received as a present from Pembroke Harleigh, should occupy a conspicuous place; not because they were the most elegantly bound, but being the first modern poetry that she had ever read, save a few religious hymns, she loved, by having them meet her eyes, even when her hands were too busily employed to permit her opening them, to renew, in part, the sweet and powerful spell which their first perusal threw over her spirit. Not that she had never had poetical dreams of her own. A mind so finely organized, and so keenly susceptible to all beauty, whether physical or moral, could not have failed to have had them, but they were like brilliant masses of clouds that hover over the sun as he sinks to his bed of glory, then silently fade, and dimly float away. She had never before realized, how language with its rich and plastic power could mould them into form, and give them life and individuality.

The household arrangements were, at length, all finished, and as hill and tree began to cast their lengthened shadows upon the bosom of the valley that opened in front of their dwelling, Sedley and his young friend were momentarily expected. Mrs. Deane was attired in her new brown woolen gown, while her lawn cap, though rather coarse, had been so beautifully starched and crimped by Ruth, that it made a really becoming head-dress. Ruth's dress, of the same material as her mother's, was fitted to her form in such a manner as to display its fine symmetry, while her hair, bright with the same golden lustre that enriched it in childhood, formed a graceful ornament for her beautifully shaped head.

On looking out at the window for the hundredth time, Ruth could discern through the leafless branches of the trees, frequent glimpses of two horsemen advancing slowly, so as to accommodate their pace to that of her father, who was walking beside them. She stole a peep at the looking-glass, to see if her hair had not become disarranged, or if her three-cornered lawn kerchief could not be pinned in a more becoming manner, and then resumed her station at the window.

In a few minutes they arrived and alighted. With sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, Ruth sprang forward to meet her brother, and then with a grace at which he was somewhat surprised, for Sedley had warned him of his sister's rusticity, she exchanged the customary greetings with Harleigh.

A fine snow-storm, that commenced that night, and continued a part of the next day, gave no little satisfaction to the young people of the neighborhood, as being the precursor of sleigh-rides and quilting parties. The girls were especially delighted at the circumstance; as it prom-

ised them a speedy opportunity of meeting young Deane's college friend, concerning whom, as was very natural, their curiosity was much excited.

The next day but one, the two young gentlemen, together with Ruth, were invited to attend a party in the evening at Mr. Freeman's. The invitation which was verbal, was delivered to Sedley, who, knowing of nothing to prevent, gave for answer that they would all attend. Harleigh, who intended to invite Ruth to accompany him, and of course not anticipating a refusal, with considerable trouble procured a horse and sleigh, as he knew that Sedley, who intended to wait on a young girl in the neighborhood, would wish to use those belonging to his father. This was accomplished before Ruth had received any intimation of the proposed party, and leaving Harleigh to announce it to her, Sedley set out for the purpose of inviting the young lady he had in his own mind selected for a partner.

Harleigh found Ruth, engaged in some domestic employment, and having mentioned that he was the bearer of an invitation to her to attend a party that evening at Mr. Freeman's, in which her brother and himself were included, he added that he hoped she would give him the pleasure of permitting him to wait on her thither. Joy was the first emotion of which Ruth was conscious; which was, however, instantly succeeded by the thought that she had no dress which would possibly answer to wear. With difficulty she restrained the tears from filling her eyes, as she replied in a low, hurried voice, "I am obliged to you, Mr. Harleigh, but I cannot possibly accept your invitation."

Harleigh, who felt more compassion for her at the extreme embarrassment she evinced, than resentment at her refusal, said, "I see, Miss Deane, that your natural goodness makes it painful for you to mortify me by a refusal, and if I had had the most distant idea that you were so situated as to make it proper for you to honor some other person, with your company I certainly should have been the last to place you under the necessity of performing a part so disagreeable."

"You are mistaken in your conjecture, Mr. Harleigh," she replied; "I shall not—that is, I cannot attend Miss Freeman's party."

"Permit me to inquire, Miss Deane, if you have any particular objection to going with me?"

"O no—no!"

"Your parents dislike to have you attend parties?"

"No, they have not the least objection. Excuse me—I can give no reason." Having said thus, she precipitately withdrew. Harleigh did not feel exactly pleased with himself, for he felt that he had urged Ruth to assign the reason for declining to attend the party farther than politeness would justify, and far beyond what he would have ventured to do, had she been one of the fashionable ladies whom he frequently met at home.

"Your sister refuses to go with me to the party," said he addressing Sedley, who at this moment entered the room, "What success have you had?"

"Good;—but what can Ruth mean? She shall not refuse to go with you."

"Softly! softly! A lady surely has a right to do as she pleases in such cases."

"To say the least, it is very singular in Ruth, for I know that she has a great esteem and admiration for you. It must be because she is a little odd."

"It would seem so, admitting all to be true that you have said, but I am far from having the vanity to suppose that her reluctance to attending the party may not be based on her aversion to going with me."

"Nonsense! There is not a girl in New England who would refuse to go with you, if disengaged. There is a mystery in this, which I will at some time unravel."

In the mean time Ruth went to her room, and anxiously inspected the blue and white linen gown, and even tried it on. No, it would not do. She had fairly outgrown it, and there were no large seams, or broad hems, by means of which she could enlarge its dimensions. These had all been made available for that purpose, at the time when Sedley ridiculed it a year before. She threw it on the bed, and sat down in a chair. To be obliged to remain at home when all her young associates were going to assemble for the purpose of spending the evening in innocent festivity and mirth—above all, to be compelled to refuse accompanying Harleigh without assigning any reason, was one of those trials of the heart, which she found required a larger share of resignation to endure unrepiningly, than she could command. "What will he think of me?" was the question which involuntarily arose in her mind. She detected herself, too, in drawing comparisons between Lydia Freeman, who was certainly a very pretty girl, and herself. Why should she give herself so much uneasiness about the opinion of one, whom, at first sight, she had thought almost ugly; and whom now, when compared with her brother, she could not call handsome?

Although it seldom happens that a person introduced into a story, who is remarkable for neither beauty nor deformity, is thought worthy of being described, we will depart from the general rule in favor of Harleigh. He was somewhat tall, and his form was graceful rather than symmetrical. Although his complexion was dark, he had blue eyes, but they were of so deep a hue and shaded by such long dark lashes, that in the evening, and even in the day-time, when he was engaged in animated conversation, they were almost always mistaken for black. His forehead was smooth and white, well developed, yet not remarkably high. His nose was neither Roman nor Grecian, and his mouth, though well formed, was somewhat too large to be in keeping with the rest of his features: but this defect, whenever he spoke or smiled, favored the disclosure of a set of teeth unrivaled for whiteness and beauty of formation. Above all, mind had stamped its ineffaceable impress upon every line of his countenance. His voice, deep-toned and musical, and quiet or impassioned at will, made him, what we believe is somewhat rare, a good reader of poetry, and Ruth had already listened to his readings of many of the finer passages of Pope, and some of the inimitable odes of Collins, till the rich and thrilling tones not only pursued her when awake, but haunted her when asleep.

[Concluded in our next.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

## LITERARY TASTE OF THE AGE.

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of the age, is a universal desire for literary knowledge. The fountain of Helicon was never, perhaps, so thickly pressed with thirsting spirits as at the present time. Every one is eager to sip its delicious waters; and yet many are inclined to take only "shallow draughts." The age of literary giants seems indeed past. Those chivalrous adventurers who, during the last century, so perseveringly traversed the unexplored and mystic regions of intellect, have passed away; and few have now the courage to pursue their Dædalian course, still fewer to proceed beyond the bounds of their exploration.—Where are the Addisons, and Johnsons, and Goldsmiths of the nineteenth century? We find them not; and in vain, amid the countless numbers of those who are now toiling to climb "the sacred mount," where dwell the tuneful nine, and whose half strung lyres are continually sounding their discordant notes on our ear—in vain, I say, do we list to catch the sublime strains of a Milton, or the smooth and liquid numbers of a Pope. There are, it is true; a few children of song that still liep the pure English in sweet and lofty intonations. The mellow voice of a Campbell and of a Woodworth is occasionally heard booming along the strand of the British Isles; while on our own fair shores the lute of Bryant, of Halleck and of Willis, with their few compeers, is not yet hushed. But of all the *Protean* versemongers who are now embarked in their fragile skiffs on the heaving billows of poetry, tugging at the oars of senseless rhyme, how few will ever gain the wished-for coast of immortal fame! Hundreds are yearly foundered on the rock-bound shoals of criticism, or sunk in the Charybdean whirlpool of merited oblivion.

A kind of verse-making and fiction writing mania, is raging like an epidemic disease, throughout the literary world; and it seems destined soon to set the reading community into a mental consumption. We cannot subsist, at least in a healthy state, on such light and unsubstantial viands as the great mass of writers at the present day, lay before us. We must have something more nourishing, more *strengthening* than mere poetic fancy-cakes and ice-creams, or we shall sink into a state of intellectual languor and debilitation.

But our literary taste wears an immoral feature. By many, the more chaste and delicate authors of the present and particularly the past age, are almost wholly forsaken for those of the most dangerous and unprincipled characters. Cowper and Montgomery, Pierpont and Percival, are thrown aside for the most vicious and demoralizing poems of Byron and Shelly; the elegant writings of Irving, Paulding and Dewey, with the sweet and pure effusions of Sigourney and Sedgwick, are by thousands but seldom consulted; while the fascinating and beautiful, but too often corrupting volumes of Bulwer and Marryatt, are worshipped with all the enthusiasm of an eastern monk.

Such is the *taste* of a numerous class of read-

ers—especially in our own country. And shall such continue to be its taste? Shall the *writers* of such immoral works be encouraged; and literature become the Pandemonium of vice? Must the consecrated shrine of the Muses be desecrated by the unhallowed offerings of the devotees of sensuality? Ye friends of virtue—young disciples of literature, sanction not such vile sacrilege; but, shielded by the ægis of moral courage, boldly confront the daring profligates; drive them from their station, and rear the literary standard on the firm rock of Christian morality.

But while you are endeavoring to purify our literature, seek to render it less superficial. Give it a graver and more solid aspect. Skim not lightly over the surface, but explore the profoundest depths. The purest mines are frequently deepest buried; the best strata are often most concealed. The literary Potosi contains many bright gems, but to obtain them you must dig long and perseveringly. Cultivate, therefore, habits of industry; refine your taste; strengthen your intellect, and lay the foundation of your knowledge on a substantial basis. Then may we hope much from you. Then may we expect ere long to see our literature purified and refined; sound and healthy in its nature; exalted and sacred in its tone, and second to none on earth.

J. C.

For the Rural Repository.

## AUTUMN.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of waiting winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown  
and sore."

ON how swiftly time passes away! and how each succeeding year of life seems to depart on a fleetier pinion, as our hearts become impressed with a better sense of its exceeding value. But a little while ago and it was summer; the earth wore her green velvet mantle with a grace; the birds warbled their melodies in the draperied trees, and the rills and rivers danced joyfully on in their sunny course. And now, it is autumn! Already has the earth donned her robe of russet, the skies assumed a deeper, colder blue, and the mournfully sighing winds tell of the fast coming winter. The leaves, like the dying dolphin, put on the varying colors which precede decay, and then lie dried and mouldering upon the ground. The flower-stalks are bent and broken by the blast, and their wan, discolored petals strew the garden walks. How sadly now does the thought come o'er us that the bright and the beautiful must thus ever fade away. We can no more wander forth to inhale the perfumed breath of the dewy morning, when every flower-cup holds its pearls, and every spear of grass is sparkling with a diamond: we can no longer stroll in the quiet fields and shady lanes, hearing no sound but the hum of insects, the song of birds, and the music of waters; or sit musing for hours upon the hill-side, watching the white flying clouds that come over the soft blue sky, like a shade of sorrow o'er the face of laughing childhood, and as quickly pass away—alas! how unlike those leaden masses that now spread their broad folds o'er the azure heaven, like the grief of age, to end in settled gloom and tears.

But a few more summers—how few, none can tell—and we too shall sleep the wintry sleep; and may we go to our resting place like the flowers, with the perfume of virtue around us, rejoicing in the hope, that as *they* will again open their petals to the sunshine, so surely, shall *we* awake in the light of our heavenly Father's smiles.

Hartford, Ct. 1839.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## GEN. OTHO H. WILLIAMS.

THIS gentleman was formed for eminence in any station. His talents were of a high order, and his attainments various and extensive. Possessing a person of uncommon symmetry, and peculiarly distinguished by the elegance of his manners, he would have graced, alike, a court or a camp.

Rich in that species of military science, which is acquired by experience, and a correct, systematic and severe disciplinarian, General Greene confided to him the important trust of adjutant-general to the southern army. The services which, in this and other capacities, he rendered to that division of the American forces, in the course of their toilsome and perilous operations were beyond all praise.

He was born in the county of Prince George, in the year 1748, and received, during his youth but a slender education. This he so much improved by subsequent study, that few men had a finer taste, or a more cultivated intellect.

He commenced his military career, as lieutenant of a rifle company, in 1775; and, in the course of the following year, was promoted to the rank of major in a rifle regiment.

In this corps he very honorably distinguished himself, in the defence of Fort Washington, on York Island, when assaulted by Sir William Howe; and, on the surrender of that post, became a prisoner.

Having suffered much by close confinement, during his captivity, he was exchanged for Major Ackland, after the capture of Burgoyne, and immediately rejoined the standard of his country.

Being now promoted to the rank of colonel of a regiment of infantry, he was detached, under the Baron De Kalb, to the army of the south.

General Gates having been appointed to the command of this division of the American forces he was present with that officer, at his defeat before Camden; and during the action manifested great valor and skill, in directing and leading the operations against the enemy, while resistance was practicable; and an equal degree of self-possession and address, in conducting the troops from the field, when compelled to retreat.

But as an officer, his valor and skill in battle were among the lowest of his qualifications. His penetration and sagacity, united to a profound judgment, and a capacious mind, rendered him, in the cabinet, particularly valuable.

Hence, he was one of General Greene's favorite counsellors, during the whole of his southern campaigns. Nor did anything ever occur, either through neglect or mistake, to impair the confidence thus reposed in him. In no inconsiderable degree, he was to Greene what that officer had

been to General Washington, his strongest hope in all emergencies, where great policy and address were required.

This was clearly manifested, by the post assigned to him by General Greene, during his celebrated retreat through North Carolina.

In that great and memorable movement, on which the fate of the south was staked, to Williams was confided the command of the rear guard, which was literally the shield and rampart of the army. Had he relaxed, but for a moment, in his vigilance and exertion, or been guilty of a single imprudent act, ruin must have ensued.

Nor was his command much less momentous, when, recrossing the Dan, Greene again advanced on the enemy. Still in the post of danger and honor, he now, in the van of the army, commanded the same corps, with which he had previously moved in the rear.

A military friend, who knew him well, has given us the following summary of his character.

"He possessed that range of mind, although self-educated, which entitled him to the highest military station, and was actuated by true courage, which can refuse, as well as give battle. Soaring far above the reach of vulgar praise, he singly aimed at promoting the common weal, satisfied with the consciousness of doing right, and desiring only that share of applause, which was justly his own.

There was a loftiness and liberality in his character, which forbade resort to intrigue and hypocrisy in the accomplishment of his views, and rejected the contemptible practice of disparaging others to exalt himself.

In the field of battle, he was self-possessed, intelligent, and ardent; in camp, circumspect, attentive, and systematic; in council, sincere, deep, and perspicuous. During the campaigns of General Greene, he was uniformly one of his few advisers, and held his unchanged confidence. Nor was he less esteemed by his brother officers, or less respected by his soldiery."

Shortly before the close of the war, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

## MISCELLANY.

### HOW TO REDUCE YOUR HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

"My dear, I want some money for a shopping tour."—"My love, I cannot afford it." "I do not call often."—"Only six times a week." That is but once a day at any rate—but if I cannot have it I cannot. I suppose I can fudge through the Summer with the Spring fashions."

The discussion had become somewhat in earnest—and half a pout gently curled the young wife's under lip. The husband was fond but not foolish—though some will have it that the terms are synonymous.—He proposed the terms of a compromise, to which the wife, glad of a new employment acceded.—He told her what he could appropriate for the whole household expenses, rent excluded, and putting the week's allowance in her hands installed her chancellor of the domestic exchequer, and keeper of the purse.

"Now," said he, "if you can manage to feed us all comfortably, and still do your own private shopping—try it. Here is precisely the sum I

have used weekly for housekeeping alone, and it is as much as I can spare."

The little wife soon discovered that the price of beef was abominable, and provided a cheaper substitute. Sirloin was no longer deemed essential three times in a week, and some very worthy commoners, Messrs. Mutton, Lamb and Veal, were raised to the peerage. The wife's Mother's Glasses were put in requisition, and the table was graced with very clever *refacimientos* of the fragments of yesterday's dinner. All the mysteries of pudding, pie, and domestic confectionary and fancy bread filled up the corners, and used up the unconsidered trifles which are too apt to be forgotten in a family not actually starving.

And how did they live? Most comfortably. The husband declared that he had never fared so well in his life—but asked no questions. The wife wanted nothing but time to go a shopping in. Women are always better sub-treasurers than men; and the money she managed to abstract, and still leave no apparent *hiatus* in the daily fare, would have astonished any one of the great departed servants of our friend Uncle Sam.

Bargaining in one department taught the lady to bargain in others. Having no occasion to go shopping for amusement, she went just twice in the week, for actual purchases; and those she made at a fair price. The mere say so of a fashionable milliner, or a dry goods clerk, did not induce her to believe an article worth a hundred per cent more than its value. She pinned them down to their facts and figures, and made her purchases as if she wished to save money, rather than spend what she had, and assault her husband for more. So slipped the week—the happiest one for both parties to the matrimonial co-partnership, they had ever known. He attended to his proper business down town—she had employment about the house which relieved her of ennui, and cured her of all her inclination to extravagance.

At the week's end there was something over, which she tendered to her husband. "But you want a new hat my dear." "Oh no, not at present, this can be re-trimmed, and will answer until the summer style is settled." "You told me last week you must have some new frocks." "I know I thought so—and have made some purchases this week—but my wardrobe is on the whole quite respectable, and I am sure I can manage." "So you have learned to manage have you—but I don't want this money." "What shall I do with it then?" "Oh, there are rent, fuel, clothing for the children, servants' wages and other matters, all coming due in season. You must put this to next week's share—and meet all your expenses, as they fall." "Then I am to be permanently in office?" "Certainly, until you Swartwout—and with no other bond than this."

"Why, father, I think you are childish"—said the little girl, as she burst into the room. Children will intrude sometimes. To make too long a story short, our friend finds this an excellent domestic arrangement. Women, to be prudent in money or in secrets, require only to be trusted; and many a lady gads expensively for mere lack of employment. Try them, husbands.

## A L I C E W.

"SISTER Catharine," said Alice W. as she entered her sister's chamber. "I remember you said, the other day, you should not wear your stout calf-skin shoes again. Will you let me give them to a poor little girl at the door. She looks thin and pale, and must be cold this morning without shoes." "Do not speak to me now Alice, I do not know where the shoes are and I am so much interested in this beautiful story that I cannot look for them." "Can you not find the shoes now and read the book another time," said Alice, as she stood beside her sister's chair; but as she looked up in her face, she saw her thoughts and feelings were far from the little child of want, and that it would be in vain to say more to her. "I do not love to tell her no," thought Alice, as she closed the door, "yet what can I do?" At this very moment she thought of a little treasure she had been collecting. A pile of bright shining silver pieces, amounting in all to a dollar and a half. Her resolution was soon formed, and tying on her bonnet, she took the little girl by the hand, and led her to a shoe store at the corner of the street, and selecting a strong well made pair, she placed them in the hands of the little girl. A smile lit the pale countenance of the child, and her heartfelt, "thank you, Miss W." resounded again and again in Alice's ears as she retraced her steps to her home.

The "beautiful tale" was finished before Catharine rose from her chair, and she then seated herself at her writing table and placed a fair gilt-edged sheet before her. Upon this she wrote, in a fine graceful hand, a few lines, enclosing within the paper a costly ring, she directed it to a wealthy young friend, whose acquaintance she was desirous of cultivating.

The afflicted mother of the little girl was yet engaged in her daily toils, although the sun had almost set, as her child entered the room. "Oh mother, mother!" she exclaimed, see what Miss W. has given me; now I shall not be sick so often, and can go out when it rains. "Are they not beautiful shoes?" A tear fell upon the cheek of the mother as she saw the gift; raising her eyes, she thanked her heavenly Father, and prayed for blessings to descend on her who had been so kind to them. The next morning as Alice, from her window saw the little girl pass, proud and happy, she felt a deep thrill of joy in her heart.

Catharine's gift was received by her young friend from the hands of a servant. She read the note with cold indifference then looked for a moment upon the ring. "It is rather a pretty one," said she, and placing it upon an already profusely jewelled finger, the giver and the gift were alike forgotten.

## HONORABLE EMPLOYMENT.

What is the most honorable employment;—Is it to carry a green bag and talk on knotty points of law in open court? Is it to amplify a yardstick with graceful dexterity? Is it to wear a cockade as a sign of successful office seeking? Is it to sit at a shattered table in the garret, with a goose quill behind the ear and a fore finger between the eyebrows, supporting an Editor's aching head over a blank quire of paper? All these



employments may be honorable so far as they are useful in society, and no farther. Do you agree to this? Then you will agree to this plain rule; that whatever is the most useful is the most honorable employment. Apply this rule to the skillful, industrious and honest cultivator of the earth. Who could live but for him? Who produces so much of what is absolutely indispensable to the wants of his fellows as he? Is not this employment, then, honorable; aye, the most honorable, in proportion as his labors are the most useful in the world? Let him be respected accordingly. Next to him is the scientific mechanic, who builds our houses and ships, and makes our household goods. He too, should be honored. Lawyers, that prevent, rather than encourage litigation; preachers who labor to promote "peace on earth and good will towards men," rather than to excite the sectarian antipathies of their hearers; doctors, who seek to prevent disease rather than tamper with it for a fee; merchants who sell at fair prices, deceive not their customers and keep true accounts: these, and indeed all other classes, are useful classes, are useful and necessary in society, and should be encouraged and honored accordingly; but it is time the notion was done away, that farming and handicraft are not as respectable. They are, on the whole, more useful, and therefore should be regarded more honorable. The men who own the soil they till; who can live as independently by their own productions and then supply other classes of citizens with the means of subsistence are the true nobility of a Republic. They are the "bones and muscles" which must keep the body politic together. We respect them. Would that there were more such and fewer idle, lazy drones, who scorn honest labor, and strut in gay attire, living upon the productive industry of those far better than themselves.

#### HATRED OF SIN.

ALL men seem to be in some measure sensible of the odious nature and evil demerit of sin; but the misery is, that it is chiefly of the sins of others, and especially of the sins of others against themselves. If men hated sin as much in themselves as they do in others, humility would be a more common virtue. If it were duly reflected on, it would bring us to a just sense of the nature and demerit of sin, to observe, that they who hug and caress it most in themselves, cannot help abhorring it in others. A man will hate the image of his own sin when he sees it in his friend, or the child of his bosom. What is most unaccountable in this matter is, that men should be so shamefully partial and unequal in their way of judging about it. When the question is about a man's own sin, his heart devises a thousand artifices to excuse or extenuate it, which artifices are oftentimes as applicable to all sin, in general, as to his own sin. But when a man is under the influence of passion against the sins of others, it quite alters the case. He finds no end in exaggerating the guilt of an injury or affront, and his passion will find means to make pretended excuses appear heavy aggravations. The common excuses of human frailty—strength of temptation, and the like—will appear to him too refined and metaphysical to have any effectual influence for moderating his passion. The vehemence of such passions against sin would do very little prejudice to charity, if these passions were as equal and impartial when directed homewards as they are vehement against others. If men could as thoroughly and sincerely hate themselves as they do their neighbors, it would be a good help towards loving their neighbors as themselves.—*McClaurin.*

#### PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

THE ambition of adopting "professional life," of all kinds, at the present day, is the source of countless instances of misery. Every profession in England is overstocked; not merely the prizes are beyond the general reach, but the merest subsistence becomes difficult. "The three black graces, law, physic and divinity," are weary of their innumerable worshippers, and yearly sentence crowds of them to perish of the aching sense of failure. A few glittering successes allure the multitude; chancellorships, bishoprics, and regiments figure before the public eye, and every aspirant from the cottage, and the more foolish parents of every aspirant, set down the bauble as gained when they have once plunged their unlucky offspring into the sea of troubles which men call the world. But thousands have died of broken heart in the pursuits, thousands who would have been happy behind the plough, or opulent behind the counter;—thousands in the desperate struggles of thankless professions, look upon the simplicity of a life of manual labor with perpetual envy; and thousands, by a worse fate still are driven to necessities which degrade the principle of honor within them in humiliating modes of obtaining subsistence, and make up, by administering to the vices of society, the livelihood which was refused to their legitimate exertions.—*Blackwood.*

#### GLORY.

In the green age of the world, glory was acquired by feats of arms, and amidst scenes of carnage. When Hannibal, at Cannae, saw sixty thousand Romans lying dead or maimed upon the field of battle, he took a potent draught from the fountain of glory. And when his rival, Scipio, marched a victorious Roman army into Carthage, (the home of Hannibal,) and left not one stone upon another, he likewise gathered a harvest of glory:—Poor creatures! the sufferings of their brothers, men, shrieked their glory?

When Howard devoted his property and himself in cheering the solitude of the prison, pouring the light of the gospel, as well as the light of Heaven, on the failing eyes of the prisoners, he gained more true glory in one hour, than all the butchers of mankind have acquired since the days of Cain.

THROW IN THE BOSS.—Among the Hosiery they call cotton thread *Boss*, a term which few Yankees understand. A fair fat brunette one day stepped into the store of a young merchant, and bought a dress of the clerk. After it was cut off, she addressed herself to him—"Well, I reckon you'll throw in the boss." "Certainly," replied the clerk, with his mouth stretched in laughter; "we throw in the boss—there he is—you're very welcome to him!"

"No I ain't."—A young woman alighted from the stage on the road to Sandy Bay, the other day, when a piece of ribbon detached itself from her bonnet, and fell into the bottom of the carriage. "You have left your *bow* behind," said a lady passenger. "No I ain't *he's gone a fishing*," innocently rejoined the damsel, and proceeded on her way rejoicing.

FASHIONS vs. FOLLY.—Charles I. had his hair cut off on account of a wound in his head, and the whole fashionable world, were without loss of time shorn of their locks. Charles VII. donned a long coat to hide his crooked legs, and long coats became the rage. A monkey had his tail cut off by a trap, but he couldn't come it on the fox, though he told him it was the fashion.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

F. C. W. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Greenville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. Coxackie, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. S. Pleasant Mount, Pa. \$1.75; E. K. H. Bloomfield, Ct. \$0.87; P. M. Braman's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Batavia, N. Y. \$0.81; M. P. Manheim Center, N. Y. \$1.00; J. R. H. Alfred, N. Y. \$0.81; P. M. Ludlow, Vt. \$8.00; S. A. B. Batavia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. Syracuse, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Stockbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. W. Providence, R. I. \$1.00; H. R. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. B. Canaan 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. New-Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. R. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. Trenton, N. Y. \$0.87; L. L. Aurelius, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Lairds-ville, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; B. G. White Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. L. South Woodstock, Vt. \$0.87; W. W. L. Washington, Ct. \$1.00; I. C. C. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. C. Howlet Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Olean, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$6.00; P. M. Gerry, N. Y. \$5.00.

#### Married,

In this city, on Thursday evening the 17th inst. by the Rev. Geo. H. Fisher, Mr. George Voght to Miss Elizabeth Galtach.

On the 17th inst. by the same, Mr. Philip Wallace to Miss Mary Ryphenburgh.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Scovel, of Stockport, Mr. Salmon Lisk, of this city, to Miss Lodema Wait, of Stockport.

At Green River, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, Mr. Richard House, of Hillsdale, to Miss Statira Colver, of Alford, Ms.

In Rockingham, Vt. on the 22d ult. by the Rev. A. Williams, Rev. D. Ackley, of this city, to Miss S. Weston, of the former place.

At Canaan, on Thursday the 10th inst. by Elder David Ford, Mr. Homer Hubbard, son of the late Doct. James Hubbard, to Miss Wealthy, daughter of Mr. John Wilcox.

At Fishkill Landing, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Man-ton Eastburn, Mr. J. R. Van Rensselaer, of New-York, to Miss Emilie, daughter of William Deming, Esq.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Cornelius F. Skinkle to Miss Jane Studley, of the former place.

At Melleville, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Abram A. Vosburgh to Miss Catharine A. Feller, of Ancram.

At Hillsdale, by the Rev. P. Punk, Mr. Smith H. Shaw to Miss Salina Bagley, of the former place.

On the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. Richard Huston, of Starky, N. Y. to Miss Sarah E. Tylor, of Hillsdale.

#### Died,

In this city, on the 13th inst. Mr. David West, in the 54th year of his age.

On Thursday morning the 10th inst. Mrs. Ophelia, wife of Capt. Wm. Henry Folger, and daughter of Mr. Josiah Olcott, of this city.

On the 3d inst. Edward, son of Thomas and Gertrude Hallenbeck, aged 5 months and 26 days.

On the 9th inst. Mr. James Wiley, in his 22d year.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Mary, wife of Doct. B. M. Keeney, in her 36th year.

On the 10th inst. Mr. John A. Van Valkenburgh, aged 33 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. James Van Deusen, aged 54 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Mary Belding, in her 34th year.

On Thursday the 17th inst. Allen Henry, infant son of Charles T. and Catharine Maria Barnard, aged 5 months and 13 days.

On Thursday evening the 17th inst. Mr. George W. Sturges, youngest son of Elder William Sturges, aged 24 years and 11 days.

In Hillsdale, Mr. George Bushuel, in the 75th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 10th of July, Mary, daughter of Thomas and Prudy Clark, aged 2 years and 4 months.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.  
TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY GEO. W. BROWNE.

We ne'er may meet again :  
Yet memory tells of our early years,  
When sympathy mingled our juvenile tears;  
When love breathed a sweet, enchanting strain,  
And sorrow ne'er tortured our bosom with pain;  
When our pathway the incense of flowers beset,  
And our hearts were untainted with grief and regret.

We ne'er may meet again :  
And gambol in joy 'neath the old oak's shade,  
Where our vows of affection in silence were made;  
Or sportively play on the flowery lawn,  
And listen to warbling of birds at the dawn;  
Or watch the wild butterfly sip the sweet flower,  
At the scorching heat of the noon-day hour.

We ne'er may meet again :  
On the shore of the calm, unruffled lake,  
Where the fleet canoe leaves its glassy wake—  
And play with the pebbles in childish pride,  
At the stilly hour of eventide;  
Or count the stars in the sky above,  
As they tenderly smiled on our mutual love!

We ne'er may meet again :  
Though we parted in sorrow, in sadness and tears,  
Yet we knew not the pang of parting for years;  
The last fond adieu that arose from the heart,  
Left a sting in the bosom that will not depart;  
It mournfully echoes where once we did roam,  
And hallows each haunt of our early-loved home!  
*Harre de Grace, Md. Sept. 16, 1839.*

For the Rural Repository.  
A MISSIONARY'S WIFE,  
At the Grave of her Husband.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was a new-made grave,  
On a far heathen shore,  
Where lonely slept a man of God,  
His mission-service o'er;  
There, when the setting sun  
Had tinged the west with flame,  
A tender infant in her arms,  
A mournful woman came.

Her youthful cheek was pale  
Her fair form bending low,  
As thus upon the fitful gale  
She poured her plaint of woe,—  
"Friend of my inmost soul,  
The turf is on thy breast,  
And here amid the stranger's land  
Thy precious dust must rest.

"Our helpless babe I bring,  
Who knew no father's love,  
Who looked not on this world of pain,  
Till thou had'st risen above;  
I lay him on thy bed,  
Unconscious tears to weep,  
Before our last farewell we take,  
And dare the faithless deep.

"Oh, when the mountain wave  
Shall be our venturous path,

And the loud midnight tempest howls  
In terror and in wrath,  
Thy manly arm no more,  
My dearest prop must be,  
Nor thy strong counsel nerve my soul  
To brave the raging sea.

"But if our native coast  
Once more, these feet should tread,  
And thou, the life of all my joys,  
Be absent with the dead,  
While each remembered scene  
Shall with thine image glow,  
And friend and parent name thy name,  
How shall I bear the woe?

"Is it thy voice, my love,  
That bids me bear the rod,  
And stay my desolated heart  
Upon the widow's God?  
Say'st thou, when every ray  
Of hope is quenched and dim,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
Should put their trust in Him?

"How blest that Word Divine,  
On which my soul relies,  
The resurrection of the just,  
The union in the skies!"—  
Faith came with heavenly light,  
Her struggling grief to quell,  
And in the holy words of prayer,  
She spake her last farewell.

For the Rural Repository.

## THIS WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL.

Oh yes! this world is beautiful,  
'Tis bright as fairy dream—  
And pleasant to me is the breath of flowers,  
And the murmuring of the stream.—  
Yes! bright and gay, is the dream of youth—  
'Tis graven on my heart;  
But oh! 'twas not unfading truth,  
It was of *Earth* a part.

Oh yes! this earth is beautiful,  
'Tis bright as fairy dream—  
And yet such thoughts as *these*, to me,  
Will make it darkly seem;  
But Heaven is bright, 'tis full of joy,  
'Tis full of changeless truth,  
There pleasures are, without alloy,  
And never-fading youth.

Oh yes! this world is beautiful,  
'Tis bright as fairy dream—  
And still its love is sorrowful,  
And Friendship's false, I deem;  
Oh! I would away from earthly scenes,  
I'd fly to Heaven above—  
Gladly I'd leave all, *all* below,  
To bask in *Jesus'* love.

*Spencertown, Sept. 5th, 1839. CASSIOPEA.*

For the Rural Repository.

## A SCRAP.

(From an unpublished Dramatic Poem.)

DEEP Midnight spreads her sable veil o'er earth,  
And lulls all nature in the arms of sleep  
And through the dark, funereal halls of night,  
Her solemn, death-like vigils Silence keeps;  
While pensive Contemplation, maid divine,  
Enthroned in solitude, demurely sits,  
And o'er her votaries sways her magic wand,  
Filling the soul with pure and holy thoughts,  
And pluming fancy's wings for heavenly flight.  
How happy he, Contentment's favorite child,  
Who, at this sacred "noon of night," delights  
To wander forth 'mid Nature's calm retreats,

And o'er her wide spread volume deeply pore.  
He reads on every page, in every line,  
The wonders of a glorious Power supreme;  
And while he muses thus—his bosom filled  
With reverence for the sovereign Architect—  
He oft mid fancy's halcyon dreamings breathes  
The holy aspirations of his soul!  
But ah! how different is the fate of him  
Whom Discontent now mantles in her pall—  
Whose restless thoughts with bodings dire are filled!  
The long and dreary night, on sleepless couch  
He wastes, amid unreal scenes of woe,  
Or seeks some thick ravine, some deep alcove,  
And there, while horror shrouds his gloomy mind,  
He silent weeps o'er life's imagined ills,  
Or to the moon his plaintive descent pours.

RURAL BARD.

For the Rural Repository.

## LINES

*On Reading in the Rural Repository,*

"If thou hast lost a friend,  
By hard or hasty word," &c.

Yes, dear reader, if it be  
Thine to weep for friendship broken,  
If a friend be lost to thee,  
By some word unkindly spoken;  
If his fame perchance, has not  
Than thine own been, safer, dearer,  
If harsh words were e'er thy lot,  
And his envious foe the hearer;  
If his name has been traduced,  
And thou silently hast listened;  
If by others been abused,  
And no tear thy cheek has moistened.

Or if thou in aught hast failed,  
That is due to friendship dearest,  
While a consciousness prevailed,  
That he merits faith sincerest;  
Let not haughty pride, induce  
Thee to treasure lasting sorrow,  
But the means of pardon use,  
Ere it be too late—to-morrow.  
Without doubt or chilling fear,  
Go confess, and ask his favor;  
He will feel thou art sincere,  
And be dear to thee as ever.

And dear reader cautious be,  
Purest friendship still to cherish;  
For a fount so dear to thee,  
With thy life alone should perish.

AMBROSE.

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VOLUME XVI.

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NUMBER 11

## SELECT TALES.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

RUTH DEANE;  
Or, the Collegian's Sister.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

[Concluded.]

YOUNG Deane and his friend Harleigh had been gone about fifteen minutes, when the merry jingle of bells was heard approaching.

"Those are aunt Nelly's bells, I should think," said Mrs. Deane.

"I guess they are," replied her husband.

In a minute more a sleigh stopped opposite the front door, of Mr. Deane, who was going out to see if his assistance were wanted, was met at the threshold by Mrs. Eleanor Marshall, his only sister, who was a rich widow, without children. She was accompanied by Dr. Kilham, a bachelor of about forty, who had, many years before the decease of Mr. Marshall, as well as since that event, boarded in the family. He was a great favorite of aunt Nelly, who was often heard to say, that although he took up doctoring of his own accord, as he possessed the entire confidence of her husband when alive, she should always patronize him. It would seem, too, that he possessed the confidence of the community, being extremely popular as a practitioner, and taking the practice almost entirely from the regularly-bred physician, so that he was compelled to depend for a livelihood more upon the produce of a small farm than his profession.

As soon as aunt Nelly, with the assistance of Ruth, had divested herself of her hood and lamb-skin cloak, seated herself in the arm-chair at what she deemed the most comfortable distance from the fire, and had taken her knitting-work and spectacles from her pocket, she turned towards Ruth with a sharp, prying look, and said, "How comes it about, Ruthy, that you are at home to-night? I reckoned you would be gone off to the party with the young college spark they told me about, but I am master glad to find you at home. You know sister," turning to Mrs. Deane, and lowering her voice, "that the doctor has taken a real liking to her." Before Mrs. Deane had time to reply, the door opened and Dr. Kilham was ushered into the room by Mr. Deane. He was rather below the middling size, with manners smart, bustling, and important. He was clad in a suit of light grey, and a long slender queue, that rested on his coat collar, like a lever on its fulcrum, not a little enhanced his natural appearance of briskness by moving in obedience to the quick and frequent motions of the owner's head.

"Your servant Mrs. Deane—your servant, Miss Ruth," said he. "Glad to see you look so well. I apprehend that the compound-cup mix-

ture I sent you the other day, has had a salutary effect."

"I'll be bound it had," said aunt Nelly, "if it is the same kind of trade you mixed for me to take o'mornings. That is master comforting to the stomach."

"Pure air and proper exercise make the best mixture for the stomach that I have ever found," said Mr. Deane.

"Air and exercise are good in their places, brother," said aunt Nelly, "but if your stomach felt as basely as mine does sometimes, you would be glad to take a little trade."

An hour or two passed away in conversation, that was doubtless very edifying to themselves, which we must pass over through default of memory, when aunt Nelly turning to Mr. Deane, said, "Now, brother, I am going to tell you my business here this evening. I want you and sister, and Ruthy, and Sedley, and the other college spark, all to come and dine with me Thanksgiving-day."

"Well, sister," replied Mr. Deane, "I have no objection to going, if it suits the women-folks and the rest of 'em."

"I for one, shall be obliged to decline your invitation," said Ruth.

Before aunt Nelly had time to remonstrate, Mrs. Deane rose and beckoned her to follow into another room.

"Well the child shall have a gown, any how—she shall not stay moping at home all the time on that account," said aunt Nelly, as soon as Mrs. Deane had explained to her the reason why her daughter would be obliged to remain at home,—"and as good luck would have it, I have money enough with me to buy as good a gown as there is in the town of N—. Here," added she, "you had better take my pocket-book, producing one wrought with crewels of every color, "and I reckon it will be your best way to go with brother when he goes to town next Monday, and buy the gown yourself, because you know men folks are no great judges of stuff for women's wear. But stop sister a minute—I want you to speak a good word to Ruthy, for the doctor. I reckon the young college spark will strike her fancy, but you know the doctor is worth a good interest besides what he gets for doctoring and selling trade, and as he has now arrived to years of discretion, it is likely that he will go on adding to his interest, in the room of spending it."

"If Ruth is disposed to favor the doctor's addresses, I certainly shall not oppose her," said Mrs. Deane.

"It will be a feather in her cap, I can tell you, if she will, and I reckon the match will be brought about one day or other, for according to my mind he has naturally a mighty taking way with him."

Mrs. Deane, according to the advice of her

sister, accompanied her husband to town the Monday before Thanksgiving and purchased some calico for Ruth's dress. The next day aunt Nelly ordered an early dinner, that she might be in season to take a seat in Dr. Kilham's slay, who was going to pass right by Mr. Deane's door to visit a patient, for she told Becky that she must assist in making up the gown, as she could, although her eye-sight was poorish, run the breadths as well as any body.

"Well, this is a beauty of a piece," said aunt Nelly, putting on her spectacles and unrolling the calico—"it is every bit handsome enough for a wedding gown."

"I guess it is," said Dr. Kilham, who had stepped in a moment just to warm him—"and if I had a queen for a patient, and my wife, supposing I had one, should accompany me when I went to visit her, I should not wish her to wear a better."

Harleigh, who was the last to express his opinion, said he liked it because it was exactly like one his sister had, while Ruth, who had never felt quite certain whether she was pleased with it or not, from that moment felt perfectly satisfied with it.

It was the work of only a few minutes for aunt Nelly to measure and tear off the breadths, while, with some patterns for a guide, borrowed of Lydia Freeman, which she had recently obtained from town as the newest fashion, the whole was soon cut and basted, which proved, on trying it on, to be "an excellent fit."

"Come, Ruthy," said aunt Nelly, picking up the shreds of calico and making them into a nice roll—all except a scrap to show to Becky—"I reckon it is hard upon nine o'clock now, and you had best leave off work for fear of hurting your eyes. The gown is in a fair way, and you can finish it to-morrow in the afternoon, without a stitch of help. Come this way a minute," added she, lowering her voice. "Here," drawing from her pocket a small package, "is a little present to go with your new gown, but you need not say anything about it, and don't open it till Thanksgiving-day morning. Come Sedley," said she, advancing to the fire-place, "just hitch the horse to the sleigh, for it is high time that I was at home. I hope you won't think it hard to wait on your old aunt once in a while, will you?"

"O no," replied Sedley, rising to obey her request, "we all like to wait on you."

"The sleigh is ready, aunt," said Ruth, handing her her small feather muff.

"Good night," said aunt Nelly. "Remember that I shall expect you, one and all, to come right to my house after meeting Thanksgiving day, and I shall invite Lydia Freeman and Olly Sumner, so that there may be young folks enough to have a sociable time among themselves, if they are so disposed."

Aunt Nolly was a stirring body, and was quite in her element when superintending the culinary preparations for a grand quilting, or for Thanksgiving.

"Now Becky," said she, Wednesday morning, "we must not let any grass grow under our feet to-day, I can tell you; for going over to brother Deane's yesterday to help Ruthy make her gown, has put us amazingly behind-hand. You may go right to work and make an oven full of pumpkin pies, while I make the pound cake and the great loaf of plum cake. Stop! stop! Becky—I don't allow to have a drop of milk put in with the pumpkin Thanksgiving time—nothing meaner than good sweet cream—for I reckon it would be a shame, and well nigh on to a sin to celebrate a solemn festival, as the minister calls it, with anything short of the best. Besides, I want to let that young college spark know that we country folks know what good living is, as well as if we were town-bred."

Becky was a good, smart girl, and executed the orders of her mistress with alacrity and despatch, so that by ten o'clock in the evening, the baking was all done but the great chicken pie, and the plum-puddings, a part which of course remained to be performed on the morning of the feast day.

On examining the package given her by her aunt, Ruth found a kerchief and apron of fine lawn, which were very acceptable; for, nice as she was with her needle, she could not darn the bracks in her old ones so but what they would be seen. Ruth had certainly never looked so well as when attired in her new dress; and her father though he had said all the time that he thought home-made quite good enough for any young girl, and although he forbore to express his opinion relative to her appearance, could not prevent a look of pleasure from lurking in his eyes and round the corners of his mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Deane rode to meeting in the sleigh, while Ruth, there being a good path and a bright sun, walked with her brother and Harleigh, and she was really almost ashamed to own to herself, that the distance appeared shorter than it generally did when she rode. A very acceptable sermon was preached, without "notes," by the minister, succeeded by a Thanksgiving anthem, which the choir, for the last three months, had taken unwearied pains to learn. But what excited general wonder, and in some, not a little disapprobation, were the notes of a bass-viol, which were heard mingling with the voices, and now and then, at a rest, prolonged far beyond them. The truth was, the singing master, who, touching the art of music, was as ambitious as aunt Nelly respecting the culinary art, when he heard that a young gentleman from Boston was expected to attend divine service Thanksgiving day, went twelve miles the day before, to procure Mr. Dole and his bass-viol. Those whose pews commanded a view of the "singing-seats," and consequently of Mr. Dole and his viol, were objects of peculiar envy to many who were the occupants of others less eligibly situated, and a look of reproof from some sterner member of the congregation, was frequently directed to those urchins, whose curiosity getting the better of their decorum, caused them,

that they might enable themselves to gratify it, to twist themselves into various grotesque attitudes. Several of the old standards, as some elderly members of the congregation were figuratively styled, whose grave looks always spoke reproof to the light-minded, looked even more grave than usual at having the "big fiddle" brought into the meeting-house, while farmer Batewell, who was sometimes accused of grinding the face of the poor, evinced his displeasure by refraining to beat time with one hand and one foot, as had heretofore been his invariable practice during the performance of the choir. Dr. Kilham, on the contrary, whose queue was wound with a new black ribbon, showed his satisfaction by moving his head by way of beating time, with much emphasis and energy. As soon as the benediction had been pronounced, there was a general rush on the part of the boys to obtain a nearer view of the viol before it was deposited in the green baize bag, those who failed in their object being consoled by the singing master, who told them he meant to have one right off, and learn to play on it himself.

Ruth had stepped from the door, and Harleigh had offered her his arm, for the path was somewhat slippery, when she heard aunt Nelly's voice calling her to come and take a seat in her sleigh. She would much rather have walked in company with Harleigh, Lydia Freeman, Olive Sumner and her brother, but she felt ashamed to acknowledge her sudden predilection for walking, as she had always expressed a great fondness for sleigh-riding. She reluctantly obeyed the call of her aunt, and was very gallantly handed into the sleigh of Dr. Kilham.

"This is the second time," murmured Harleigh, "that she has declined my proffered attendance, and I think it will be the last."

Ruth was sitting by the fire, and looked charmingly when Harleigh and her brother entered the room, and the former was almost tempted to seat himself in the vacant chair by her side. Just at this moment Lydia Freeman entered, who had lingered to adjust her dress, and as if acknowledging her superior attractions he immediately joined her, as she went to gaze on what she had often gazed on before, a sampler "glassed and framed"—the *chef d'œuvre* of aunt Nelly's younger days—which exhibited the alphabet several times repeated, wrought with different stitches and colors; the bottom being ornamented with two clumsy looking birds of a bright red and speckled with black, each holding a cherry in its beak. Soon afterwards, Dr. Kilham came in rubbing his hands, and seized upon the still empty chair by Ruth. He had doffed his suit of light grey, and was arrayed in one of wine color garnished with large buttons, which, after having bestowed upon them, the evening before, an hour's labor, shone with a lustre similar to the row of sauce-pans that adorned the lower department of aunt Nelly's dressers, and he felt more than rewarded for his expenditure of time and powdered chalk, when he saw the eyes of Ruth fixed upon them, with, as he imagined, a look of admiration.

"Two fine rows, Miss Ruth," said he, at length, finding that she did not incline to express her admiration audibly, though she still kept her

eyes fixed upon the buttons—"two fine rows—yellow as real gold."

"Yellow!" repeated Ruth, while the next moment not only her cheeks, but her neck and forehead were of the color of crimson.

The truth was, Ruth, who, a few minutes previously, had cast a sidelong glance at Harleigh, was thinking of the beautiful teeth which he happened at the time to disclose with one of his bright but rare smiles, and her first thought was that Dr. Kilham had divined the subject of her musings; she was soon undeceived, however, as he went on to say, "Ycs, Miss Ruth, they are as yellow as real gold, and at this moment, to me, a thousand times more precious. Look," added he, "and see the pretty face that is mirrored in every one of them, and you will readily understand the reason."

Poor Ruth blushed still more deeply than before, and looked earnestly round the room to see if there were not some vacant chair to which she could retreat. In doing so, she encountered the gaze of Harleigh, whose surprise was not wholly unmingled with pique at beholding such striking changes painted on her countenance, which he felt could only have their source in a heart full of rich and deep feeling, which was now perhaps gushing forth in obedience to a passion felt for the first time, like the waters of a newly unsealed fountain. As he glanced his eye from her to Dr. Kilham, whom he supposed to be the happy man, he began to think that there might be such things as drugs and charms, by whose power Othello was accused of gaining the love of the fair Desdemona. Dr. Kilham who felt even more sure than Harleigh that he had been so fortunate as to make an impression on her heart, thought it prudent to follow up his advantage by enumerating some of the benefits which would accrue to the damsel whom he might honor with his hand, but just as he was thinking in what way it was best to commence, they were summoned to the dining-room.

Aunt Nelly, with a proud and happy look, took her seat at the head of the table, her guests taking their seats according to their ages. A fine roast turkey formed the central dish, flanked on one side by the large chicken pie, and on the other by the indispensable "boiled dish." This was contained in what was always called "the great pewter platter," which shone almost equal to silver; a pair of chickens and nice piece of rosy pork being placed in the centre, while beets, carrots, turnips and other vegetables, instead of being served in separate dishes, were arranged on the rim, which was from three to four inches wide, so as to form some resemblance to a circle of mosaic work. Plates of brown bread and "drop cakes," smoking hot from the oven, plum-puddings, pumpkin, mince and apple-pies, together with several other kinds, were placed wherever it was most convenient.

As soon as all present had become deeply engaged in doing justice to the savory viands, "Are you subject to any derangement of the digestive organs, Miss Ruth?" said Dr. Kilham.

"Not in the least," replied Ruth.

"Nay, don't be afraid to own it, if you are," said he, "for I was not going to prohibit you from partaking of the good cheer now before you."

I merely wished to recommend a pill which I have lately invented, which proves to be a sovereign remedy for that complaint. From two to forty may be taken at a dose, with perfect safety."

"I should think," said Mr. Deane, "that a person who could digest forty pills at one time, might digest the stamp act with a little tea to wash it down."

"Every one to their vocation," said the doctor, "I leave it to others to search out the diseases of the body politic, and invent remedies for it, while I endeavor to find cures for the body physical. I hope you are—that is, I hope you are not addicted to fevers, Miss Ruth?"

"No, I never had a fever in my life."

"If you should be seized with one, I can assure you, that you, as well as those about you, would experience great delectation in seeing how I could nip it in the bud—why there is not"—and he brought his knife and fork down upon his plate (it was a pewter one) with so much energy as to cause Ruth, who had begun to grow a little nervous with his teasing questions, to start. "I say there is not a fever in the American Provinces, that can stand before my saddle-bags!"

To add to Ruth's confusion, a half-suppressed titter broke from Lydia Freeman, who spoke a few words to Harleigh, who sat next her, in a voice sufficiently loud for her to hear her own name coupled with Dr. Kilham's. Ruth's appetite was now entirely gone, and she longed for the moment when she might leave the table, for the doctor being cased in the armor of self-consequence, which effectually blunted the shafts of ridicule, made it evident to all present, that his sole aim in enumerating the amazing number of cures which he had performed by means of pills, and "cup-mixtures," as he called a certain vegetable liquid of his own invention, was to ingratiate himself into her favor.

Soon after dinner, the older part of the company, one by one, dropped into the kitchen, and seated themselves round the huge fire-place plentifully supplied with maple logs; ostensibly to have a little chat by themselves, but in reality that they might not, by their presence, check the mirth of the youthful portion. Poor Doctor Kilham did not know exactly what to do. His age, and what, in his own estimation, was of still more importance, his knowledge, seemed to place him above sharing in the useless and senseless pastimes, as he had been accustomed to call them, so agreeable to the youth of both sexes, but love and a hint from aunt Nelly, decided him to compromise his dignity for once, and he walked boldly back into the fore-room, just as the company, now increased by the presence of several other young persons of the neighborhood, had commenced the play generally known by the name of "pawns," but in modern times more frequently distinguished by that of "pledges" or "forfeits." Lydia Freeman was chosen to hold the pledges over the head of the person who was to adjudge the kind of mock penance (a real one in many instances) to be performed by the owners in order to redeem them. The first that she selected was a nice lamb's-wool mitten belonging to Dr. Kilham, and Ruth Deane's hood.

"Who are the owner's of these fine things," said she, "and what shall they do to redeem them?"

"The gentleman must take the lady by the hand," was the reply, "and they must walk round the room three times."

Overwhelmed at the idea of the ridicule she expected to incur in common with her grotesque partner of the proposed promenade, Ruth begged to be excused, but the cry was against her, and she was obliged to yield. At first the mirth of the spectators did not rise so high as greatly to disturb the repose of their risible muscles, those who felt that the corners of their mouths were diverging from the line essential to the appearance of gravity, having recourse to their handkerchiefs; but it grew less controllable with every automaton-like step of the doctor's, and they went their third round greeted on every side by irrepressible laughter. Harleigh alone assumed a grave—an almost stern expression of countenance. Dr. Kilham, nowise abashed, relinquished the hand of his partner, seated himself with a self-complacent air in the only vacant seat on that side of the room, leaving Ruth to seek a chair wherever she could find one. Nods, winks and whispers were interchanged, which could not escape her notice.

"I don't know as the new gown will catch the doctor now," whispered one so near her that she unavoidably heard every word, "I think he seems to be rather offish."

"I guess it won't," said another, "and she seems to look pretty dismal about it too."

Harleigh perceived that tears were forcing themselves from her downcast eyes, and with a look and manner that conveyed reproach to those present, he rose and led her to a seat.

"What have I done," said she, in a voice so low as to be heard only by him, "that I must be continually persecuted by that odious man?"

"I have been led to imagine," said Harleigh, "that he was agreeable to you."

"How could you think so?" said Ruth. "O no, he is hateful to me."

It might have been difficult for Harleigh to have explained why this declaration gave him so much pleasure. He certainly could not be in love with this little country-girl, "yet," thought he, "she is very lovely," and he recalled to mind the beauties he was accustomed to see in his native town. With all their high pretensions, there was not one amongst them all, so beautiful or possessed of her natural grace. Obeying the impulses of his heart, he pressed her hand ere he relinquished it, while he gave her a look which more than atoned for all the mortification she had suffered during the day. From that moment it happened that he was more frequently by her side than that of any other young lady in the room, and Lydia Freeman, who had taken much pains to possess him with the belief that Ruth was partial to Dr. Kilham, began to grow less sanguine in the expectation she had formed of making a conquest of—to use aunt Nelly's expression—the young college spark. About eight o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Deane concluded that it was high time to return home. Harleigh and Ruth were sitting near each other by the door which opened into the adjoining apart-

ment, and though it was closed, they could distinctly hear what was said.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Deane, "but that we had better let Ruth know that we are going, so that she can ride home with us if she chooses."

"No I wouldn't sister," said aunt Nelly, "let the child stay and enjoy herself till nine o'clock with the rest of them. No danger but that she will get a ride home. The doctor has a good horse and sleigh as there is in the parish."

Harleigh perceived that this speech of aunt Nelly had the effect to make Ruth appear thoughtful and unhappy. He left the room and did not return in half an hour. He then took the first opportunity to speak to Ruth when unobserved by the rest of the company. Soon afterwards the clock struck nine, and the play of "cross questions" being hastily concluded, they all prepared to depart. Aunt Nelly brought forward the doctor's dreadnought, while he went himself to see if the boy Billy had properly harnessed his horse. He found that every thing had been done as he had ordered, and taking from the sleigh-box a nice blue and white coverlet wove in the figure called the bird's eye, he spread it over the seat and the back of the sleigh, so as to answer the same purpose of our more modern buffalo robes. He then returned to the house, slipped on his dreadnought and felt in his pocket for his mittens. Only one of them was there. Aunt Nelly hunted and hunted, and Becky and Billy hunted, but it was nowhere to be found. In the mean time Ruth was seen moving towards the outer door with Harleigh by her side.

"Just stop one minute, Miss Ruth," said the doctor, "I shall be ready to wait on you as soon as I find my mitten."

"Here 'tis," said Becky, "I found it under the table."

"O, I remember now, I had it for a pawn," said the doctor, taking it and putting it on in great haste. At the same time he cried out, "permit me, Miss Ruth, as a medical man, to tell you that you have done entirely wrong to stand so long at the door after leaving a warm room. If you had stepped right into the sleigh and wrapped the bird's-eye coverlet around you, there—Why where is Miss Ruth," said he, stopping short in his speech, and looking round with an air of great astonishment.

"She rode off with the Boston gentleman in Squire Gibson's tub-bottomed sleigh, just as you found your mitten," said Billy.

"Well I had no idea of the child doing so," said aunt Nelly.

"Where is your cloak and hood, Becky?" said the doctor.

"It would take a dozen such as Ruth Deane to make as good a pumpkin-pie as you can, and we will if you say so, ride as far as the east parish meeting-house and back again."

"Well, I must say that I am master fond of sleigh-riding," said Becky, as she went for her hood and cloak. Leaving them to enjoy their sleigh-ride, which according to Becky's account, proved a truly delightful one, we will return to the "fore room" at Mr. Deane's, where Harleigh and Ruth had just seated themselves before a bright wood fire, Mr. and Mrs. Deane having retired, and Sedley not having yet returned. The



conversation which had passed between them during their ride home may be surmised by the question of Harleigh.

"Is it," inquired he, "because I am disagreeable to you, that you refuse me, Ruth?"

"No, O no," she replied. "You have seen enough of the world to read the heart by looking into the face, better than that. I am not fitted by education to be your wife. Your friends would feel ashamed of me—you, yourself would blush for me."

"Your education, Ruth, is better than you imagine, and you have intellect, taste and feeling to appreciate and relish what to many with high pretensions, has no attractions. What is better than all, the domestic affections have not been suffered to lie waste. A woman whose heart has been rightly cultivated, will gather flowers to strew on the domestic threshold, where another would find only the root of bitterness. You will think me learned in such matters, but I have proved the truth of this remark in the family circle at home. My mother is an excellent woman, and my sister promises to be like her."

"There is another thing which I would mention," said Ruth, "which may not just have occurred to you—my parents are poor—they can give me nothing."

"I care not for that, Ruth, since they have as little power to deprive you of the home-affections—those jewels of the heart—of which I have been speaking. They are all the riches I desire a wife to possess. Do you still refuse me?"

"If," said Ruth, "after the expiration of three years you find your sentiments as regards myself remain unchanged, I will consent to your proposal. You are now very young, and the obscure country maiden may appear entirely different to you then from what she does now. In the meantime I will apply myself to study as far as I am able, and try to become worthy of you."

Harleigh made some attempt to shake her resolution, but she remained firm. She even refused to correspond with him by letter, and requested him to feel at perfect liberty to offer his hand to another, should he meet with one whom he preferred.

It was not until Harleigh had returned to college that Ruth felt in its full extent, the sacrifice of feeling which she had made to what appeared to her a duty which she owed to herself, and to him and his friends. Many a tale of man's inconstancy arose in her mind, and she for the moment, regretted that she had not suffered him to bind himself by those vows, which he had in vain urged her to receive. Three years! It was an age! and in all that time he had promised that he would not address to her one written word of love, nor even seek to see her. "He will have nothing," thought she, "to keep my memory alive in his heart, while all that I see will cause me to think of him." She had always loved study, but now she pursued it with more ardor than ever. The hope that she should succeed in rendering herself more worthy of Harleigh, would often, when she was worn with toil, cheer and sustain her spirits, and enable her to sit by the midnight lamp, when without such an incentive she would have been overpowered by lassitude.

Months passed away, and Harleigh faithfully adhered to the promise he had made not to write

to her. Perhaps Ruth might sometimes suffer the thought to pass through her mind, that if he were as ardent a lover as the one described in the only romance which she had ever read, he would have ventured to break his promise—an offence that she by no means felt sure she should not have pardoned. Nearly a year from the time they parted, a neighbor who had been to Boston to market, called and left a package directed to Ruth Deane, which he said had been entrusted to his care by the young gentleman whom Sedley brought home from college with him. Ruth succeeded tolerably in preserving an appearance of composure while in the presence of others, but the moment she reached her own room her agitation compelled her to sit down. On opening the package, she found it contained a number of neatly bound volumes. On a blank leaf of one of them, was written "Pembroke Harleigh to Ruth Deane." Had she received a letter from Harleigh containing the most ardent expressions of love, it is doubtful whether she would have perused it with sensations more truly delightful than those she experienced at beholding his name thus joined with hers, written with his own hand.

While the three years are passing away, we will just mention that Dr. Kilham, who was married to Becky about three months after the memorable evening when she rode with him as far as the "East parish meeting-house," was comfortably settled on his own farm, and that he seldom called at Mr. Deane's, except in the way of his profession. His wife, who remembered what aunt Nelly told her about putting good sweet cream into the pumpkin-pies for thanksgiving, sagaciously observed the rule on all occasions; thus securing the commendation of her husband, who said that she was as skilful in making pumpkin-pies as he was in making pills.

Sedley Deane had received his degree of A. B. and was engaged in the study of the law, while Harleigh who had never intended to study a profession, had entered into business with his father.

The three years, at length, came to a close. For the first two or three succeeding days Ruth looked for Harleigh only a little; after that her heart beat quick, and the color on her cheek grew deeper, whenever the sound of horses' feet were heard approaching, and several times when twilight had almost deepened into night, the figure of a horseman dimly descried would persuade her into a momentary belief that he was coming at last. On one of those days which had closed in disappointment, her parents had gone to take tea and spend the evening with aunt Nelly. A sense of loneliness pressed heavily upon her heart, as she took one of the books which Harleigh had sent her, and seated herself by the fire. It was the same in which was written his name and hers, in that free, elegant hand which she would have known had she seen it in Nova Zembla. But to gaze on it now, sent no thrill of joy to her heart. "He has forgotten me," said she aloud, and threw the book upon the table. At that moment the sound that she had of late so often held her breath to hear—the sound of horses' feet—broke the silence. She listened. Surely the rider had stopped before the house. A quick rap at the door succeeded. Ruth knew that he had come; and she found that she had opened

the door, she hardly knew when or how. Her heart's confession was written in her face, and Harleigh scarcely felt surer that she had remained true to those sentiments, which he knew he had once awakened, when he heard the avowal from her lips.

"Ruth," said he, after they had both become somewhat more calm, "your forbodings proved true. The obscure country maiden *does* appear to me differently from what she did three years ago. I did not then believe that the form and face I thought so beautiful could so much improve."

An early day was fixed for the marriage. Aunt Nelly, at her particular request, furnished the wedding-feast, and there was, not only wedding cake, but there were wedding pies in abundance.

When the guests were all assembled, she was observed to regard Harleigh and Ruth for some time with much attention. She then whispered to Mrs. Deane so as to be heard all over the room. "Well sister," said she, "Ruthy and the young college spark, as I used to call him, make a sweet pretty couple, and I think it is all for the best, though I didn't believe it at the time, that Dr. Kilham made a wife of Becky."

The young bride dreaded the introduction to her husband's family, but with that true nobility of mind that can appreciate excellence nurtured in a cottage as well as in a palace, they welcomed her with a cordiality, which at once silenced every apprehension, and caused her to feel that she had found friends, where she feared she should meet only with strangers.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### CHIVALRY.

The precise period from which we may date the origin of Chivalry, cannot be pointed out. Its elements may be traced as far back as the reign of Charlemagne, and even before that time; but it did not become a regular institution till somewhere about the ninth century, when it united with Religion, and became her advocate and coadjutor.

At that period the feudal system was in full operation, with all its savage horrors and cruelties. Chivalry was designed to correct some of the worst evils of that institution, such as arrogance, misrule and oppression, all of which it did, in a great measure eradicate. And here let us glance at its effects on the various nations of Europe where its influence was ever felt.—That there were evils resulting from it, before it finally went down, all will admit. Purity of morals, which it so highly respected in its infancy, and the guardianship of which was one great object of its attention, it at length came to regard in a less sacred light, and with less watchful eyes. In fact, a looseness of morals ultimately became one of the most prominent features in the character of those who wore the badge of Knighthood; and a disregard of the laws of decorum and virtue, combined with a rising spirit of pride and a wrong idea of the true meaning of honor—which originated the evil practice of duelling;—these with some other excesses into which this chivalry ran in the epilogue of its career, proved its final ruin and overthrow. Yet this institution, wild and whim-

sical as it may appear to the superficial observer, was not without its benefits. This we may readily perceive by marking the wonderful change it wrought in the moral character of those nations where it first arose. Many of them, before its establishment, were in a state of degradation as miserable, perhaps, as can be imagined. Oppression and violence, rapine and murder, were continually practiced; the lower classes of society—if indeed society can be said to have then existed—were unprotected by any laws founded in reason or justice. Innocence was unguarded; virtue, truth, religion were unbefriended—and every thing, in short, that was good and sacred, was sacrificed on the altar of savage lust and barbarism. Into such a frightful state of moral darkness had some of the nations of Europe sunk prior to the dawn of Chivalry. At length the few remaining watch-guards of virtue and Christianity, discovered that a fearful crisis had arrived, that the time had come when the increasing current of vice and depravity must be checked, or Religion would eventually be swept from these parts of the earth! Then arose this noble institution, noble at least in its designs, and for awhile in its operations. Having for its object, in addition to what has before been mentioned, the rescue of the captive; the mitigation of the wrongs of the harmless, the innocent and the oppressed; the preservation of orphans and ecclesiastics that were too weak to defend themselves, and the protection of woman from the hands of the sensualist, and fulfilling to an almost incredible extent, its laudible designs—who can estimate its beneficial effects!—Characterized by the several qualities of honor, justice, clemency and courtesy, chivalry had a tendency to check at once the insolence of the lewd and the oppressor, and the rage of violence and anarchy. Then the iron hand of the feudal system began to relax its grasp, its torturing grip was soon scarcely felt. Virtue, humanity and equity now found a seat in the hearts of the people, and Religion dared, unblushingly, to once more show her meek and benign countenance; while thousands and tens of thousands knelt with enthusiastic, though fervent devotion at her once more revered shrine.

Reference has been made to the influence of Knighthood in ameliorating the condition of woman. Before the regular organization of this institution, the condition of females, in many parts of Europe, was too wretched to be contemplated, and cannot be, without the deepest commiseration for them, and a thrill of indignation towards their tyrannical "lords and masters." Those feudal despots, to whose arbitrary guidance they were obliged to submit, seemed to treat them as though they were devoid of feeling, and had no sense of the injustice of their usage or the depravity of their condition. Every insult that unrefined and ignominious thought could engender, they were doomed, unpitied, to endure.—But when Knighthood arose, and the candidate for that office, swore at his inauguration, not only to oppose the wicked generally—to reverence the priesthood and defend the church, but to protect woman from all wrongs, pledging himself, if it must be, to shed the last drop of his blood in her defence; from that moment she began to rise from her degraded state; then she threw off the sable garb

of pollution, and came forth arrayed in the white robe of innocence, humanizing man by her modest demeanor and angelic air, and shedding a halo of purity wherever she appeared. From that period we may trace the progress of moral reform throughout most of Europe. Refinement of manners and sentiment rapidly spread in society, as respect for each other increased among the sexes, while the hand of the rude and the licentious was stayed, and the lawless were restrained from their nefarious course.

To sum up all in conclusion, chivalry restored social intercourse among the people and harmony between nations; lubricated, in a great measure, the asperities of woman's path; mitigated the harshness of general warfare; "thinned the ranks of robbers and ruffians; cultivated benevolence of feeling, and nobleness of disposition; started the car of civilization; and was the first luminary that appeared amid the gloom of the dark ages, guiding the nations of Europe over the Jordan of vice, and ignorance, and superstition into the land of virtue, enlightenment and Christianity.

J. C.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE STARS.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

ALTHOUGH the stars that glitter above us, have long been the unconscious and innocent cause of much superstition, and their benign or malign influence, often invoked or deprecated: though many an horoscope has been cast, declaring Mars or Venus the star of destiny—leading to victory in battle or success in softer pursuits: though the Astrologer has built him a high tower, and spent his nights in sleepless watching, and his days in the study of a vain science; still they shine on unchanged, from the beginning to the end of time, showing the vanity of man in imagining that those high and brilliant orbs, so steady in their course, so faithful to their duty, hold any influence over his wild and changing passions, or his erring and wayward nature. But though we believe they have no control over our destiny, who can doubt their silent and beautiful ministrations to the mind?—who can go out upon a summer evening to hold communion with the moon walking in brightness, and the stars in their distant spheres moving onward forever—

"Forever singing as they shine  
The hand that made us is divine—"

without humbly acknowledging the infinite wisdom, unbounded power, and eternal love, "which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south; which doeth great things past finding out, yea, and wonders without number."

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the Sunday Morning Atlas.

## CHINA.

RECENT occurrences have made every thing relating to China of the highest interest and importance. We are waiting now anxiously to ascertain the result of recent movements. We allude to the stoppage of the opium trade. This has stopped in a measure, and may stop altogether our trade with China, and then we shall

have to grow our own tea or indulge in some other beverage—perhaps go back to the beef-steak and porter breakfasts in which Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honor used to glory. The next news from China may possibly bring an account of an open rupture. It seems to be the intention of the English to have a brush at the Chinese any how.

In the mean time a brief account of an Empire which may possibly cut us off of our Bohea, Sou-chong, and Gunpowder, after ruining several of our merchants in seizing their opium, may not be unacceptable.

The Chinese Empire is the oldest of existing nations, and the least known or understood. The habits and manners of the Chinese are totally estranged from other people's, and they preserve their individuality in a marked manner. The nearest approximation to the outer world—they consider themselves a world in themselves—is in the practice of drink—the great Chinese beverage—which creates an extensive commercial intercourse with other nations.

The cities of China are peculiar. They are divided into classes, and the distinction is clearly defined by the last syllable, which indicates their size, rank and municipal jurisdiction. The monosyllables which are found at the end of the name of every city are *fu* or *fou*, *cheu* and *hein*. *Fu* denotes a city of the first class, having under its jurisdiction a certain number of cities of the two inferior classes.—*Cheu* denotes a city of the second class, subject to the jurisdiction of its *Fu*; and *Hein* a city of the third class, subordinate to its *Cheu*, as well as under the jurisdiction of its *Fu*. This is an admirable method of telling the size or nature of a city, and would be of great importance if generally adopted. There are supposed to be in the Chinese Empire 160 cities of the first class, 270 of the second, and upwards of 1200 of the third, besides a number of walled towns, not included in any of these classes.

The cities are all enclosed by high walls and large gates, of more strength than beauty. Towers are built at regular distances. The streets are wide, but the houses are rarely more than one story above the ground floor. The shops are adorned with silks, porcelain and japanned wares, the most brilliant of which are hung outside to attract customers. A large board is suspended from the front of each shop with the names of the principal articles sold, either painted upon it, or done in gilt letters. These showy sign boards, placed at equal distances on both sides of the streets, give the whole the appearance of a beautiful colonnade.

Pekin, the chief of the cities of China, occupies an area of twelve square miles. It contains over 3,000,000 of inhabitants. It has two streets as straight as a line, four English miles long and 120 feet wide, which run parallel from two gates on the southern wall, and two gates in the northern wall, and these are crossed at right angles by two other streets of the same magnificent width. The sign post from the stores, to which we have alluded, not merely set forth the nature of the goods, and the exemplary honesty of the dealer, but are generally entwined with silken ribands and hung with flags, pennants and streamers of every possible color, from top to

bottom. The lateral streams of the city are filled up by those who are busied in buying, selling and bartering—the gayety, buzz and confusion that prevail are greater than might be expected from the general character of the Chinese. The dealer cries his goods, the purchaser chaffers and wrangles aloud, the barber flourishes his tweezers in the air, and clacks them together, inviting custom; comedians and quack doctors, (oh! the universal fellows) mountebanks and musicians, pedlars and their packs, jugglers, fortune tellers and conjurors, leave no space unoccupied on the sides of the streets. And this noise, and bustle, and crowd is not confined to any particular season or occasion, but reigns every day of the year.

The police department is very strict. There are barricades at the ends of each street, closed at night, and none are suffered to pass who have not a lantern in hand, and the most urgent business to plead.

The imperial city has many splendors that are imposing and beautiful, but it lacks comfort. It has no pavements—no sewers—no commodious supply of wholesome water; consequently it is muddy in winter and dusty in summer. It abounds in the foulest smells, proceeding from odors and all sorts of filth, which the wealthy try to neutralize in their houses, by making use of a variety of violent perfumes and burning strongly scented wadds and composities; and its inhabitants are obliged to draw their supplies of the indispensable fluid from wells dug in the city, whose waters are execrable.

The Great Wall of China has been considered one of the wonders of the world—and although it has been somewhat overrated, is an extraordinary work and impresses us with a high notion of the industry and perseverance of the Chinese. The wall averages about twenty feet in height, and is in many places carried over the tops of the highest and most rugged rocks—the towers, which are distributed along it, are seldom less than forty feet high. In some places the wall is so broad at the top, that six horsemen placed abreast might have a race on it without inconveniencing them. This wall, after standing 2000 years, appears for leagues and leagues, as strong as at first. The wall is in many places dilapidated. It was built in five years, the Emperor impressing three men out of every ten in his dominions, into the work. It was finished 205 years before the birth of Christ. The mass of matter in the walls is said to be more than sufficient to surround the globe on two of its great circles, and with two walls each six feet high and two feet thick.

The Canals of China are a greater wonder, than even the great wall itself. They cross the country in every direction, and renders much of China a water Holland. The *Yun Leang* or great Canal, is 300 leagues in length. Mr. Barrow calls it “an inland navigation of such extent and magnitude, as to stand unrivaled in the history of the world.” Instead of locks, where the difference in the level of the water is above six feet, vessels are passed from the lower to the upper water, by an inclined plane at an angle of about forty degrees, built with stone and kept smooth and slippery. The vessel is dragged up,

having cables attached to her by means of two or more, sometimes as many as six capstans, which are placed by the sides of the Canal, above the inclined plane. Each windlass has four bars and is manned by from twelve to sixteen men.

The Bridges crossing these Canals, are numerous and elegant. They are chiefly for foot passengers. They are formed of three, five or seven arches; the centre arch being frequently from thirty to forty feet wide, and sufficiently high to let vessels pass without striking their masts. The elevation of these bridges, renders steps necessary, in this respect they resemble the old bridges of Venice. The Canal bridges are, however, nothing in comparison with the bridges thrown across rivers or long swamps and places exposed to inundations. Some of these are of prodigious extent, and have triumphal arches upon them, in the pagoda style, and built of wood. The bridge of Laydng, in the province of Fakien, is 5,940 feet long, by 104 feet wide. There is another bridge in Fakien, over an arm of the sea, built of yellow and white stone. It is 2,475 feet long and 8 1-4 feet broad; has 100 very lofty arches, and is adorned with sculptures of lions and other animals, in the prevailing taste of the country. There are also bridges of boats, suspension and swing bridges without number.

Such is a brief account of the cities—great wall—canals and bridges of the Celestial Empire.

## MISCELLANY.

From the “School Boy,” by the Rev. John B. C. Abbot.

### THE BOY AND MAN.

A few years ago, there was in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Copley. He did not succeed very well in business, and concluded to go to England, to try his fortunes there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to College. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he graduated, he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two causes of very great importance being intrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill, as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The king and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the government. They therefore raised him from one post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England—the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. About sixty years ago he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now, John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men in talent and power,

in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy hours in idleness, he would probably have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school when other boys were idle; he studied in college, when other young men were wasting their time; he ever adopted for his motto, “*Ultra Pergera*,” (*Press onward*)—and how rich has been his reward.

You, my young friends, who open this book, are now laying the foundation of your future life. You are every day at school, deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of mis-spent boyhood.

## HUMAN LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life!—We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country.—The dews of the morning are exhale by the fervor of the noon-day sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing.—Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have lain down to their rest; but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckoning us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits fail not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of the evening are usurping the fervor of the noon-day. Still we pressed onward: the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached.

The bright orb of Hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the West; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad: we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them: we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in the land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time of death, and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy thrice happy is he, who hath laid up treasures in himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow.

—*Charlton*—

## LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.

It is in winter we are the gayest people on this continent, with more variety of life and manners than any other city presents, in the summer we are the dullest. The monotony of existence caused by the very general absentees, is only varied by the fever and the exciting scenes it creates. We proceed to mention one, the relation of which caused a chill through our hearts, and struck the "electric chain" by which we are strongly bound. It surely must have thrilled the heart of the beholder with sudden horror.

Dr. Lambert, an excellent as well as an eminent French physician in this city, relates that during his frequent rides through the different streets, his attention has almost always been attracted as he passed a house where a poor family lived. The family consisted of a man and his wife, both rather young, and the latter good looking, with a little infant smiling in beauty, and about ten months old. He was led to notice them from the appearance of content that lived there, and their being frequently on the banquettes before the house.—After the fever set in, he still saw them for some days, happy as usual, but at length he "missed them from the accustomed place." This he did for two days, until on the third, feeling uneasy for them, he stopped his gig before the house—alighted—rapped at the door. No one answered; silence was in the mansion. He pushed open the door and went in. There lay the husband and the wife on the floor—both dead of the fever, and the former decaying. The child was alive, and with its little arms round the dead mother's neck, vainly trying to draw the sustaining fluid from the breast. Dr. L. says that familiar as he is with scenes of death, nothing before has ever shocked his feelings to half the extent. With a praiseworthy benevolence he has taken measures to have the infant protected.—Such is "life in New Orleans."—*N. O. Times.*

## THE CORPORAL.

DURING the American revolution, an officer, not habited in his military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work, making some repairs upon a small redoubt. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!" etc.—The officer before spoken of stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, and seeing the timber sometimes scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid.—The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, turning to the officer with the pomp of an Emperor, said, "Sir, I am a Corporal!" "You are not though, are you?" said the officer; "I was not aware of it." And taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over the post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, "Mr. Corporal," said he, "when

you have another such a job, and have not men enough, send to your Commander in Chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The Corporal was thunder-struck! It was Washington.

## BOOKS.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these individual means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—No matter, how poor I am. No matter, though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—*Dr. Channing.*

IRISH HUMOR.—An Irishman seeing an outside passenger of an English stage coach covered with dust, observed, that if he was a potato, he might grow without any further planting.

## Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.—The following article, under the title of "A Beautiful Reflection," has gone the rounds of the papers and been generally attributed to Bulwer:

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be, that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it, that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars, which 'hold their festivals around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking as with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth," etc. etc.

Finding it in this isolated state, and supposing it to have been written by the celebrated novelist, the editor of one of our best exchange papers took occasion some time since to criticise it, as we think, somewhat severely. Saying it was deficient in perspicuity—blaming the author for not illustrating it with the natural history of the caterpillar, and winding up thus:—"It amounts to this.—We are unsatisfied mortals—rainbows and clouds are beautiful, and yet they fade into nothingness—the stars like the phantom dagger of Macbeth are above our clutching—even human beauty is frail, and as it fades

leaves us nothing but what chills the heart—ergo we are born for a higher destiny than that of earth! Mr. Bulwer has certainly gone to work on the principle that a deduction is a deduction, all the world over—no matter whence derived."

But the trifle in question, whether a subject of praise or blame, belongs not to Bulwer. It is an extract from a touching little sketch, entitled "The Broken Hearted," from the pen of our own Prentice, and seems to have flowed warm from the heart of the writer. He describes the commencement and progress of his acquaintance with a young and lovely girl wasting away by disease—a disease of the heart. She gave him "her confidence"—"he became unto her as a brother."—"Love," says he "had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in her earliest years, and when they were rent away," by the death of its object, "they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul into blood."—They parted—she died—they told him she was dead—and it was the death of this beautiful being, who had crossed as a bright meteor his path, and, her pure spirit exhaled to its native skies, as a meteor faded away, that called forth the reflection, which in its connexion, we must still consider as beautiful.—It is not when the departure of beloved ones presses heavily upon the heart, that we coldly reason from analogy. We have perhaps before believed in the truths of revelation—rejoiced in the promises of the gospel; but now it is that we bind them still closer to the heart—that we feel that they are true—that they are indeed great and precious promises. We feel that there are desires implanted in the heart of man by the great Author of his being, which the fleeting enjoyments, the idle pageantry of earth cannot satisfy—that "we are born to a higher destiny," a more enduring existence—that "there is a realm, where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever."

"For oh! how dark and drear and lone,  
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
If wandering through each radiant one,  
We fail to meet the loved of this!

"But there's a voice by sorrow heard,  
When heaviest weighs, life's galling chain,  
That voice is the Almighty's word!  
'The pure in heart shall meet again.'"

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

L. J. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. S. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Whalen's Store, N. Y. \$2.00; E. B. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. W. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Lorraine, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. Jefferson, N. Y. \$1.00; N. C. J. Esperance, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. Farmer, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. B. White's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; O. T. Hall's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. West Point, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. W. North Granville, N. Y. \$0.87½; J. N. C. Evansburg, Pa. \$0.62½; P. M. Gill, Mass. \$2.00; M. A. L. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.00; G. R. D. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. Lyonsdale, N. Y. \$2½; F. M. Cairo, Ga. \$5.00.

## P a r t i c u l a r s ,

In this city, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Geo. H. Fisher, Mr. Jacob Bunt to Miss Amelia C. Lee.  
On the 2d inst. Mr. Adam Irwin to Miss Maria Haynor.  
On the 16th ult. by the Rev. N. Levinge, Mr. Thomas C. Whitlock, son of Lewis Whitlock, Esq. of Stockport, to Miss Mary Paddock, both of Troy.

## D e d s .

In this city, on the 29th ult. William, infant son of William and Margaret Kennedy, aged 4 weeks and 2 days.  
On the 25th ult. Ann Rogers, in her 77th year.  
On the 2d inst. Charles E. son of Robert and Margaret Morris, aged 2 years 1 month and 4 days.  
On the 11th ult. in the town of Westerlo, Albany Co. Mr. Hays Crawford, in the 38th year of his age, respected by all who knew him.  
At Charleston, S. C. on the 23d ult. Mr. John J. eldest son of H. P. Skinner, Esq. of this city, in the 37th year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## AN AUTUMN EVE.

"Hark dew-drops evening gathers  
To gild the morning hours,  
But dew-drops fall on withered leaves  
And moisten dying flowers."

The purple shades of twilight dim,  
Are gathering on the valley's breast.  
But round the clear horizon's rim,  
Each mountain rears a glowing crest.  
Look! where yon crimson boughs flash out  
Amid the forest dark and old;  
And see! each yellow leaf hath caught  
In that rich light, a hue of gold.

The beauties of the dying year,  
Yon setting sun seems loth to leave,  
And sheds his mildest, sweetest smiles,  
To gild a tranquil Autumn Eve.  
Yet there are those o'er whom such hours  
Can bring a shade of saddening gloom!  
To whom the splendors of the scene  
Seem "decorations of the tomb."

They say that ever as the sun  
To southern climes his courser's turns  
The bounding pulse more faintly beats,  
The kindling eye less brightly burns:—  
That beauty scarce attains its bloom,  
And genius rarely sees its prime,  
For Genius, worth, and loveliness,  
Are victims of our chilling clime.

I grant it true—but cannot breathe  
To Autumn winds one sorrowing sigh,  
Nor wish a happier time to live,  
Or a more glorious hour to die!  
The Autumn dews are still and pure,  
And so the pensive mourner's tear;  
And withered flowers are meet to strew  
The early grave—the youthful bier.

\* \* \* \* \*

I knew of one—a graceful girl  
Of gentle tones and love-lit eyes,  
Round whom the spell of earthly love  
Had woven all its tenderest ties.  
But cold consumption early warned  
The loving and the loved to leave—  
She lingered through the summer days,  
And died upon an Autumn Eve.

And Oh! I never shall forget  
The starry beauty of that night,  
On which the stainless spirit fled  
With the last gleam of setting light:—  
She gently clasped those pearl-white hands  
And closed her eyes as if to sleep,  
When the last music of that voice  
Had softly said, "O do not weep!"

For she had seen enough of life,  
Longed from its sorrows to be free;  
But ah! to stay the falling tear!  
It could not be! It could not be!  
The shrouded form lay pillowed there  
In all its pale sweet loveliness:  
On tear dimmed eyes the lamplight fell,  
And silent pictures of distress.

Without—all seemed as fair and bright  
As if Earth had no place for grief;  
The first pure, early, virgin frost,  
Was falling on each moveless leaf.  
Had aught of motion stirred the scene,  
It might have seemed a spectral thing:  
Or aught of sound, it had been deemed  
The rustling of an angel's wing!

And ever since that lone still night,  
Imprest on childhood's plastic hour,  
There's something in an Autumn Eve,  
That o'er my spirit hath a power.—  
But not of sorrow, or of gloom,  
Of melancholy, or of dread,  
Or terror at the thought of death,  
And sainted spirits of the dead.

But hallowed sympathies pervade,  
The sweetest ties of earth and time,  
Or thoughts, that scorn the earthly things,  
Soar to the ethereal and sublime.  
And I could leave the gayest scene  
That ever graced a festive even,  
With high and holy thoughts like these,  
To wander 'neath the stars of Heaven.  
Oct. 29, 1839.

For the Rural Repository.

TO ———.

BY J. MADIE.

How beautiful the thoughtful calm,  
Reposing on thy brow;  
Like the halo shed by moonbeams  
Upon the pearly snow.

O! never may a ringlet,  
Of thy raven wavy hair,  
Stray o'er a cloud of passion there,  
Or shade a trace of care.

And in thy eye—so dark as 'twere  
The gift of a Southern sky,  
The dream of loveliness that floats,  
How fervent, pure and high!  
And may a revelation,  
As eloquent, e'er beam  
From its clear depths, and ne'er a shade,  
Subdue its tender gleam!

Thy silvery voice, the gifted,  
Whose faintest echoings  
Are rich and thrilling as the strains,  
Breathed from Eolian strings,—  
O! Time, 'twere sacrilege indeed,  
To quell its joyous tone,  
Or link its angel-melody,  
With a sound of sorrow's own!

And lady, do not deem and name  
These minstrel-longings, vain,  
For is there not a spell of power,  
Thy power to detain?  
There is!—guard, deeply cherish,  
Thy Youth's pure precious lore,  
And ever on its teachings,  
A bright, unerring store!

For the Rural Repository.

TO ———.

A GRACEFUL form and lovely mien,  
A damask cheek and dark blue eye,  
The thoughtless maid may treasures deem,  
Which fools, at dearest cost may buy.  
But what are beauties of the face,  
The ruby lip and dimpled chin,  
Unless combined with mental grace,  
And moral worth combined within!

O, prize not then those trifling toys  
Which have no charm in wisdom's eye;  
Which only yield unstable joys,  
That with the fleeting moment fly:  
But strive, oh early strive, to find  
Those precious gems which fadeless prove;  
Which while on earth adorn the mind,  
And brighter glow in worlds above.

RURAL BARD.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO A DEAD MOUSE.

Poor Mouse, thy days are numbered,  
And all thy perils o'er,  
No more with cares encumbered,  
Disturbed by fears no more.

Now every limb and feature  
Is stiffened, cold and dead—  
Oh, tell me, little creature,  
Where has thy spirit fled?

Oh say, where art thou flying,  
From earth's dull scenes away?  
Or what dark wilds desecrating,  
Beyond the blaze of day?

Beneath some distant treasures,  
Hast thou prepared thy nest,  
Where never-ceasing pleasures,  
Have lulled thy eyes to rest?

"Oh, check your fancy's dreaming"—  
The mother-mouse replies;  
"And know the spirit's beaming,  
Is hid from mouse's eyes."

"The joys that we inherit,  
Die with our fleeting breath;  
And all of life and spirit,  
Is chilled and crushed by death."

"When o'er the grave reclining,  
You drop the flowing tear,  
Bright worlds above are shining,  
And faith can bring them near!"

"Where the pure spirit ranges,  
Which once was chained below;  
Nor time's—nor fortune's changes  
That spirit e'er can know."

"The Power that made us sprightly,  
With quick and sparkling eyes,  
To spy your treasures nightly,  
And seize upon the prize,"

"Gave you that fancy, soaring  
On eagle's pinions far,  
And ether's realms exploring,  
Where rolls the glittering star!"

"Then cease your idle rhyming—  
That Power demands your lays—  
With angel-spirits chinning  
Your tuneful numbers raise."

S. B.

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature.

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1839.

NUMBER 12.

## SELECTED TALES.

From the Rose of Sharon for 1840.

### WHAT IS STRONGEST ?

"Come, Frances, thee has gazed too long on this silly maiden, with her ringlets floating so wantonly over that naked throat. I will show thee something sweeter. Look on this Italian Madonna. Saw thee ever aught thus meekly beautiful? Those large, clear, earnest eyes, gazing so intently upon her babe! such a peaceful, placid smile! and the holy child Jesus, too—Frances, look! O, childhood! sweet are thy ministries to the spirit that pines for purity on earth! How tenderly the infant eyes return the glances of love! Is he not dreaming, think, of his blessed and holy mission to our earth? Frances! thine eyes are vacant: sees thee no beauty in this?"

"Forgive me, Ellena; my thoughts were painfully abstracted. Beauty? O yes; such beauty as souls like thine can worship—"

"Worship, Frances? thee knows that I worship no beauty on this earth. Did thee not forget thou wert discoursing unto a Quaker? True, I feel an admiration of the spiritual beauty that irradiates the features of that virgin mother; and I love to gaze on that lovely incarnation of a divine spirit. This degree of enthusiasm is I trust, allowable; but *worship* is not yielded unto the things of earth. O, Madonna! how full of consciousness is thy radiant eye, as though feeling thyself indeed 'the handmaid of the Lord!' Look on her, Frances, and let vain thoughts of this world's sorrows flee from thee, as murderous vampyres before the glory of the sun-bright day."

"They do! Ellena, they do! But let us hasten away; I am haunted by those proud, cold eyes of the Egyptian queen."

"Call her not the Egyptian queen. Borenice was a creature of tender affections: Arabella Sutherland is too proud to love."

"Nay, nay, Ellena; no woman is too proud to love. But let us away; the doors will be opened soon."

They turned to cross the gallery, but unexpectedly encountered a gentleman who stood near them, and whose soft step upon the green carpet had been unnoticed, while they were conversing. The young ladies both uttered exclamations, and Frances's countenance blanched pale as death. She bowed slightly, and would have passed out; but he gently detained her, and, taking her hand, led her to the painting she had been first contemplating. The Quakeress passed down the hall, to a painting of blind Bartimeus, by an American artist, leaving her cousin alone with the gentleman.

"Frances," said he, in a low, suppressed voice, "Frances, you do not love the countenance of

my affianced bride. Those 'cold, proud eyes' have told you she is not to make me happy; and yet she is called resplendently beautiful. O, Frances, how different from the soft, retiring graces of the being I love!"

"You love! Laurence, do you not love her?"

"Could you for one moment suppose it? O, Frances! have you, then, doubted the constancy of my affection? Well you might; and yet, I hoped—I hoped, Frances, that you would have trusted me eternally."

Frances trembled very much, and withdrew the hand he had pressed too fervently. He turned to see if Ellena still lingered. She was gone, and they were alone. He placed his arm about her slender waist, and drew her to one of the settees near the centre of the hall. "Forgive me, Frances. You would, and pity me too, if you knew half I suffer. It is so seldom, now, that I meet you, and in circumstances so unpropitious for an explanation! Will you not listen to me?"

"Ought I? ought I? O, Laurence! solemnly plighted as you are to another, ought I to listen to assurances of affection from your lips? No, no; rather let me think you faithful to your later vows,—let me believe you true to her who has a right to your truth."

"I cannot! Frances, I cannot! There is enough of misery in my fate, without this agonizing thought—that you believe me false to my early vows. During your long, long absence in a foreign land changes have occurred to wreck the dearest hopes of my heart,—changes we could not foresee,—changes I would not have believed possible. O that I should ever have made this promise! and yet, I could not avoid it. What son, that saw his father struggling for breath, and in the last agonies of his mortal conflict—what son, that honored and loved his father as he ought, would have embittered his last earthly moments by disobedience and ingratitude? O that he had known my heart—how entirely and eternally it is devoted to another! (for, though I told him, he did not and could not comprehend;) he would not, I am sure he would not, have exacted a promise that has imbittered every later moment of my existence. I cannot love Arabella Sutherland, and she knows it; yet she will not release me from my obligations; she will not, Frances, though she does not love me. If she did—if she loved me as woman *can* love, she would have sacrificed every thing—life, happiness, all that the heart holds dear—to save me from wretchedness, to save herself from what should be more terrible to her than a thousand deaths. Frances, do not believe me capable of deception. I have told her all, so frankly, so very frankly, as to excite her indignation, if not her hatred. Still she will not absolve me, and still I love—O Frances! passionately, madly

love—you! yes, you—the first, last, only object of my earthly adoration. And she is so unrelenting! True, in declining the union, she forfeits her dowry; but how willingly, O, how gladly, would I lay my whole fortune at her feet, if she would but deign to break these cruel, cruel chains. Frances, even now, if you will but say one little word—that you love me still, that you will be mine—O Frances, do not look so! Dearest, best beloved, say that you will be mine, and I care not for chains, or promises, or vows: vows to her I never made. O, say that you will be mine; breathe it, look it—"

"Laurence! these are not lawful words. It is wrong that I hear them; and she rose as though to leave him; but, pale and trembling, and overpowered by strong emotion, she yielded to the detaining hand."

"Forgive me, Frances! O, forgive me! Any thing but that offended look! Let us not part in disagreement—we who love—yes, I dare say, we who love so truly, who meet so rarely. Smile once, Frances, and say I am forgiven. I will ask no more; I will even wed another, since you deem it my duty; yes, will wed another, meet you as a common friend, but cease to love you, never! Frances, look on me!"

She did look, so softly, so tenderly, so pleadingly, that the quick, warm tears started out upon his long lashes; and he rose from his seat at the gentle entreaty, more obediently than the slave at the signal of his master. "Enough! I see you forgive me—pity me. O, then, do more! teach me to bear the burden of my griefs—to do my duty to her who is to be—O Frances!"

"We must part now," said she, turning toward the door; "visitors will soon enter. We have been too long alone."

"Too long? O no! 'tis but a moment—less! Look once more on this countenance, and pity me!" He led her to the picture of his plighted bride, represented in the character of queen Borenice, kneeling, with her beautiful raven tresses floating over a neck of the most perfect symmetry, and sacrificing them, a propitiation for the safety of her absent husband. The countenance was radiant, but cold and stern; passion had made her eye his throne; and, beautifully as the artist had executed the design, it was, to those interested as they were, a most painful picture.

"Think Arabella not all destitute of the softer and more amiable traits of feminine character. Was it not benevolence which prompted the exhibition of this portrait in the Athenæum? Surely, a heart that could sacrifice so much of its native delicacy for the aid of a poor young artist, cannot be void of all excellences worthy of your esteem. Look ever Laurence, upon the sunny side of her character, and cultivate in her heart a love of humility and goodness. Be ever kind, self-

sacrificing, tender; in time, you will win her love—in time, she will exhibit those beauties of the spirit, that will steal away your affections almost unawares." Frances spoke softly, but earnestly; and, laying her hand upon his arm, drew from him a solemn promise that his bride should be wooed with kindness, and tenderly cherished all the days of their wedded life. They then left the hall together, and parted at the gate, with a frank tenderness they had not ventured to express for years.

"Thce is pale, thee is too pale, dear Fanny. Lay aside that naughty pencil, and transfer the rose to thine own cheek, by a little exercise in the open air."

"O no, Ellena; my purse is empty. Let me toil on till this one sketch is finished; then I will go with you. I only wish to subdue the expression of those eyes a little, and then it will be done."

"Those are Arabella Sutherland's eyes. Why do they still haunt thee? why does thee paint them in every face, be it of shepherdess or saint? I cannot excuse thee well; but I never was in love. Nay, forgive me, cousin Frances; I thought not to make thee sad. Thee is right, however: soften down those hard eyes, and let them be melting as thine; let them tremble like a faint star in the deep sky. Can thee not paint them wavering thus, and humid?"

"Nay; but like thine they shall be, Ellena—calm, clear, holy. See her now, as she clings to her widowed mother. Such love should give a firm light to the imploring eye. "Where thou goest, I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, mine." Sit down, Ellena; take my portfolio, and, if you can, amuse yourself with its contents, while I put a few more touches on this painting; then you shall go with me to the shop."

After touching and retouching, till the painting seemed indeed perfect, Frances rose and flung on her shawl, seized her portfolio, and hastened, with her cousin upon her arm, to one of the print-shops in W—— street. It was about sunset when they entered. The clerk at the counter bowed respectfully, but, without waiting to examine her paintings, went into a back apartment and summoned his employer. Col. Templeton immediately came out, and shook hands heartily with Frances, unclasped her portfolio, and examined its contents with enthusiasm. "Bless me! Miss Moore; you improve in your art every hour. That's a beautiful landscape! worth twenty dollars any day. How many are there?—three, four, five, and two are seven. A charming collection! Your pictures sell admirably, Miss Moore. I get a greater profit on them than on any thing else I offer to my customers. I really make too much; and in future, I shall pay you more generously."

"I have no desire for that, colonel; you have been always very, very generous. Continue your kindness, but do not increase it; I shall be laid under too great obligations."

"Don't say that, Miss Frances. Take all you can get in this niggardly world; it will be little enough, at the greatest. What say you to my taking these upon commission? I will engage

to sell them at a profitable *per centage*, since you seem to fear I will be too generous."

"Thank you, sir. You are very kind; but I am very much in need of *immediate* pay, even if it be far less. If you can oblige me with ten or twelve dollars this evening, I shall be very glad; and, if you really insist upon it, you may have the other paintings upon commission; but be sure and charge enough for your trouble. You see I am proud—do not like to be too much indebted."

"Glad to see it, Frances. I love an independent spirit. I will pay you now, for this painting of the Moabitess, fifteen dollars, Miss Moore. I will call upon you to-morrow eve, and bring you the money for the others."

"Provided you sell them, colonel."

"O, there is no doubt of that; no doubt of that, my dear."

"What a kind-hearted man the colonel is!" said Ellena, as they stepped out upon the sidewalk, to return. "Not very like his niece Arabella, one would judge."

"You are not acquainted with Miss Sutherland. She doubtless has many excellent qualities hid under a cloak of pride. She has been so kind to that young artist, Guido Watson, I never can overlook her charity to him; and probably this is but one among a thousand instances of her active benevolence. If she be thus good to him, why not to others also?"

"Thou art too charitable, cousin. Is not Guido Watson young, handsome, gifted, and accomplished in all the graces of polished life? Does thee not believe there may be *another* motive more active than benevolence? Has thee never supposed Arabella might *love* that young man, even if she be betrothed to another? Do not believe me scandalous, Frances; I am only expressing the simple suggestions of my mind. But I have had some opportunities for observation; and it is my conviction, that she is a traitor to thy friend Laurence."

"O, you are unjust, indeed you are. Do you not know she might be free, any moment, to dissolve her present engagement, if she chose? And would she not so choose, if she loved another?"

"Arabella is not at liberty to dissolve her present engagement, and retain her property; and she could more easily sacrifice her affections than subdue her pride. Young Guido is penniless; so would she be, were she to bestow her hand upon him. Can thee suppose the heiress of thousands, hundreds of thousands, would stoop to toil for her daily bread? and all for mere *love*?"

"For mere love? Easily might one guess that thou wert still free as the winds, my artless cousin. *Mere love*! There are those who could tell thee, Ellena, that love has subdued feelings stronger than woman's pride; ay, mere love has changed more stubborn hearts than hers—brought them down to abject beggary, to slavery, to death. So would it conquer her: she does not love, or she would yield."

"Does thee reason upon the premises of thine own character, Fanny? Would thee at all times yield to love?"

"Not against conscience; stern *duty* is more powerful than the strongest affection. But duty does not forbid Arabella to follow the impulses of her heart."

"Why not, Fanny? her mother's will forbids it."

"But her mother's will is not duty. The pure impulses of her heart are duty; self-sacrifice is duty; any thing is duty, rather than marriage without love."

"So I believe; but I do *not* believe that Miss Sutherland, Arabella Sutherland, will bend *her* pride to love, or duty, or law."

"We shall see; that is, if she really does, as you imagine, love the poor artist she has befriended; though this is what I cannot believe, without evidence more conclusive than any yet presented.—But Stop! have we not passed the bake-shop? Mother must not know I have been toiling since sunrise, to settle my bill with the baker, and have a penny left for our evening loaf."

"Has it been thus, Frances? Why did thee not tell me sooner? Has my purse been ever closed to thy necessities? Have I been ever less than a neighbor to thee? Really, Fanny, I like it not, that thee should so distrust my friendship."

"I have not, for one moment, Ellena. You have been the kindest and best of friends—the most affectionate of cousins. But you, too, are poor; with the strictest economy, your income alone will not support you. Why should I draw upon resources insufficient for your own wants? Besides, it is so much better for me to be quite dependent upon my own energies."

"Not to the destruction of thy health—not to the destruction of thy health, when thou art thy mother's only stay. Take my purse, Fanny; I have no mother."

"I have quite enough for the present; and to-morrow, you know, I have the promise of more."

"What a dear good man Colonel Templeton is!"

They entered the bread-store, paid the bill, and were returning across the Mall, when they observed a gentleman and lady, arm in arm, promenading very leisurely, directly in front of them. It was in the most retired part of the walk, and the darkness almost disguised them; but there were airs and graces about the lady not to be mistaken.

"That is Arabella Sutherland," whispered the Quakeress.

"Yes," replied Frances, checking her pace, and almost retreating from the walk.

"And Guido Watson is with her."

"I do not know."

"I do. I know him by his height, his black whiskers, and lover-like manners. He is a perfect adept in gallantry. See him now! how reverentially he bends his head, to catch the softest murmur of her lips! and she—how she leans upon his arm, and looks up into his face—so devotedly!"

"But you have said she is proud—too proud to receive attentions from a poor man. How, then, dares she appear in public with him?"

"She does not, openly. Observes thee not, she has chosen the most retired part of the Mall, and an hour when it is almost impossible to distinguish white from black? That long green veil, too, and plain dress, so different from her usual attire, show very clearly that she shuns observation. What would thee judge from her present manners, Frances? Does she not love him? that is, inasmuch as her haughty spirit can yield to tender affections?"

Just as Frances would have replied, the lady turned her head, and, observing their proximity, hastened her pace till she was far beyond their hearing, and led her companion up the steps into the street where she resided.

"I am confirmed, Fanny, perfectly."

"I am not," replied she, and truly. She demanded many and obstinate proofs, ere she would be confirmed in a belief of another's wrong-doing. Herself always true-hearted and conscientious, how could she doubt the sincerity of others? The young Quakeress knew more of human nature; she had received an orphan's experience. She had charity for faults, but it was tempered by knowledge. Loving her cousin ardently as she did, it was very difficult for her to restrain the indignation she felt toward Arabella, for thwarting the happiness of two beings devotedly attached,—all for the gratification of worldly pride.

But Frances was generous to a fault. She always looked upon the bright side of human character, and, if she observed faults, palliated them by every kind ascription of worthy motives possible in the compass of thought. She spoke and believed well of Arabella: why should she not? she was the bride elect of Laurence Werner;—not loved by him, it is true; but destined to share his fortunes, and bear his name. Frances was interested in whatever was connected with the fate of the being she loved. She had known Laurence Werner from the days of early childhood. They had been schoolmates for many years; and, when the days of Greek and Latin came, together they were pupils of Frances's father for two more happy years; and then the clergyman's health failed. Accompanied by his wife and daughter, he sought the sunny vales of Italy; but it was for a grave. He lingered for two weary years, and then died, leaving his widow barely the means for returning to her native land, where she had been since supported by the industry of her daughter. Her health was very feeble: she could only assist Frances in light needlework; and this but seldom. Still, Frances was not discouraged; she toiled for one she loved: affection made her labors light. And she found benefactors—generous, constant, faithful friends. So far was she blest.

"Has Frances been here?" inquired Laurence Werner of Col. Templeton, the day succeeding the sale of her painting.

"She has; and I took the pictures upon commission, as I informed her. Come into the back shop, and I will let you see them."

Laurence sat down to the examination with an eagerness that must have excited suspicion in the most unobserving mind. It was the first time the colonel had noticed any peculiar interest in his manner; and he resolved to investigate his feelings to their depth.

"What an affectionate heart that creature has! delighting ever to weave in images of those she loves—delighting ever to dwell upon the beauties of her friends. See, now, how faithfully is her cousin Ellen's eye copied in the countenance of Ruth! and Naomi is a perfect representation of Mrs. Moore. Beautiful, very beautiful!"

Laurence lifted his eye, as he spoke, to the

countenance of Col. Templeton, and, observing that he was gazing upon him somewhat earnestly, blushed a deep crimson.

"You are a very zealous friend of Miss Moore, —a very enthusiastic admirer, I perceive," said the colonel, smiling significantly.

"Very true. I was a long time her classmate. We learned Latin together, and read Homer out of the same book. Think you she is not worthy of my friendship?"

"Certainly, if Arabella do not object. These fair friends are sometimes a little dangerous."

"I am responsible to no one for my friendships. If I am true to Miss Sutherland, what reason has she to complain?"

"None, Laurence, if you are true to her. But is she, really, the dearest image in your heart? Answer me as though I were your father—your best friend."

"As the guardian of Miss Sutherland, you are entitled to the same frankness I have exhibited to her. As my personal and respected friend, you are deserving my fullest confidence. In answer, then, to your *home-question*, I confess that Frances Moore is the dearest being to me upon this wide earth. I loved her long before I was plighted to another, and, indeed, had pledged my faith to her; but a father's dying malediction was dreadful. I promised obedience,—promised to marry your niece, while my heart was irrevocably another's. To this vow I have been faithful, but at the fearful price of all happiness and hope upon earth. Arabella knows all; I told her all, frankly, as I have told you; and this was her reply: 'There is no love lost between us, and there will be no money lost; for you dare not subject me to penury by a broken vow, and I will not yield up my dowry to please any man.' Upon this we parted, and have met seldom since; but the nuptials are fast approaching, and I must resign myself to a fate worse than death."

The colonel stood musing a moment, and then exclaimed, "Why did I not know this sooner? I thought you were both impatient for the wedding day; at any rate, Laurence, you have asked me at least a hundred times when it was to be; and so I have appointed the earliest possible period, all out of compassion to your violent love! Are you sure Arabella does not desire the marriage?"

"She desires it for the wealth it will insure; but her heart abhors it. In fact, I am persuaded that she loves another."

"Pray, who? some 'lowly Edwin of the grove?'"

"Your *protege*—Guido Watson."

"Guido Watson! Are you sure? are you *very* sure?"

"Sure as I can be without proof positive. O that love could conquer pride!"

"Do not despair, my dear fellow; there is hope for you yet. Guido Watson is the son of my early and only love. He was left a penniless orphan; his talents have hitherto supported him; and I have long intended to make him my heir. I will make an immediate investment of the two hundred thousand belonging to Arabella, upon Guido; and then we will see if love do not have his own way. I'll attend to it imme-

diately. Have patience, and all errors shall be repaired."

"God bless you, colonel! the very hope un-  
mans me."

"We must part, then, beloved, forever! May you find a heart that will love you as truly as has mine, a fortune that will compensate for the absence of affection, and a forgetfulness of whatever, in the past, might awaken a transient pang of regret—particularly of your wretched Guido!"

"O, speak not thus! Guido, forgive me! Call not yourself wretched, while you see an abject slave before you—a slave to the worst of tyrants, to mighty, invincible, cruel *pride*. Hush that farewell, Guido! do not speak it yet! I love you—I own that I love you better than life; but I cannot be yours; disgrace, poverty, the contempt of the world, all would follow. I cannot, Guido! I cannot!"

"Then farewell, cruel, beautiful Arabella! It is worse than vain for me to linger amid fascinations I must not yield to, yet cannot resist. Farewell! May you be richly blest! God send you wealth and honor, the homage of the world the admiration of multitudes! and may they be to you more than my love has been—peace, consolation, joy! Farewell! again and again, farewell!"

He dropped the little hand he had held fondly to his lips, crossed the room, and raised the latch of the door. "Guido!" The name was almost whispered; yet, spoken in thunder, it would not have been more audible to his ear. He turned, lingered a moment, and then a second time lifted the latch. He heard a soft step behind him, but he did not look back. He opened the door, passed out into the hall, and reached the outer door. "Guido!" The cry was low, but wild. He turned now—turned, and received her, fainting, in his arms. He carried her back into the parlor and hung over her a long, long time. He watched anxiously for the first conscious look—for the first expression of awakened feeling. It was received at length—a glance, humble and tender, and full of prayer. "Guido, do you forgive me?"

"Arabella, do you repent?"

"O Guido! forgive me, forgive me! How weak I was!"

"Weak in calling me back?"

"Weak in bidding you go. Forgive those foolish words, dear Guido! Your love is dearer to me than wealth, or honor, or the homage of the world—O, a thousand times! How keenly did I feel it, when you turned to leave me! A moment taught me the lesson of years."

"Then you will be mine, poor and lowly as I am?"

"Thine, Guido! thine!"

"Aunt, I have brought thee news: Arabella Sutherland is no more!"

"Married, is she? Well, that is news!"

"Yea, aunt. Frances was right: love will conquer even pride. She has yielded up her property to her guardian, thrown aside her splendid dresses, and, in a simple white garb, without a single ornament of jewelry, accompanied Guido

Watson to the altar. A very affecting scene occurred after the nuptials, as I am informed by a witness. Col. Templeton gave the bride away, and after the prayer had been offered, placed in the bridegroom's hand an instrument conveying to him the whole amount of Arabella's forfeited estate—nearly or quite two hundred thousand dollars. The bride was overcome, and fell on her knees—which she ought not to have done to a mortal—kissed his hand, and wept the most humble and amiable tears she had wept before in all her life. The bridegroom was less affected, he had been in the secret, satisfied himself of the sincerity of her affection, and chosen this moment to complete her reward."

"Well, really, I am very glad it has so terminated. The colonel is rich enough for a bachelor, with what he has left. And now think I can tell you some news, Ellena: there is shortly to be another wedding among your friends."

"Ah, I know who! and that leads me to ask where is Fanny?"

"Open the parlor door."

Ellena did so, and thrust in her pretty face, shaded by her close Quaker cap, with a Paul Pry look of "Hope I don't intrude."

They bade her come in—Laurence and Frances in the same breath. "Come, Ellena," said her cousin, "come and thank one who has been so kind to your poor friend. This is 'the dear, good Col. Templeton' who was so generous in the purchase of my pictures."

"Is he? Well, I thought it strange the colonel should be so very generous to thee; though he has, in a late event, proved himself capable of even as great generosity as I then believed him."

"So I have just been telling Frances; and to him should I have been indebted for this privilege," said Laurence, printing an impassioned kiss upon her brow, "had it not been that Love conquered Pride one day."

"By the way, Ellena, which do you now think the strongest?"

"O Fanny! Love, to be sure. Does thee know any thing stronger?"

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE CRUSADES.

We cannot always judge of the benefits or injuries of an action by its immediate consequences. There are many schemes which appear wild, and which are deleterious in the present results, that, in the end, prove of vast advantage. Such was the case with the Crusades. Whimsical as they may seem; fraught as they were with suffering and blood-shed, and even those evils against which they warred, they were, nevertheless ultimately productive of many good influences. At their commencement, which was near the close of the eleventh century, Europe was, for the most part, shrouded in the gloom of the dark ages. The light which Chivalry had kindled—the light of civilization and refinement had barely begun to blaze; the arts and sciences had made but little progress, and the beaconfires of Christianity yet burned dim. But when the Holy Wars began, a new impetus was given to the

march of improvement. Prior to their commencement there was but little intercourse between the powers of Europe. Most of them were at variance with each other; and among some there existed the most rancorous and malignant feelings. Much as knighthood had previously done towards diffusing sentiments of honor, justice and urbanity, still feuds were carried on between the nobles; baron fought against baron, and castle against castle. As soon, however, as the Crusades were contemplated upon; as soon as Peter the Hermit had returned from the Holy Land, and performed his mission through a considerable portion of Europe, causing the councils of Placentia and Clermont to be called, and setting forth the cruelties of the infidels then in possession of Palestine, and shamefully desecrating the tomb of the Saviour;—from that moment, social intercourse was created and carried on among most of the European nations. They flocked together from all parts into the temple of friendship, and united forthwith in the all-prevailing, soul-absorbing scheme, the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Turks. Friendly intercourse being established, an interchange of sentiments, etc. began to operate in advancing society, and bettering the condition, moral and political, of the great mass of the people. These effects however were produced by very moderate degrees, nor was there a material change observable till sometime after the commencement of those wars.

The Crusaders were obliged on their way to Palestine, to pass through countries more refined than their own, where agriculture, manufactures, and the arts were far advanced; they observed these improvements not only with admiration but with a desire and a determination to be benefited by them. When, therefore, they returned home, they put the knowledge they had obtained into practical operation, and its good results were soon perceived in their rapid improvement in manners, customs and the institutions of their several countries.

Commerce was advanced. The followers of the cross finding it difficult to travel by land to Constantinople, at length chose to go by the Mediterranean Sea. The cities of Italy then became the great marts of trade. Vessels were fitted out at Venice, Genoa and Pisa, and all the neighboring provinces formed a ready market for almost every kind of provision. But says the historian Robertson, "the success which attended the arms of the Crusaders, was productive of advantages still more permanent. There are charters yet extant containing grants to the Venetians, Pisans and Genoese of the most extensive immunities in the several settlements which the Christians made in Asia. All the commodities which they imported or exported are thereby exempted from every imposition; the property of entire suburbs in some of the maritime towns, and of large streets in others, is vested in them; and all questions arising among persons settled within their precincts, or who trade under their protection, are appointed to be tried by their own laws, and by judges of their own appointment."

A taste for architecture was cultivated. Every historian that has written on the subject of the Holy wars, mentions the delight and aston-

ishment with which the journeyers to Palestine viewed the splendor and magnificence of the cities through which they passed. Constantinople in particular, which was then the great emporium of the east, the seat of elegance and grandeur, excited their highest admiration and wonder. They seemed indeed lost in transport while gazing on its beautiful churches, its majestic domes and temples; and, returning to their own country, vast improvement was soon discernable in the splendor of their public edifices, and the courts of princes.

Literature was promoted. A passion for the chivalrous ode was almost universal: troubadours and martial ditties were chaunted by the lisping youth and the man of silvery hairs, and, like the verses of Homer, which were recited by all the inhabitants of Greece, they cherished a love of poetry, and tended to the furtherance of literary knowledge.

To conclude, the Crusades were beneficial in giving the death-blow to the feudal system. The nobles who were in possession of the lands generally, and who were all eager to engage in the wild attempt to drive the Turks from the tomb of the Saviour, in order to do this must sell their possessions to defray their expenses. This they did, disposing of them at a price far below their value, giving those monarchs in the west of Europe who did not engage in the first Crusade, an opportunity of enlarging the boundaries of their kingdoms. Meanwhile the fiefs of others which were unsold fell into the hands of the sovereign, from the circumstance of their owners or holders, being slain in the Holy War; "and by the accession of property, as well as power taken from one scale and thrown into the other, the regal authority rose in proportion as that of the aristocracy declined." Thus did the feudal system, which had existed for ages, and only the rougher features of which had been worn off by Chivalry, now gradually pass away. Order began to predominate in society; cities were formed into companies, and bodies politic: regular governments were ere long established; the vices of the dark ages, many of them totally disappeared; and in a short time, the light of civil liberty, general intelligence and christianity, illumined almost every quarter of Europe.

Dracut, Mass. 1839.

J. C.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE.

"ANTHONY WAYNE, a major-general in the American army, occupies a conspicuous station among the heroes and patriots of the American revolution. He was born in the year 1745, in Chester county, in the state, then colony, of Pennsylvania. His father, who was a respectable farmer, was many years a representative for the county of Chester, in the general assembly, before the revolution. His grandfather, who was distinguished for his attachment to the principles of liberty, bore a captain's commission under King William, at the battle of the Boyne. Anthony Wayne succeeded his father as representative for the county of Chester, in the year 1773; and from his first appearance in public life, distinguished himself as a firm and decided patriot.

He opposed, with much ability, the unjust demands of the mother country, and in connexion with some gentlemen of distinguished talents, was of material service in preparing the way for the firm and decisive part which Pennsylvania took in the general contest.

In 1775, he was appointed to the command of a regiment, which his character enabled him to raise in a few weeks, in his native county. In the same year, he was detached under General Thompson into Canada. In the defeat which followed, in which Gen. Thompson was made a prisoner, Col. Wayne, though wounded, displayed great gallantry and good conduct, in collecting and bringing off the scattered and broken bodies of troops.

In the campaign of 1776, he served under Gen. Gates, at Ticonderoga, and was highly esteemed by that officer for both his bravery and skill as an engineer. At the close of that campaign he was created a brigadier-general.

At the battle of Brandywine, he behaved with his usual bravery, and for a long time opposed the progress of the enemy at Chad's Ford. In this action, the inferiority of the Americans in numbers, discipline and arms, gave them little chance of success; but the peculiar situation of the public mind was supposed to require a battle to be risked: the ground was bravely disputed, and the action was not considered as decisive. The spirit of the troops was preserved by a belief that the loss of the enemy had equalled their own. As it was the intention of the American commander in chief to hazard another action on the first favorable opportunity that should offer, Gen. Wayne was detached with his division, to harass the enemy by every means in his power. The British troops were encamped at Tredyffrin, and Gen. Wayne was stationed about three miles in the rear of their left wing, near the Paoli tavern, and from the precautions he had taken, he considered himself secure; but about eleven o'clock, on the night of the 20th September, Major-General Gray, having driven in his pickets, suddenly attacked him with fixed bayonets. Wayne, unable to withstand the superior number of his assailants, was obliged to retreat; but formed again at a small distance, having lost about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. As blame was attached by some of the officers of the army, to General Wayne, for allowing himself to be surprised in this manner, he demanded a court martial, which, after examining the necessary evidence, declared that he had done every thing to be expected from an active, brave, and vigilant officer; and acquitted him with honor.

A neat marble monument has been recently erected on the battle ground, to the memory of the gallant men who fell on the night of the 20th September, 1777.

Shortly after was fought the battle of Germantown, in which he greatly signalized himself, by his spirited manner of leading his men into action. In this action, he had one horse shot under him, and another as he was mounting; and at the same instant, received slight wounds in the left foot and left hand.

In all councils of war, Gen. Wayne was distinguished for supporting the most energetic and

decisive measures. In the one previous to the battle of Monmouth, he and Gen. Cadwalader were the only officers decidedly in favor of attacking the British army. The American officers are said to have been influenced by the opinions of the Europeans. The Baron De Steuben, and Generals Lee and Du Portail, whose military skill was in high estimation, had warmly opposed an engagement, as too hazardous. But General Washington, whose opinion was in favor of an engagement, made such disposition as would be most likely to lead to it. In that action, so honorable to the American arms, General Wayne was conspicuous in the ardor of his attack. Gen. Washington, in his letter to congress, observes, "Were I to conclude my account of this day's transactions without expressing my obligations to the officers of the army in general, I should do injustice to their merit, and violence to my own feelings. They seemed to vie with each other in manifesting their zeal and bravery. The catalogue of those who distinguished themselves, is too long to admit of particularizing individuals. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning. Brig. Gen. Wayne, whose good conduct and bravery, throughout the whole action, deserves particular commendation."

Among the many exploits of gallantry and prowess which shed a lustre on the fame of our revolutionary army, the storming of the fort at Stony-Point has always been considered one of the most brilliant.

To Gen. Wayne, who commanded the light-infantry of the army, the execution of the plan was intrusted. Secrecy was deemed so much more essential to success than numbers, that it was thought unadvisable to add to the force already on the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march, so as to reach the scene of action in time to cover the troops engaged in the attack, in case of any unlooked for disaster; and Major Lee, of the light-dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with General Wayne, as far as cavalry could be employed in such a service.

The night of the 15th of July, 1779, was fixed on for the assault; and it being suspected that the garrison would probably be more on their guard towards day, twelve was chosen for the hour.

Stony-Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh, there is only one crossing place. But at its junction with the river is a sandy beach passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill was erected the fort, which was furnished with a sufficient number of heavy pieces of ordnance. Several breast-works and strong batteries were advanced in front of the principal work, and about half way down the hill, were two rows of abattis. The batteries were calculated to command the beach, and the crossing place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from either of those points towards the fort. In addition to these defences, several vessels of war were stationed in the river, so as, in a considera-

ble degree, to command the ground at the foot of the hill.

The fort was garrisoned by about six hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

At noon of the day preceding the night of the attack, the light-infantry commenced their march from Sandybeach, distant fourteen miles from Stony-Point, and passing through an excessively rugged and mountainous country, arrived about eight in the afternoon at Spring Steel's, one and a half miles from the fort, where the dispositions for the assault were made.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flanks at the same instant. The regiment of Febiger, and of Meigge, with Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column, and Butler's regiment, with two companies under Major Murfree, formed the left. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury and Major Posey, constituted the van of the right; and one hundred volunteers under Major Stuart, composed the van of the left. At half past eleven, the two columns moved on to the charge, the van of each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox, whose duty it was to remove the abattis and other obstructions, in order to open a passage for the columns which followed close in the rear.

Proper measures having been taken to secure every individual on the route, who could give intelligence of their approach, the Americans reached the marsh undiscovered. But unexpected difficulties having been experienced in surmounting this and other obstructions in the way, the assault did not commence until twenty minutes after twelve. Both columns then rushed forward, under a tremendous fire of musketry and grape shot. Surmounting every obstacle, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet, and without having discharged a single piece, obtained complete possession of the post.

The humanity displayed by the conquerors was not less conspicuous, nor less honorable, than their courage. Not a single individual suffered after resistance had ceased.

All the troops engaged in this perilous service manifested a degree of ardor and impetuosity, which proved them to be capable of the most difficult enterprises; and all distinguished themselves whose situation enabled them to do so. Colonel Fleury was the first to enter the fort, and strike the British standard. Major Posey mounted the works almost at the same instant, and was the first to give the watch-word—"The fort's our own." Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox performed the service allotted to them, with a degree of intrepidity which could not be surpassed. Out of twenty men who constituted the party of the former, seventeen were killed or wounded.

The loss sustained by the garrison was not considerable. The return made by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, represented their dead at only twenty including one captain, and their wounded at six officers, and sixty-eight privates. The return made by General Wayne states their dead



at sixty-three, including two officers. This difference may be accounted for by supposing, that among those Colonel Johnson supposed to be missing, there were many killed. The prisoners amounted to five hundred and forty-three, among whom were one lieutenant-colonel, four captains and twenty subaltern officers. The military stores taken in the fort were also considerable.

The loss sustained by the assailants was by no means proportioned to the apparent danger of the enterprise. The killed and wounded did not exceed one hundred men. Gen. Wayne himself, who marched at the head of Febiger's regiment in the right column, received a slight wound in the head, which stunned him for a time, but did not compel him to leave the column. Being supported by his aids, he entered the fort with the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Hay was also among the wounded."

The intrepidity, joined with humanity, its noblest companion, displayed on that occasion by General Wayne and his brave followers, cannot be too highly esteemed nor too frequently commemorated.

**GENERAL ORDERS FOR THE ATTACK.**—The troops will march at — o'clock and move by the right, making a short halt at the creek, or run, on this side, next Clements'; every officer and non-commissioned officer will remain with, and be answerable for every man in his platoon; no soldier to be permitted to quit his ranks on any pretext whatever, until a general halt is made, and then to be attended by one of the officers of the platoon.

When the head of the troops arrive in the rear of the hill, Colonel Febiger will form his regiment into a solid column of a half platoon in front as fast as they come up. Colonel Meiggs will form next in Colonel Febiger's rear, and Major Hull in the rear of Meiggs', which will form the right column.

Colonel Butler will form a column on the left of Febiger, and Major Murphy in his rear. Every officer and soldier will then fix a piece of white paper in the most conspicuous part of his hat or cap, as a mark to distinguish them from the enemy.

At the word *march*, Colonel Fleury will take charge of one hundred and fifty determined and picked men, properly officered, with arms unloaded, placing their whole dependence on fixed bayonets, who will move twenty paces in front of the right column, and enter the sally-port; he is to detach an officer and twenty men a little in front, whose business will be to secure the sentries, and remove the abattis and obstructions for the column to pass through. The column will follow close in the rear with shouldered muskets, led by Colonel Febiger and General Wayne in person:—when the works are forced, and *not before*, the victorious troops as they enter will give the watchword——— with repeated and loud voices, and drive the enemy from their works and guns, which will favor the pass of the whole troops: should the enemy refuse to surrender, or attempt to make their escape by water or otherwise, effectual means must be used to effect the former and prevent the latter.

Colonel Butler will move by the route (2) preceded by one hundred chosen men with fixed

bayonets, properly officered, at the distance of twenty yards in front of the column, which will follow under Col. Butler with shouldered muskets. These hundred will also detach a proper officer and twenty men a little in front to remove the obstructions; as soon as they gain the works they will also give and continue the watchword, which will prevent confusion and mistake.

If any soldier presume to take his musket from his shoulder, or to fire, or begin the battle until ordered by his proper officer, he shall be instantly put to death by the officer next to him; for the misconduct of one man is not to put the whole troops in danger or disorder, and he be suffered to pass with life.

After the troops begin to advance to the works, the strictest silence must be observed, and the closest attention paid to the commands of the officers.

The general has the fullest confidence in the bravery and fortitude of the corps that he has the happiness to command—the distinguished honor conferred on every officer and soldier who has been drafted into this corps by his excellency General Washington, the credit of the states they respectively belong to, and their own reputations, will be such powerful motives for each man to distinguish himself, that the general cannot have the least doubt of a glorious victory; and he hereby most solemnly engages to reward the first man that enters the works with five hundred dollars, and immediate promotion; to the second four hundred dollars, to the third three hundred dollars, to the fourth two hundred dollars, and to the fifth one hundred dollars; and will represent the conduct of every officer, and soldier, who distinguishes himself in this action, in the most favorable point of view to his excellency, whose greatest pleasure is in rewarding merit.

But should there be any soldier so lost to every feeling of honor, as to retreat one single foot, or skulk in the face of danger, the officer next to him will immediately put him to death, that he may no longer disgrace the name of a soldier, or the corps or state he belongs to.

As General Wayne is determined to share the danger of the night—so he wishes to participate in the glory of the day in common with his fellow soldiers.

Immediately after the surrender of Stony Point, Gen. Wayne transmitted to the commander in chief, the following laconic letter:—

"Stony Point, July 16, 2 o'clock, A. M. 1779.  
DEAR GENERAL.—The fort and garrison, with Col. Johnson, are ours; our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free.

Yours most sincerely.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

GEN. WASHINGTON."

In the campaign of 1781, in which Lord Cornwallis, and a British army were obliged to surrender prisoners of war, he bore a conspicuous part. His presence of mind never failed him in the most critical situations. Of this he gave an eminent example on the James River. Having been deceived by some false information, into a belief that the British army had passed the river leaving but the rear guard behind, he hastened to attack the latter before it should also have effected

its passage; but on pushing through a morass and wood, instead of the rear guard, he found the whole British army drawn up close to him. His situation did not admit of a moment's deliberation. Conceiving the boldest to be the safest measure, he immediately led his small detachment, not exceeding 800 men, to the charge, and after a short, but very smart and close firing, in which he lost 118 of his men, he succeeded in bringing off the rest under cover of the wood. Lord Cornwallis, suspecting the attack to be a feint, in order to draw him into an ambuscade, would not permit his troops to pursue.

The enemy having made a considerable head in Georgia, Wayne was despatched by Gen. Washington to take command of the forces in that state, and, after some sanguinary engagements, succeeded in establishing security and order. For his services in that state the legislature presented him with a valuable farm.

On the peace, which followed shortly after, he retired to private life; but in 1789, we find him a member of the Pennsylvania convention, and one of those in favor of the present federal constitution of the United States.

In the year 1792, he was appointed to succeed General St. Clair, who had resigned the command of the army engaged against the Indians, on our western frontier. Wayne formed an encampment at Pittsburgh, and such exemplary discipline was introduced among the new troops, that, on their advance into the Indian country they appeared like veterans.

The Indians had collected in great numbers, and it was necessary not only to rout them but to occupy their country by a chain of posts, that should, for the future, check their predatory incursions. Pursuing this regular and systematic mode of advance, the autumn of 1793, found General Wayne with his army, at a post in the wilderness, called Greenville, about six miles in advance of Fort Jefferson, where he determined to encamp for the winter, in order to make the necessary arrangements for opening the campaign to effect early in the following spring. After fortifying his camp, he took possession of the ground on which the Americans had been defeated in 1791, which he fortified also, and called the work Fort Recovery. Here he piously collected, and, with the honors of war, interred the bones of the unfortunate although gallant victims of the 4th November, 1791. The situation of the army, menacing the Indian villages, effectually prevented any attack on the white settlements. The impossibility of procuring the necessary supplies prevented the march of the troops till the summer. On the 8th of August, the army arrived at the junction of the Rivers Au Glaize and Miami of the Lakes, where they erected works for the protection of the stores. About thirty miles from this place, the British had formed a post, in the vicinity of which the Indians had assembled their whole force. On the 15th, the army again advanced down the Miami, and on the 18th, arrived at the Rapids. On the following day they erected some works, for the protection of the baggage. The situation of the enemy was reconnoitred, and they were found posted in a thick wood, in the rear of the British fort. On the 20th, the army advanced

to the attack. The Miami covered the right flank, and on the left were the mounted volunteers, commanded by General Todd. After marching about five miles, Major Price, who led the advance, received so heavy a fire from the Indians, who were stationed behind trees, that he was compelled to fall back. The enemy had occupied a wood in front of the British fort, which, from the quantity of fallen timber, could not be entered by the horse. The legion was immediately ordered to advance with trailed arms, and rouse them from their covert; the cavalry under Capt. Campbell, were directed to pass between the Indians and the river, while the volunteers, led by General Scott, made a circuit to turn their flank. So rapid, however, was the charge of the legion, that before the rest of the army could get into action, the enemy were completely routed, and driven through the woods for more than two miles, and the troops halted within gunshot of the British fort. All the Indians' houses and cornfields were destroyed. In this decisive action, the whole loss of General Wayne's army, in killed and wounded amounted only to one hundred and seven men. As hostilities continued on the part of the Indians, their whole country was laid waste, and the forts established which effectually prevented their return.

The success of this engagement destroyed the enemies' power; and, in the following year, Gen. Wayne concluded a definitive treaty of peace with them.

A life of peril and of glory was terminated in December, 1796. He had shielded his country from the murderous tomahawk of the savage. He had established her boundaries. He had forced her enemies to sue for her protection. He beheld her triumphant, rich in arts, and potent in arms. What more could his patriotic spirit wish to see? He died in a hut at Presque Isle, aged about fifty-one years, and was buried on the shore of Lake Erie.

A few years since his bones were taken up by his son Isaac Wayne, Esq. and entombed in his native county, and by direction of the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati, an elegant monument was erected. It is to be seen within the cemetery of St. David's Church, situated in Chester county. It is constructed of white marble, of the most correct symmetry and beauty.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE PLACE OF REST.

HOWEVER dark and disconsolate the path of life may have been to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body will sink into a dreamless sleep. Let not the imagination be startled, if this place, instead of a bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of the man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more—the tears are dried up in their fountains—the aching heart is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armics engage in fearful conflict over the very bosoms of the pale nations of the dead, not one of the sleepers shall

heed the spirit stirring tramp, or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quiet the countless millions slumber in the arms of their parent earth. The voice of thunder shall not wake them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake as it overpasses the continents shall be able to cause inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages: empires shall rise and fall; the bright millenium shall come and pass away, the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice, at first just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave—"for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall hear his voice."

### SPEAK BY THE CARD.

"How does the thermometer stand?" asked a father of his son. "It don't stand at all, sir, it hangs;" was the reply. "Well, but I mean, how high is it?" "Just about five feet from the floor."—"Pooh! you fool, how does the mercury range?" "Up and down—perpendicularly." The reader will remember another similar. "What is ratio, John?" "Ratio, sir?" "Yes, ratio!" "Oh sir. Ratio. Why, ratio is proportion." "Very well. But what is proportion?" "Oh, proportion, sir. Why, proportion is ratio!" "Certainly, but what are proportion and ratio both?" "I can only answer one question at a time!" replied the boy.

### USE OF PUNISHMENT.

ROBERT, cardinal of Genoa, afterwards pope, was a distinguished Italian general about the year 1378. One day, surveying some of the inhabitants of Camerino diverting themselves with a mock fight, he received a wound by a random arrow. When they had seized the culprit, and were on the point of cutting off his head, the general interposed, and ordered the man to be dismissed, observing, that "the punishment, to be of any use to him, should have preceded the wound."

ANECDOTE.—A schoolmaster, while correcting an urchin for using bad language, told him to go to the other end of the room and speak to one of the scholars, and that *grammatically*, or he should be punished. On going, he thus addressed himself to the scholar: "Thomas, there is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, third person, singular number, *angry mood*, who sits perched on an eminence at the other end of the room, and wishes to articulate a few sentences with you in the present tense."

TRIBUTE TO BEAUTY.—As the late Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her beautiful countenance, and instantly exclaimed, "Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes." It is said the duchess was so delighted with this compliment, that she frequently checked the strain of adulation, which was so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment all others are insipid."

A GENTLEMAN telling a lady that an apothecary of her acquaintance had failed and was obliged to shut up shop, she enquired the cause, to which the gentleman replied, "he was so honest a man, that instead of loading his patients with medicines, he advised them to take the *wholesome air* and of course lost the profit which would have arisen from the sale of his drugs." "Poor man," (said the lady,) poor man! he is indeed to be pitied—he cannot live on air, though his patients may."

PREVENTIVE OF JEALOUSY.—A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause of jealousy."

GIRLS, be industrious, and observe economy in every thing, even in time; be neat and tidy, rise early, keep stirring to some useful purpose; dress so as to preserve your health, leave nothing for others to do, that you can accomplish yourselves, cultivate your minds, and eschew the least appearance of evil in your manners and conduct; so shall you enjoy as much comfort, happiness and independence as is allotted to mortals in this uncertain world.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A. F. Oak Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Braman's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. R. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. Yonkers, N. Y. \$1.00; R. D. V. R. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; F. D. R. Conway, Ms. \$1.00; L. C. Utica, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Braman's Corners, N. Y. \$2.00; C. V. D. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. B. Hamburg, In. \$0.60; J. S. K. Jericho, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Chicopee Falls, Ms. \$2.00; A. K. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; L. M. R. Bethany, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Derby, Vt. \$5.00; S. D. B. Monroe, Mich. \$1.00; R. P. T. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$1.00; N. H. Cleveland, O. \$1.00; A. C. Commerce, Mich. \$0.75; D. B. Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cheshire, Ma. \$1.00.

### MARRIED,

In the city of Albany, on Saturday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Freeman Seymour, Mr. Lyman H. Miller, of Gallatin, Columbia Co. to Miss Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Lasher, of the same place.

At Pine Plains, on Saturday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sayers, Mr. Milton H. Dedric, of Pine Plains, to Miss Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Miller, of Gallatin.

In Greenport, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Jesse Westfall, of Claverack, to Miss Sarah Pultz, of Greenport.

### DECEASED,

In this city, on the 6th inst. Mrs. Eliza Myrick, in the 43d year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mary Jane, daughter of John and Ann C. Forrest, in her 16th year.

In Canaan, Col. Co. Mrs. Tryphena Cady, relict of the late Eleazer Cady, aged 90 years.

In Schoenck, Rensselaer Co. on the 2d inst. Mrs. Emma, wife of Lieut. Col. David Bidwell, and on Thursday the 7th, Lieut. Col. David Bidwell, consort of Emma Bidwell.

By a dispensation of Providence this worthy couple, who had sojourned in this sublunary sphere together for a long period of time, was suddenly cut off, the chosen partner first, and ere the sorrowing of the bereaved husband had ceased, he was called to the mansion of eternal rest, to become a co-partner above with her who had passed before him. Many sincere friends mourn their loss, and none more than his connexion who knew that his loss is irreparable.

On the 8th of August last, on board the ship Roscoe, Frederick Joy, of Nantucket.

At Crawfordsville, Indiana, on the 13th of October last, after a short illness, Julia Ann, wife of Rev. William M. Pratt, and sister of Darius Peck, Esq. of this city.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Joy thrilled the hearts in the lonely bark,  
And the light of Hope, was there,  
And lips spake now of life, and love,  
That late had breathed despair.  
They seemed as tho' touch'd, by a fairy wand,  
As they gazed on the cliffs of this desert land.  
Wild thoughts, and dark, had stirred their hearts,  
Columbus, cheered them still,  
"If we ere long reach not some port.  
Then turn ye, if ye will.  
Aye! turn to the land from whence ye came,  
Contented, *die* unknown to fame."  
Oh! sad was his heart, in that lonely hour,  
He had crossed the ocean's breast;  
He had left the land where kingly power,  
Deprived his soul of rest.  
And now Ambition high, seems crushed,  
His brightest hope laid in the dust.  
But no—the cloud rose black and high,  
Yes! far above it spread,  
And seemed it then, to human eye,  
To linger o'er his head—  
To stay awhile, ere it should fall,  
And shroud him in its sable pall.  
Yet see—again, the light of hope  
Is shining proudly through;  
And look once more—the cloud has broke,  
The fair, green land they view.  
Their griefs, their toils, and fears were o'er,  
As they stepped upon this blissful shore.  
Then rose the song from the gathered band,  
The song of praise to God;  
They bless with joy, his guardian hand,  
They praised his name aloud.  
Aye, now they owned the sovereign Power  
That saved them through despair's dark hour.  
And the gush of joy, which their leader felt,  
Was passionate and strong—  
He kissed the land, whereon he knelt,  
The land, which wished for long  
Had led him on, 'till the star of fame,  
Shone—twinkling bright above his name.  
Spencertown, Nov. 4, 1839. CASSIOPBA.

For the Rural Repository.

## ON THE DEATH OF JAMES H. GAUL.

I do not weep that thou art dead,  
For thou art happier far than I,  
And couldst thou leave thy narrow bed,  
I gladly in thy place would lie.  
I do not weep for worldly gain—  
My only loss was losing thee;  
If wealth could bring thee back again,  
I'd give my all to set thee free.  
Yet tears are coursing down my cheek,  
While memory tracks each by-gone day—  
I almost think I hear thee speak,  
Yet know that thou art far away.  
I weep to think how one by one  
Our earthly hopes will fade away—

That those we love and trust upon  
Should soonest perish and decay.

I weep to think that we no more  
Shall mark thy footstep coming near—  
That Time to us cannot restore  
A friend that was so very dear.

I need not tell how kind of heart  
Thou wast to all as well as me,  
Nor of thy upright manly part  
Through all the days allotted thee.

We know it well—for this we grieve—  
Thou wast too loved to leave us so,  
And we can hardly yet believe  
That we shall meet no more below.

But thus it is—beneath the sod  
We know thy sad remains were laid;  
And trust thy spirit's gone to God  
To join thy young and gentle bride.

The stern realities of life  
Will soften feelings of regret,  
And all its scene of care and strife  
May force us sometime to forget.

But often will remembrance bring  
The scenes of brighter days to mind,  
And fondly will affection cling  
To all that thou hast left behind.

Thy tender babe, an orphan now,\*  
A parent's love can never share,  
Too young to feel the cruel blow  
That took from her a father's care.

She was thy hope, thy joy and pride,  
The only tie that bound thee here,  
For well I know thou oft hast sighed  
To be with thy Melissa dear.  
And thou art with her in the tomb,  
The same earth covers each young breast;  
She faded in youth's early bloom,  
And thou hast gone to share her rest.

G. M. G.

\* Since dead.

For the Rural Repository.

## MORNING.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

THE rising sun, the dew that gems the flower,  
The fragrant freshness of the early hour,  
The wood-crowned hills and vales that stretch be-  
tween—  
With a soft carpet spread of living green—  
The glancing stream and smiling sky above,  
All whisper to the heart "our God is Love."

From the Columbia Spy.

## CHILDHOOD'S LAUGHTER.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I saw a bright and gladsome child  
Playing amid the flowers,  
The Butterfly in gambols wild,  
Flew thro' the rosy bowers.

The honey Bee, on laden wing,  
Stopt there the dew to quaff,  
When, gladdening every blessed thing,  
I heard a silvery laugh.

It echoed down the shady wood,  
It woke the slumbering bird,  
And all the green clad solitude  
With music breath was stirred.

It swelled upon the breezy wind  
And Nature brighter smiled  
At the clear, sweet, and unconfined  
Loud laughter of a child.

Free, as the wild unfettered rill,  
It burst upon the ear,  
And like a mock bird—every thrill  
Echo repeated near.

Oh! what a gush of joyous thought  
Doth it not conjure up,  
How many dreams once brightly wrought,  
To fill life's sparkling cup.

Forms, that for long, long years have lain  
In an unbroken sleep,  
In all their frolic play again  
Before us gladly leap.

And voices that have long been hushed  
Carol like summer birds,  
And hearts forget they have been crushed  
In childhood's tone, and words.

Oh! burst of joyous melody,  
Thou gush of mountain spring,  
Thy welcome sound doth aye to me,  
A sweet remembrance bring.

I heed not, tho' dark clouds are near,  
And life's a desert wild,  
So I can be, where I shall hear  
The laughter of a child.

Philadelphia, June, 1839.

## A NAME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MAKE to thyself a name,  
Not with the breath of clay,  
Which, like the broken hollow reed,  
Doth hide itself away;  
Not with the fame that vaunts  
The tyrant on his throne,  
And hurls its stigma on the soul  
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name,  
Not such as wealth can weave,  
Whose warp is but a thread of gold  
That dazzles to deceive;  
Not with the tints of love  
From out its letters fair;  
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,  
Like him that placed it there.

Make to thyself a name,  
Not in the sculptured aisle;  
The marble oft betrays its trust,  
Like Egypt's lofty pile;  
But ask of him who quelled  
Of death the victor's strife,  
To write it on the blood bought page  
Of everlasting life.

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Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

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NUMBER 13.

## SELECTED TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

### THE THREE STORY HOUSE.

BY MISS A. M. F. SUCANAN.

Build not your house too high.—JOHN ROGERS.

"Oh! the three story—the old three story, my dear, by all means—I have set my mind upon it! as it is known I have come from the city, and from a fashionable circle there, it will, of course, be expected that we should make something of a figure, and the three story house is the very thing."

"But you know, Louisa, the first consideration with me is comfort, and the other place, I have told you, I half engaged—the White Cottage, as the folks call it, is the snuggest, completest, little concern in the world—every thing about it so new and clean and well finished, and the size is exactly right for us two."

"Now, Charles, acknowledge that it is the name that has taken your fancy—'love in a cottage,' you know, all so romantic, it is just like you; I admit, though, that under other circumstances it would be delightful—in the city where we would be lost among a crowd, or entirely in the country, but here the case is different. As I said before, we must take a conspicuous place in society, see a great deal of company, and all that, and the White Cottage would never do. There is no breakfast room, nothing on the first floor, but the two parlors, and no folding doors between them, and the entry is so narrow, and all the rooms are so small, it would really be a pity to put such furniture as mine in a place like that. And, besides, I know you will laugh at me, but I must tell you the truth, I have always wished so much to live in a three story house! Papa has such old fashioned notions about matters of that kind, that, though he owned a very handsome one, he would never occupy it. He always said that our good roomy two-story was sufficient for his family, only himself and mamma and Jane and me—that he liked a house to cover as much ground as possible, and that if he could have done it, he would have built all the rooms on one floor. Now, to my notion, a two story house looks insignificant, no matter how good it may be, and I made up my mind long ago, that whenever I had a choice of my own, my house should be as high as possible."

"What an idea, my dear!—I have no objection, however, to three story houses in general but the one in question is too large by more than a half. It was intended originally for a hotel, and, of course, must be entirely too spacious for a bride and groom. There are four rooms in the first story, six or seven in the second, as many

in the third, and finished attics. We will keep but two servants—Susan and a boy, and allowing two spare rooms, more than which would be unnecessary, a very limited number of chambers will be required."

"Really, Charles, I can't see such a very great objection to the size. Mamma is going to send me furniture for five or six chambers, and we can let the third story remain empty. As to the lowest one, you must agree that nothing could suit better. Such a fine wide hall, with two fine parlors on one side, and a dining room and an office for you on the other!"

"And then, Louisa, you can have no idea of the state the house is in. It is badly built and of poor materials, was very much abused when tenanted, as public houses often are, and has been lying vacant for I don't know how many years. Indeed, it is nearly a ruin. The paper is all black and hanging loose from the walls, the paint is mildewed, the floors warped, and many of the boards half torn up, and the locks and hinges of the doors are so rusty as to be useless."

"But what of that?—the owner promises to put it in repair. It can easily be painted, and he will of course, new paper the rooms down stairs—the chambers, you say, have bare walls, they can be yellow or green washed. As to the floors, a few nails will settle them—I could hammer them down myself—and the door locks can easily be oiled into order. Why, the rent itself might induce any one to take the house. Think of only a hundred and fifty dollars for it! Aunt Jane's, which, you know, is pretty much the same size, cost her a thousand a year before she purchased it. Come now, gratify me this once, Charles; this is the first time we have differed in our wishes, and do let me have it my own way!"

"Certainly, my dear, if I can't change your notion. But your mind must be made up, immediately. There are but the two houses in town to let, and one or the other must be fixed upon."

"Then the three story, by all means—I have decided once for all."

The parties engaged in this colloquy were Doctor Harris, a young physician, established in good practice in a small country town, and his pretty little wife, whom he had married and brought from a distant city, a few weeks before.

Agreeably to the lady's decision, the three story house was taken, and the necessary repairs were made. Mrs. Harris's handsome new furniture arrived and was duly moved into it. The rooms were well planned, and showed every thing to the best advantage. The fresh paper and paint were so skillfully put on, that no one would have suspected the walls to have been

cracked, and the wood worm-eaten under them! The young couple received a great many visits, and a number of complimentary remarks were made as to the fine style in which they had set up. Things went on so well for a while, that the doctor began to feel quite satisfied with his bargain.

"My head aches terribly through loss of sleep," said Louisa, one morning, after they had been at housekeeping a month or two; "the winds in this part of the world must be particularly violent, did you ever hear such a noise as they kept up before the rain came on?"

"Or rather, the windows in this house must be particularly loose," answered her husband; "no wonder their rattling kept you awake. I expected every one on this range to fall in. I must have wedges put into them all. I can't risk my knife and pocket-comb again. Upon my word, I stuck the wrong comb into this one by mistake, and here is your brother Frank's parting present broken into twenty pieces. The ivory could not bear such incessant jarring, and the gold plate with his motto has fallen into the street, I suppose. Poor Frank! I would not have had it happen for the price of two windows!"

"It is a pity, indeed, but accidents will happen," returned Mrs. Harris, going out of the room. A loud exclamation from her brought the doctor after her to the stairs. "My carpet! my beautiful Venetian!—it is utterly ruined!" cried she. The night's rain had driven in under the door, and the handsome hall carpet, which had been so much admired for the fineness and thickness of its texture, and the beauty and excellent contrasts of its colors, was indeed ruined. The water had been soaking in it for hours, and the colors had run, one into another, till there was not a distinct hue left.

The doctor examined the door. "There is no dasher on it," said he; "there are marks of one, but it must have been broken off long ago. It is strange I did not think of it before. When I looked at the White Cottage, I noticed particularly that every outside door was furnished with a good one. I must have one made for this."

"Yes! now when the carpet is spoiled," said Louisa; "I am so vexed I could almost cry."

"Spare your tears, my love," returned her husband; "if we get through a year in this house without farther mishaps than these of the comb and carpet, I shall be perfectly content."

Louisa's acquaintances condoled with her very kindly on the misfortune of her carpet, and she had begun to feel reconciled to it, when a family of her city friends arrived in the village to whom it was necessary that she should show particular attention. They were very fashionable people, and she determined on doing all

that was to be done in the best manner possible. By way of beginning, she projected a dinner party.

"There is some satisfaction in entertaining here," said she to the doctor; "every thing is so cheap that it can be done handsomely without danger of exceeding a very moderate income."

The dinner was to be a very large one, and as it was the first of the kind Louisa had ever undertaken, she considered her credit very much concerned in its success. Contrary to the usual experience of housekeepers, when they aim at something extraordinary, her preparations were got over without a single mistake or disappointment. She executed the dessert entirely herself, and was eminently successful. The custards were every thing they should have been, the pastry beyond praise, and the jellies a *chef d'œuvre*. At last it was time for her to go and dress, but before she went, she gave minute directions for laying the table.

"The dinner-set is desperate dusty," said Susan, her right hand woman, "I guess it'll have to be brought into the kitchen to be cleaned."

"The dining-room closets certainly do draw in a great deal of dust," said Louisa: "but don't take the things out. Wipe them off, and pile them upon the second and third shelves till you need them, and when you have done that, set the dessert in also. If it is left on the sideboard, it will attract the flies into the room."

The guests assembled fast, and Louisa was watching for an opportunity to go out and give her last orders to Susan, when a sudden crash that shook the house and caused half the company to start from their seats, sounded from the direction of the dining-room. In an instant, the doctor's boy appeared at the back parlor door, ejaculating, "Mis' Harris! oh! Mis' Harris!" with his lips as bloodless as his teeth, and Louisa escaped after him. When she had reached the dining-room, she saw the former contents of the cupboard lying on the floor literally a heap of ruins. Her beautiful dinner-set which had caused her so many an anxious search over the city, her rich cut glass, Aunt Jane's elegant present, and her admirable dessert all crushed into one mass!

"The second shelf gave way first, and the weight of that broke down the other!"—cried Susan, wringing her hands;—"I never did see such rotten boards in all my life!"

Dr. Harris, who had come out and was trying to comfort his wife, went forward to examine; "I am amazed they could have held up so long," said he; "the stays are absolutely eaten into dust, except merely on the surface. No wonder they could not support such a quantity of ware, particularly of that heavy cut glass!"

But there was no time now for lamentations. The doctor was obliged to go to the stores and send home such dishes as he could find—a medley of dingy reds, greens, and browns, the ugliest, vulgarest looking things imaginable, and Louisa had to smooth her face and try to relate the history of the disaster creditably to the company, and to give zest to her dessert of preserved raspberries and cream by administering

them with an extra degree of grace and amiability.

Shortly after this, Susan came to Mrs. Harris one morning, with looks of great trouble and perplexity, and said, "I'll have to move my bed out of the third story, ma'am; I can't stand it any longer."

"Just as you please, Susan; you know it was your own choice to go there; you preferred it to sleeping over the kitchen. But what's the matter that you are tired of it?"

"Why, indeed, Mrs. Harris, as sure as the world the house is haunted."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Susan!"

"It must be, indeed, madam; I've heard such queer noises. For several nights past there seemed to be somebody walking up and down the balcony, and the window of the room back of mine would raise and I could hear something shuffling over the floor, and every now and then there would be a moan enough to make any one's hair stand on end."

Louisa laughed at Susan, and knowing the superstitious common among people of her class, she thought no more about the matter.

One evening of the same week, the doctor was called away to visit a patient at such a distance that he could not be expected to return home before morning. Louisa felt some tremors at the idea of spending the night with so many empty rooms around her, but pride would not allow her to exhibit any timidity, and though Susan offered to sleep near her, she declined, and resolutely locking the door of her chamber, she retired to bed. She was almost in a doze, when, just at the witching time of night, she was startled by a succession of noises, which must have been the very same that had frightened Susan. First, there were steps on the third story balcony, then a window was raised, and then she plainly heard some one move almost overhead. The sounds were too distinct, she could not be mistaken. Her first impulse was to alarm the servants, but they were at such a distance off, and to run the risk of being attacked in the passage, it was not to be thought of. She lay still and listened. Every story she had ever heard of robbery and murder came into her mind. For two or three hours at irregular intervals she heard movements on the floor above, and sounds that Susan would have called groaning, and yet there was no approach to the tenanted parts of the house. If the intruder was human, robbery certainly could not be his object, but what then could it be? In spite of established convictions, she began to question whether it might not be something supernatural. Towards dawn, she heard the window again raised, and the sound of steps on the balcony, but she was too much weakened with terror to rise, and when her husband came home, not long after, she was really ill. He went at her request to examine the premises, but finding no indications of the rooms having had an occupant, he attributed the whole affair to her imagination, and was vexed that she had allowed herself to be so overcome by it.

Louisa, however, insisted on its reality, and the doctor consented to her entreaties that he would watch the next night. Much to his sur-

prise, immediately after he had fixed himself on guard, she directed his attention to the very sounds that had caused her alarm. When all was again hushed, he took a lamp in one hand, and his pistols in the other, to mount to the third story, and Louisa, like a good wife, ready to share the dangers of her husband, stole after him. He softly pushed open the door of the balcony room, and attempting to enter, he stumbled across the body of a man lying close to it. "Who is here?—who are you?—what do you want?" asked the doctor, among other significant queries common on such occasions.

"Let me be!" returned a weak, squealing voice; "Git out wi' you!—it's my room—I'll let you know it is!"

"Upon my word, it is old Billy Snikes!" exclaimed the doctor, at first looking surprised and then bursting into a laugh; "the mystery about his lodging is solved at last!"

And Billy Snikes it really was—a poor old lunatic who for years had wandered about the village during the day, but whose repository at night had always been a matter of doubt. He had been in the regular habit of climbing up the balconies and sleeping where he was found, ever since the last tenant had vacated, until within a few months, when he had been visiting in the country—a circumstance which had delayed the discovery.

"If we had been living in a house of more proper size, my dear, you might have been spared this fright," said the doctor; "I wonder what disaster will come next."

His curiosity was soon gratified. Within a few weeks a brick fell down the kitchen chimney, and after grazing Susan's head, mashed her foot so badly that she was laid up for nearly a month, and as no servant could be obtained in her place, Louisa was obliged during all the time to do the whole work of the house herself.

Then the time for making fires came on, and it was discovered that every chimney in the house smoked. Coal was not used in that section of the country, and the doctor had a constitutional horror of close stoves. Their rooms, from the smoke and constantly keeping the doors open to make the fires draw, were so uncomfortable that their acquaintances ceased, in a great measure, to visit them. Louisa was of a social turn, and, for want of company began to grow quite melancholy.

"Well, here is March, at last," said she to her husband; "I suppose the weather will be warmer now, and that we will have a chance to see some one occasionally."

"There is no dependance to be placed in March, my dear," returned the doctor.

That very night the wind rose almost to a tornado, and swept the roof entirely off the house, and a good portion of the wall, and the tops of the chimneys with it. The smoke of course, was now beyond endurance, and there was no resource but to lock up their effects and go out to board.

"I have heard," said Mrs. Harris, when this had been concluded upon, "that Mrs. Jones intends to break up house-keeping, now since her daughter is married. In that case, the White Cottage will be to let again. Supposing we apply for it?"



"What, Louisa! give up your three story house with all its great and manifold advantages!" returned the doctor, affecting amazement.

"Come now, don't jest about it, dear Charles! You know I have been tired of it long ago. I shall always call it my Folly, after this. Pray remind me of it whenever you see me giving up comfort for ostentation!"

Baltimore.

## BIOGRAPHY.

From Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

### MEMOIR OF MATHEW CAREY.

BY EZRA HOLDEN.

THE characters of great and good men belong to mankind; and there is no duty more pleasant or useful, than that which seeks the recognition of their virtues, and stimulates in after life to the imitation of their example.

Few men have ever won a larger space in the public regards than Mathew Carey: and what constitutes that fact one of peculiar gratification to those who knew him best, few indeed were ever more deserving of public esteem. There is, then, an agreeable service that we may render unto ourselves, in studying aright, if possible, the points of his character which went to make him what he was.

Mr. Carey was born in Ireland, on the 28th of January, 1760. His father was a very worthy man, and by the prudent exercise of his business, amassed a handsome fortune. In early life, he was not remarkable for any extraordinary exhibition of his intellectual powers; and his education, previous to his reaching the age of fifteen, was mostly confined to the branches of a common English course.\* When, at that age, it became necessary to select a trade, his own inclination was decidedly in favor of that of a printer; and though he declares his father was very much opposed to that avocation, he was finally able to overcome the aversion, and went as an apprentice to a Mr. McDonnell, of Dublin, a printer and bookseller, who was tempted, being very poor, to take him, in consequence of the thirty guineas to be paid as apprentice fees.

He represents himself to have been a voracious reader, previous to his entering with McDonnell; and, like Franklin, in early life, he had made friends with the keeper of a circulating library, who used to supply him clandestinely with books, as his father was opposed to his perusing the promiscuous works usually, at that early day, to be met with in such an establishment.

In consequence of what he always considered in after life, the carelessness of his nurse, he was lame in one foot from the time he was a year old, and though he ever appeared to regard this as an unparalleled calamity, it was no doubt, the means of securing him more studious habits in early life, than he would otherwise have possessed, inasmuch as his infirmity seriously prevented his mingling in those athletic sports, which must always take up a considerable portion of youthful days.

\* Vide an Autobiographical sketch, which he prepared not many years since, at the suggestion of a gentleman, (Mr. Buckingham) who, like Mr. Carey, is the architect of his own fame, of the facts of which free use will be made in this sketch.

He states that his first essay as a writer was when he was about the age of seventeen, and upon the subject of duelling. It was produced in consequence of a hostile meeting between a fellow apprentice, and the apprentice of a bookseller named Wogan. The difficulty grew out of a personal altercation between the lads, which ended in blows. Wogan very improperly urged his apprentice to send a challenge to the opponent, which was accordingly presented, demanding a meeting in the Park on a certain day, and Wogan went out with his lad, and was the master spirit of the whole affair. Mr. Carey regarded this as most exceptionable conduct on the part of Wogan, and, consequently wrote a bitter denunciation in the Hibernia Journal, a paper owned in part by Mr. McDonnell. Young Carey became known as the author, and besides receiving a severe reprimand, his fellow apprentice, a poor orphan, was finally dismissed, to appease the temper of Wogan, Carey was deeply indignant, and lost confidence in McDonnell.

The next production of which he gives account, was a pamphlet, written in 1779, in regard to the oppression upon the Irish Catholics; and this, from its results, proved to be one of the most important events of his early career. It shows also much of the ardency, patriotism, and love of liberty, which we shall see were, through life, leading traits in the character of Mathew Carey. It bespeaks likewise, a comprehensive survey of the great principles of universal freedom, which America had been, and was then, securing, not only for her own sons, but for the nations that should follow her glorious example.

It will be pertinent to reprint, in this connexion, a single paragraph, sent out as the parachute of the obnoxious pamphlet.

"At the time when America, by a desperate effort, had nearly emancipated herself from slavery; when, laying aside ancient prejudices, a Catholic King becomes the avowed patron of Protestant freemen; when the tyranny of a British Parliament over Ireland, has been annihilated by the intrepid spirit of Irishmen; it is a most afflicting reflection, that you, my countrymen, the majority of that nation, which has shaken off an unjust English yoke, remain still enchained by one infinitely more galling: that you are, through your own pusillanimity, daily insulted by impudent, menacing advertisements from insignificant parts of the kingdom; that a few tyrannical bigots in Meath and Wexford presume to take into their own hands the legislative and executive part of our government, and with a dictatorial power, prescribe laws to their fellow subjects."

The issue produced much excitement; and, Parliament being in session, the duke of Leinster brought it before the House of Lords, and Sir Thomas Conolly in the House of Commons. It was denounced treasonable and seditious, and quoted in proof of the rebellious views of the Roman Catholics. Unfortunately for the cause of truth and human liberty, there has always been found in poor Ireland cringing sycophants to government, who at all hazards would sustain the "powers that be." It was declared to be in this spirit that a body of Roman Catholics—possessing not a particle of that patriotism which

accomplished the Irish insurrection of 1798, or the far nobler event of 1776, which declared "America a Nation of Freemen"—denounced the publication of young Carey, and offered a reward for the apprehension of its author. His father was greatly alarmed—took steps to have the pamphlet suppressed—and by the advice of his friends the son was secretly put on board a Holyhead packet and sent to France. He was introduced to Dr. Franklin, "who had a small printing office at Passy, a village near Paris, for the purpose of reprinting his despatches from America, and other papers."—He worked awhile for the doctor, and afterwards with Didot le jeune, on some English books which that printer was re-publishing. In about twelve months, the excitement having died away in his native country, young Carey returned home.

While in France, he was called upon by the Marquis de la Fayette, who was seeking information relative to the condition of Ireland, and we shall see that the great patriot and friend of American Liberty, did not forget the acquaintance, when he was subsequently in Philadelphia.

After his return to Dublin, by the assistance of his father, who had in the mean time purchased of McDonnell the balance of his son's apprenticeship, young Carey, then twenty-two years of age, set up a paper called the Freeman's Journal. It was commenced in October, 1783, and is described by its editor, "as enthusiastic and violent." It soon obtained an extensive circulation, had decided influence on public opinion, "fanning the flame of patriotism which pervaded the land, and excited the indignation of government, which formed a determination to put it down." On the 7th of April, Mr. Foster moved in the House of Commons—

"That an address be presented to the Lord Lieutenant, requesting that he will please issue his proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Mathew Carey." *Parliamentary Register*, 1783-4.

Mr. Carey was also prosecuted for a libel on the Premier. He was finally arrested in his own office, and conveyed to the house of the sergeant-at-arms, L'Estrange, as Parliament had previously adjourned. But Parliament re-assembled on the 19th of April, and he was taken before that body; and, to the astonishment of all the friends of any thing like liberty of speech, Mr. Carey was, by a vote of forty-three to forty, committed to Newgate. On the 14th of May, "Parliament having adjourned, and their power of detention in prison ceased, I was (says Mr. Carey) triumphantly liberated by the Lord Mayor." "But," he adds, "although thus freed from the clutches of the Parliament, the criminal prosecution for libel on John Foster, the Premier, like the sword of Damocles, was suspended over my head."

The Attorney General having besides filed a bill against him, *ex-officio*, to prevent the action of the Grand Jury, it was deemed best that he should quit his native country, inasmuch as justice was obviously to be denied by those in authority, in "his own, his native land." Accordingly, in the disguise of a female dress, to escape the myrmidons of government, he took passage on board the *America*, on the 7th of

September, 1784, and landed in Philadelphia on the 15th of November following.

In the difficulties and embarrassments that had attended his prosecution and imprisonment, his means had much run down, and when he landed on the wharf at Philadelphia, he was an entire stranger, with scarce a dozen guineas in his pocket! The newspaper had been sold to his brother for £500, to be remitted as soon as he could conveniently do so; but his hopes from that source were almost blasted, for he never received but £50, the Freeman's Journal having ultimately perished, "partly by the persecution of his brother, but chiefly by government's setting up a paper with the same name, in order to take its custom and destroy it."

But a very pleasant and unlooked for event gave new courage to his hopes, if it did not indeed add a bright coloring to all his after career. We have said before that the Marquis de la Fayette had made a call upon young Carey while he was at the printing office of Passey, in France. He was then at Mount Vernon, whither a fellow passenger of Mr. Carey's, named Wallace, had repaired, to deliver letters which he brought to the Marquis. The Marquis made many inquiries of Wallace in relation to the affairs of Ireland, and observed, that he had seen an "account of the Parliament's proceedings against the persecuted printer, Mathew Carey." Wallace informed the Marquis that he came passenger with Mr. Carey, and that he was then in Philadelphia. Subsequently, on arriving in Philadelphia, he wrote Mr. Carey a note, desiring a call at his lodgings. "He received me," said Mr. Carey, with great kindness, consoled with me on the persecution I had undergone, inquired into my prospects, and having told him I intended to set up a newspaper, he approved the idea, and promised to recommend me to his friends, Robert Morris and others. Next morning, a letter was handed to me from him, containing four one hundred dollar notes on the Bank of North America, but it contained not a word in reference to the enclosure." This was a noble act, worthy of the man who had expended a large portion of a princely fortune, and freely offered his life, in the cause of American liberty. He "meets a poor, persecuted young man, destitute of friends; his heart expands, and he freely gives him means of making a living without the remotest expectation of return, or of ever again seeing the object of his bounty."

It is due to Mr. Carey to state, that he subsequently sent the Marquis a valuable present; and when he arrived in our country in 1824, in broken fortunes, he sent him, also, a check at New York, for the full sum of four hundred dollars, which Lafayette very reluctantly received.

If Bulwer had embodied the early career of Mr. Carey, he might well have said of him, that,

"In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
As fail."

Actuated by this dauntless spirit, he immediately commenced a newspaper in Philadelphia, called the Pennsylvania Herald. He purchased his types out of his little fortune, and as a bookseller named Bell had recently deceased, among whose effects was an old and much worn press, Mr.

Carey proposed its purchase; but Colonel Oswald, who published the Independent Gazetteer, regarding the commencement of another paper with rival feelings, bid against Mr. Carey, until he raised the price of the old press to £50, nearly as much as a new one of the same kind was worth, "being," adds Mr. Carey, "one third of my whole fortune."

The first number of his newspaper was issued on the 25th of January, 1785, and the history of its progress shows that none but an undaunted mind, and an indomitable spirit would ever have been successful in its establishment. The editor was a perfect stranger, totally unacquainted with the feelings, prejudices, and wishes of those he had come amongst. The first decided impression which the newspaper made, was the commencement, in its columns, of the English newspaper practice of reporting, *in extenso*, the speeches of the House of Assembly. This was then novel in this country, and soon made the Herald much sought—especially as the editor showed a wonderful faculty in making his reports accurate.—He was much aided in this by a most tenacious memory, which was at the bottom, in all his after life, of his storing away for ready use, probably, a greater body of valuable statistical and other knowledge than most any man of the age in which he lived.

Parties, at this period, ran high in Pennsylvania, as they did elsewhere. The general classification was Constitutionalists and Republicans. "The former were supporters of the constitution then existing, which conferred the legislative powers on a single body, styled the House of Assembly; and the executive department on a president and executive council. The republicans were zealous for a change in the legislature, so as to have two branches, a Senate and a House of Representatives. There were various minor points of difference, unnecessary to be particularized."

Col. Oswald, of the Gazetteer, was the organ for the republicans, and wrote a very violent attack on a society of foreigners, styled "The newly adopted sons of the United States." Mr. Carey, A. J. Dallas, and many other powerful writers were members, and they annoyed the republican party very much with their pens. Colonel Oswald denounced the society as "foreign renegades." Mr. Carey wrote a reply, in which were these sentences:

"National reflections are as illiberal as they are unjust; but from Americans they are something worse. A great part of the armies that nobly gained America her independence were aliens, or foreigners, many of whose countrymen are now the subjects of obliquy or reproach. I mean French, German, Irish, etc."

A bitter newspaper controversy ensued, which finally terminated thus: Mr. Carey, in speaking of some of Colonel Oswald's paragraphs, holds this language:

"The literary assassin, who basely attempts to blast a character, is a villain, whether he strut in the glare of day a frolicious Colonel Oswald, with a drawcanair countenance, or skulks a Junius, concealed for a quarter of a century."

Colonel Oswald made this reply:

"Your being a cripple is your main protection against personal insults."

Mr. Carey's rejoinder was:

"Though I am a cripple, there is a certain mode in which I would be on equality. This hint is the less necessary to a man whose newspaper frequently holds out threats of coming to the point."

This correspondence Mr. Carey reprinted in a satirical poem, entitled, "the Plagi Scurriliad, addressed to Colonel Oswald." The latter returned it by a Captain Rice, who said, "Colonel Oswald considers this a challenge." Mr. Carey coolly replied, "It was so intended," and referred him to a Mr. Marmie, a French gentleman, of the house of Turnbull, Marmie & Co. The seconds fixed on Saturday, the 21st of January, 1786, for the day of meeting. They met, accordingly, in New Jersey, opposite the city. Colonel Oswald, having served in the army, was a practiced shot, while Mr. Carey had never drawn a trigger but once in his life. They were at ten paces distance, when the word was given, and the pistol of Colonel Oswald shot his antagonist through the thigh bone, which laid him up for nearly sixteen months. All the records of the times show that both parties behaved coolly and magnanimously on the ground; and the result was more fortunate than most duels are, for it appears to have made the parties feel towards each other, with the generous Frenchman, Colonel Dumas: "It is astonishing how much I like a man after I've fought with him."

It is but simple justice to Mr. Carey to add here, that he deprecated his having engaged in this duel during all his after life; and following up his early impressions, he continued to wield his pen against this relic of the ages of barbarism, which has, through a false notion of honor, swept away from America so many valuable lives. Mr. Carey appears to have acted throughout with a firm conviction that it was the determined purpose of Colonel Oswald and his friends to blast his character and destroy his hopes; and, urged forward by a natural warmth of temperament, he declares, "On one thing I was resolved—if I displayed the white feather, I would never see Philadelphia more."

The next work in which Mr. Carey was concerned, was the Columbian Magazine, wherein he was interested with four other partners. He finally, however, withdrew, and commenced the American Museum, a Magazine "intended to preserve the valuable fugitive essays that appeared in the newspapers," which he continued until December, 1787. But the times were not very propitious for magazines in those early days, and it should be mentioned as a matter of encouragement to others to persevere under great difficulties, that Mr. Carey declares himself often in such a state of "intense penury," that he was frequently compelled to "borrow money to go to market." As a specimen of his extreme poverty, he quotes the case of a German paper maker, living fifteen miles from the city, to whom Mr. Carey had given a note for thirty-seven dollars, which he had come to Philadelphia five times for, receiving the amount in as many instalments.

The marriage of Mr. Carey was the next event of importance. Miss B. Flahaven, the daughter

of a highly respectable citizen, who, like thousands of others, was ruined by the revolution, was the partner of his choice. She had no dowry but that of prudence, intelligence, and industry, and these are far richer than any other that can be bestowed. She had united herself to a man whose whole fortune consisted of a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture, and some back numbers of his magazine, comparatively valueless as soon as the work was abandoned. But what of that? Both husband and wife had minds filled with good common sense. They had no false pride to retard their efforts. There were persevering and economical, and together they resolved to make their way in the world. "We early," says the husband, "formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, and to mount the ladder so slowly as to run no risk of having to descend."

What a salutary example is here written in one sentence for the young of our day! How altered is the mode of beginning the marriage life now-a-days. Large rents, expensive establishments, unlimited debts, "routes and rounds of fashion," are at once launched into; and the young couple live on, so long as petty shifts, contrivances, and deceptions will sustain them, and then sink into homeless misery, from which, perchance, they never recover. "Daughters, tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are often obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their husbands, and their children—a deplorable fate for old age." Fathers have the unspeakable misery of beholding their sons, in whom the hopes of after years were centered, broken down, indolent, reckless, dissipated—hanging on society as pests and nuisances, instead of becoming ornaments and examples of it. Oh, "what masses of misery would it not prevent," if the young men of our day would adopt the shining and virtuous example of the heads of the family, the incidents of whose lives we may so profitably dwell upon!

They lived happily together for nearly thirty-nine years,—until the death of Mrs. Carey, which occurred many years since—rearing a family of six children, two having died in infancy, and one at the age of seventeen. The prudential habits, fixed principles, and strong common sense, which ever guided these parents, have been reflected in the estimable characters of their children. It will not be proper to speak here, as we might be tempted to do, of the living; but we may be allowed the remark, as proof of correct parental guidance, that the gentlemen and ladies of this family are worthily ranked among our most estimable citizens. The eldest son, Mr. Henry C. Carey, was for many years known as one of the extensive book house of Carey, Lea & Co. from which he retired, a few years since, with an ample fortune, as the result of strict application to business, and unflinching mercantile honor. That gentleman, too, is a good writer, and his last work, which was upon political economy, has met high consideration from the ablest reviews of our own country, and those of England also.

After the relinquishment of the Museum magazine, Mr. Carey commenced printing and

book-sealing on a limited scale, but by the most unceasing industry, perseverance and integrity, he went on gradually extending his business, and making slow but sure steps to wealth. "Some idea," says Mr. Carey, "may be formed of my devotion to business, from the fact, that, for above twenty-five years, I was present, winter and summer, at the opening of my store, and, my parlor being close to the store, I always left my meals when business of any importance was being transacted." How different from the custom of two many of the present day! Up pretty much all night in the whirlpool of false society, the morn has wasted into noon ere they come out to their places of business, and in the afternoon, instead of "minding the shop," they find it "indispensable to health" to "whirl out of town in a cabriolet." If the example of such a man as Mathew Carey is worth any thing, let those who are determined to succeed in life reform altogether those habits, which are sure, sooner or later, to bring destruction upon them. Neglect of business, luxurious living, attempts at show, and false pride, are the alarming evils that lie in the path of many of the young beginners of our day, of all trades, professions, and vocations; and what lessons of caution and wisdom may we not learn from the characters, habits, and principles of the substantial men who have preceded us, and who, by slow but sure efforts, went steadily up to positions from which they had no fear of tumbling. Better to commence small, than to begin large and finally be broken down; and the entire history and experience of all the straight forward and sagacious merchants of the past, is a triumphant illustration, that industry, prudence, and honesty, are sure to ascend, in the long run, where all else may fail. Stephen Girard was once a poor sailor boy before the mast; William Gray, a humble mechanic; and Peter C. Brooks, a small salary secretary in an insurance office; and yet they went up by their own hands, became honorable merchants, and amassed princely fortunes. They were, like all men who have made to themselves fame or fortune, hard workers and close thinkers. They "minded their own business," and, what was of infinite consequence, had no time to meddle with that of other people.

Their examples may well be imitated, for rigid mercantile integrity, and unflinching punctuality in the performance of every obligation, by all who wish to go up in the right way.

[Concluded in our next.]

## MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Christian Messenger.

### GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Much has been said of late by the different editors in this city concerning the "Greenwood Cemetery;" and being of rather an inquisitive turn of mind, I felt disposed to test the accuracy of the various representations which have been made. Having received a very polite invitation from the Committee of the "American Institute Fair" to accompany them to this future repository of the dead, I gladly availed myself of the favorable opportunity, and was constrained to exclaim with the Queen of Sheba, "the half was not told me!"

It is located about two miles from this city, on Long Island, and is almost surrounded by the ocean. It comprises an area of two hundred acres of land, which cost the enterprising company one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. It is at present in a high state of forwardness, and it is expected that it will be ready for interments in the course of a few months. Its highest point, which is near the centre of the grounds, is called "Mount Washington;" it is one hundred and sixty feet high, and commands one of the finest prospects in the vicinity of New-York. From this elevation may be distinctly seen Brooklyn, the bay and harbor of New-York, Staten Island, and the Quarantine. It is indeed, a second "Mount Auburn," and is destined at no very distant period to become its rival.

Being a resident of New-York, it may perhaps be thought by some of my eastern friends, that I am influenced by sectional prejudices; but I can assure them that such is not the fact, for if I have any partialities, they are in favor of the east. I love Massachusetts. I love its people for their open-hearted frankness and generous hospitality. I love them for their general intelligence and high literary character; and above all, I love them for their religious freedom and Christian charity.

While standing on this consecrated ground, I was led into a train of reflections at once pleasing, yet melancholy. How solemn the thoughts that arise in the mind! What a profound calm pervades the whole scene! Here the silence and solitude of the sepulchre reign triumphant; broken only by the rustling of the sear leaf as it falls from the withered stem, fit emblem of the autumn of human existence, and of the faded hopes and blighted expectations of mortals!

Ah! how many thought I, in yon crowded city who are now promising themselves years of uninterrupted felicity, shall be arrested in the full tide of health and prosperity by the hand of the "fell destroyer," and compelled to take up their abode in these "silent halls of death."

Here shall the aged and care-worn pilgrim, who for more than threescore years and ten, has been compelled to "bide the peltings of the pitiless storm" of adversity, "shuffle off this mortal coil," and lay down his burthen "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

Here shall the children of men resort to learn the vanity of human applause; the shortness of human life; the insignificance of earthly greatness, and the fickleness and instability of all beneath the sun.

Here the man of business, whose mind has been distracted by a multitude of perplexing cares, and whose health has been impaired by a series of adverse circumstances, may find in this secluded spot a solace for all his misfortunes.

Here too, perchance, the giddy votary of pleasure may direct his course, for the purpose of passing an idle hour; and while the monumental inscription of some newly opened grave shall arrest his attention, he may perhaps be led to pause in his career of folly, and seriously reflect on the more sober realities of life.

Here may be seen the lonely widow, bending in pensive sadness over the tomb of him, in whom while living, all her earthly happiness was centered.

ed, and who now refuses to be comforted, because she shall see his face no more in the flesh.

Here may be seen the orphan, deploring in all the eloquence of grief, the loss of a kind father and mother, feeling the utter helplessness and loneliness of its condition, and realizing the affecting truth, that henceforth it must travel the rugged and uneven journey of life, fatherless and alone.

Here may the fallen statesman come and learn the truth of the poet's description :

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Here, too, may be seen the minister of the everlasting gospel, reflecting in the

"Depth of nature's silence,"

on the transitory nature of all terrestrial objects, and gleaning from the mementoes of mortality by which he is surrounded, lessons of deep and of thrilling interest, which may exert a benign influence on the great mass of thinking matter which lives and moves around him.

Ah! many, very many, shall come, to weep and mourn the loss of near friends, who have been rudely snatched from their embrace and consigned to the silence and solitude of the sepulchre. But how sweet and peaceful will be their slumbers! How calmly will they rest in their silent mansions, till the night, the moonless night of death is passed, and the morning of the resurrection shall usher in a bright, a beautiful, a cloudless day!

"Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird  
Leaves the wide air and in some lonely brake  
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,  
Then claps his well-fledged wings and soars away."

W. W.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

### A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

#### FLOWER GATHERING.

"The flowers that spring up on the sunny side of hillocks, beneath remnants of snow banks, are very small and entirely scentless, and the little beauty which is imputed to them; is chiefly from contrast with the desolation and coldness in which they are found."

The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how skeptical and heart smitten—(not heart-broken—the broken heart always believes,) I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of the Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish—and the naturally timid and nervous, lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them, when the benefit of others are alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; we suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which we so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happi-

ness. Those who have contended with and at length yielded to this despondency alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance, was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the groupe. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolks was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; turning to the child, he added; "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope."

The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise I found the most desirable of all mementoes for a mother's sepulchre—little William was settling near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come up out of the grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked, he in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed on the grave. The grass came green in this burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for

the flowers, and to-day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mamma will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But my child," said I, "it is not here that your mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise,"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mamma is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mamma."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait then," said the child, "but I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother, and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are profitless and vain.

### THE LATE JUSTICE VAUGHAN.

He was truly a remarkable man. His great characteristic was that sort of wit which is acquired by great practical and intuitive knowledge of the world—great knowledge of the working of the vulgar mind. He was not considered a good lawyer in the scientific sense of the word; but there were some points of practice, at which he was almost inimitable; and this excellence arose from the faculty (for it did not amount to talent) of comprehending what the vulgar cunning of the world is capable of. Hence arose his unrivaled tact at cross-examination. It was really intellectual curiosity to set next to him for a few hours, and seeing the scanty materials in his brief, to observe the industry and shrewdness with which he would compel the truth from a witness on the opposite side; every turn and twist of vulgar cunning seemed familiar to him.

He saw into the mind of the trimming prejuror from the first, and worked the truth out of him at last so cleverly, that no cunning lawyer was willing to bring a doubtful witness before him. We should mention that nearly all his practice was *Nisi Prius*, and related to questions of property and purchases of property, upon which the evidence is generally very discordant. In horse cases he never had his equal; for he knew the frame of a horse, and the whole veterinary Pharmacopœia, as well as Coleman himself—and he knew more: every horse-dealer dreaded him. There was no telling him a lie about stifles, ring-bones, splints, frogs, and the like. He knew more about those, and all other diseases of the horse, than the best groom in England; and he had a singular taste in managing a horse cause—one which will hardly appear credible, except to those who knew him on the Midland circuit. He not only examined the questionable horse himself, but he almost invariably had the horse, not exactly produced in court, but at the court door! "Gentlemen," he would say to the jury, before he began to examine his own witnesses, "the horse is at the door: be so kind as to judge for yourselves." There was an apparent candor about this, backed as it was by his great knowledge of the horse, which rarely failed with a country jury. The fact is, he always gave the jury a beautiful lecture on the horse, and they thought that it was impossible for such a man to be mistaken. There was not much public harm done by this prejudice in his favor, for in the numerous horse causes which have come under our notice we have invariably found faults on both sides. He would have made an excellent parliamentary debater had he taken to that line. He had much ready wit, and of a strong masculine kind. Yet he would not have made a statesman any more than he made a lawyer. It caused surprise, except to those who knew what great interest he acquired by marrying Lady St. John, that he was raised to the bench at all—a degree of surprise only exceeded, as regards him, by the wittiest man at the bar turning out the severest judge. From the sudden alteration observable in his demeanor, on being made a judge, we could not help fancying that he felt a weak necessity to acquire dignity, so that the witty barrister might be forgotten in the grave judge.—*Advertiser*.

### THE WORLD.

This world is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where before we beheld deformity, and listen to harmony, where before we could hear nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of anxiety and vexation to meet; we cannot expect to sail on a summer sea forever, yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm as to avoid the quicksands, and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family. We are all traveling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same pure air, we are subject to the same bounty, and we shall all lie down on the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming then that brother should hate brother; it is

not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity that man who harbors enmity against his fellows; he loses half the enjoyment of life; and embitters his own existence.—Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to the voice of scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our lips; and from our hearts, let the gushings of human kindness well up as from a fountain—so the "golden age" will become no fiction, and the "island of the blessed" bloom in more than Hesperian beauty.

### MECHANICAL INGENUITY.

M. Droz, being at Madrid, he exhibited to the King of Spain, a clock, upon which were figures of a shepherd, a dog, and a negro. The shepherd played six airs upon his flute, the dog in the mean time approaching and caressing him.—The King expressed his admiration of this, when M. Droz replied that the gentleness of the dog was but the least of his good qualities. If, he added, your majesty will deign to touch one of the apples in the basket beside the shepherd, his dog will evince his fidelity also. The King did so, when the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loudly, that a living dog, which was in the room, gave tongue; and the courtiers, with the exception of the minister of marine, hastily left the room, not doubting that M. Droz was a sorcerer.—The king, who of course was in the secret, desired the minister of marine to ask the negro what o'clock it was.—He did so, and obtained no answer.—M. Droz informed him that as the negro was ignorant of Spanish, the question should be asked in French. The minister asked it accordingly, and the negro answered, so much to the consternation of the minister, that he took flight, vowing it was the work of no one but the devil!

### PORTRAIT.

"Could you not give a little expression to that countenance?" said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who showed him a portrait that he had finished; "I have made that attempt already," replied the painter; "but, what the picture gained in expression, it lost in likeness; and by the time there was a little common sense in the countenance, nobody knew for whom it was intended. I was obliged, therefore, to make an entire new picture with the face perfectly like, and perfectly meaningless, as you see it."

### PENN AND STORY

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story, traveling together in Virginia, were caught by a shower of rain, and unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco-house; the owner of which happening to be within it, accosted them with, "You have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave—do you know who I am?" To which was answered, "No." "Why, then, I would have you to know I am justice of the peace." To which Thomas Story replied, "My friend here makes such things as thee—he is the governor of Pennsylvania." The great man quickly abated his haughtiness.

WOLSEY AND HIS "FOOL."—Among the cardinals who are recorded as having kept fools, Wolsey must not be forgotten; and he would seem to have good cause to repent of having disobeyed in this respect the ordinances of the church. Wolsey, who, as is well known, was the son of a butcher, received no heartier congratulations on obtaining his cardinal's hat than those which his jester offered him. "Thank heaven! you are a cardinal," said the jester, "now I have nothing more to desire than to see you pope." The cardinal inquired of him his reasons for this wish. "Why," said he, "St. Peter was a fisherman, and he therefore ordained fasts, that fish might fetch a better price; now your eminence being a butcher bred, would, of course, abolish fasts, and command us to eat meat, that your trade might flourish."

HOLDING HER TONGUE.—The late Dr. Abernethy would never permit his patient to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady, but by the following expedient. "Put out your tongue, madam?" The lady complied; "now keep it there, till I have done talking."

MARY," said a very respectable lady in London to her servant, "How is this that you have given me warning? I know not of any words as has taken place between us, Mary." "Nor do I madam," returned Mary; "but I have come to a resolution not to live with any lady whatever who can't speak grammar."

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

T. S. Hinsdale, N. H. \$1.00; E. P. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; A. R. Middleport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pompey, N. Y. \$5.00; G. A. T. & H. M. Burlington, N. Y. \$5.00; S. T. Hinesburg, Vt. \$1.00; F. S. Onondaga, N. Y. \$1.00; T. J. C. Jericho, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. S. Whitesville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. R. Macedon, N. Y. \$1.00; F. M. Braman's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Perryville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. H. Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; H. B. Lanesboro', Ms. \$1.00.

### Arrived,

In this city, on Sunday evening, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Landon, Mr. Alexander Walden to Miss Louisa H. Brush, both of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Joshua Waterman to Miss Jeanette Ten Eyck, all of this city.

On the 2d inst. by R. Carrique, Esq. Henry Van Every, of New York, to Miss Maria B. Coleman, of this city.

On the 28th ult. at Trinity Church, Athens, by the Rev. John Dowdney, Mr. Edward Green to Miss Louisa, daughter of James G. Foster, Esq.

At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Frederick W. Tolley, to Miss Josephine, daughter of James G. Foster, Esq.

In Ghent, on the 30th ult. by T. F. Mesick, Esq. Mr. John Harder to Miss Margaret Ten Broeck, both of Claverack.

In Mellenville, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Andrew Dedrick to Miss Catharine Louisa Smith, both of Kinderhook.

At Ancram, on the 9th ult. Mr. Orson Carakadden to Miss Lavina Bashford, both of Ancram.

At Gallatin, on the 14th ult. Mr. John Knickerbacker to Miss Julia Griswold, both of Gallatin.

At Gallatin, on the 16th ult. Mr. Jeremiah Knickerbacker to Miss Betsey Johnson, both of Gallatin.

In New-York, on the 19th ult. Hon. Luther Bradish, Lieut. Governor of the State of New-York, to Miss Mary E. Hart, of that city.

### Departed,

In this city, on the 25th ult. Israel, son of Israel and Catharine Wellendorf, aged 1 year, 10 months and 18 days.

On the 29th ult. Mr. Thomas Cookson, accidentally killed on the Hudson and Berkshire Rail-Road, in his 34th year.

At Claverack, on the 26th ult. John I. Miller, Esq. in his 72d year.

In Ghent, on the 15th ult. of Consumption, Mrs. Charlotte A. Skinner, widow of the late David Skinner, in the 50th year of her age.





## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE PORTRAIT.

BY T. HASTINGS CUSHMAN.

SUPPORTED by the easel there  
The pictured life of beauty bright,  
The brow—its gentle glow of care—  
The form, the grace and dark brown hair,  
Soft mingle as the stars of night,  
And one deep glance so fills the sight,  
I turn with thought enchained to know,  
If not of such is bliss below.  
Still not the form dwelt on by me,  
Nor e'en the eye so softly set,  
But something like to minstrelsy,  
Which few can paint and none forget—  
That glowing radiance of the soul,  
Whose smile can win, whose look control.

Why lingers there, with gaze intent,  
One sad and pale and motionless,  
As with his very life were blent,  
That look, that form, and every tress,  
And seems to envy light and air  
The privilege of passing there,  
As though the canvass could reveal  
The lips to move and heart to feel?  
'Twas said that love with him had ceased.  
Tho' that lightness in his pathway reigns—  
Not those oft smile who feel the least,  
But those that know the keenest pains.

Anon—as memory's viewless frame  
Sweeps o'er his cheek like tints of flame,  
And heaves his breast as swells the sea,  
Long prisoned thoughts, that may not rest  
Within the care-worn sufferer's breast,  
In low-breathed words find liberty:  
"Sweet art divine! thy tints give back  
That look as some forgotten treasure,  
And carry through my pulses track,  
A gush of warm and living pleasure.  
"And like a sleep-created thought,  
Those thrills bring back a past devotion,  
When Hope's young brow with love inwrought,  
Blushed many a high and warm emotion.  
"But ah—I wake to feel no more  
Hope resting on her downy pillow,  
And, listening for the song of yore,  
I'm borne where mourns the waving willow!

"And here's a tear, and here a sigh,  
That death should press that cheek of roses,  
And never sorrow's plant can dry—  
Its root deep in the heart reposes!

"But still I am not lonely all,  
For Memory tells a moving story,  
And thou canst many a grace recall,  
And lip and eye and smile restore me.  
"Ay! now those features mild express  
A feeling warm and deep and tender,  
To half remove my dark distress  
And half revive Hope's wonted splendor.

"I may nor can look death upon,  
As aught the ties of love can sever;  
But as a cloud before the sun,  
That soon shall fade, ay, fade forever.

"And, emblem of my guiding star,  
When earth before my view is waning,  
I'd bear thy sad, sweet smile afar—  
So much of joy, so much complaining;  
"A joy that hearts can meet again,  
A grief that spreads its pinion near me;  
A soothing flow of bliss and pain  
To thrill this bosom, cold and dreary."

Here tell me not affection's ray,  
Like twilight hues can pass away,  
Or, like the rich and perfumed flower,  
Can waste its bloom in summer bower,  
Oh! severed hearts ne'er feel the less,  
Those deepening thrills of tenderness—  
E'en with the ashes of the shrine,  
The feelings always love to twine,  
And if, when passions once expire,  
Upon their altars burn a fire,  
The kindling flames not dead, though low,  
It lives, though faint may be its glow.  
Yes! though the brow may half declare  
That nought but mirth is seated there,  
Though thought on thought may scarcely tell  
That one may feel—ah! feel too well—  
They but as ocean waves arise,  
Stir not the depths that 'neath them lies,  
And passing for a moment o'er,  
Leave all as placid as before.

For the Rural Repository.

## REFLECTIONS

*Of a Fashionable Belle.*

HAIGH ho! a glorious life is mine,  
And why have I cause to sigh?  
I have nothing to do but to dress and shine,  
While around me my rivals with envy pine,  
And humbly imploring my smile benign,  
My adorers in thousands sigh.

Last night I went to a splendid play,  
And to-night I again shall shine,  
At Madame de Brilliant's grand Soiree;—  
Balls, routs and assemblies fill night and day,  
With all that is elegant and gay:—  
Oh, a glorious life is mine.

See, yonder is lying my last new dress;  
'Tis a most enchanting thing!—  
At least that is what Lady Lustre says,  
And she is not remarkably given to praise;  
So I'll float in its graces thro' fashion's maze,  
Like a bird upon the wing.

They say there are maidens as richly clad,  
But none are so fair as I,  
With a brow so pure and a step so glad;—  
And yet I acknowledge my heart is sad,  
It has not the light beating that once it had,  
And I cannot imagine why.

But what have I here? 'Tis a perfumed note;  
Lady Flimsy, I know by the seal,  
Her tiresome regards are forever afloat,  
And this—I won't read it;—I know it by rote;  
"My sweet girl!"—"charming evening!"—"a new  
pleasure boat!"—

How wretchedly wearied I feel.  
But here's something better: a casket; from whom?  
From my East-India uncle? Oh yes.  
'Tis a fine set of pearls, which he sends to illumine  
My dark raven tresses' magnificent gloom.  
I have others;—however, for these I'll make room.  
Heigho! 'tis a fine life this.

Here comes Dorothea, and what bringeth she  
So carelessly done in brown paper?  
The gardener brought it, and left it for me?  
I wonder exceedingly what it can be,

So here goes the pack-thread, and now we will see  
What comes in so coarse a wrapper.

My heart! 'tis a garland all fresh from the meads  
Where in childhood I used to stray.  
The dew is yet on; what a fragrance it sheds!  
It breathes of the pathways that innocence treads,  
Bowers of wild rose and ivy, and cowslip beds,  
And sweet haunts with celandine gay.

Here is clover and cing-foil and every field flower  
That Mary and I loved ever,  
When we thoughtlessly frolicked thro' childhood's  
hour,  
Unmindful of Fashion's tyrannical power,  
But Freedom and Friendship our only dower;—  
Those days will return—oh never.

I remember our homes at the foot of the hill,  
Our gardens I seem to see,  
And the pathway that wound thro' the valley still,  
And the poor cottage-woman so pale and ill;—  
I remember sweet Ellen, and Harry and Will:—  
Does William remember me?

Here's a white Scotch rose; 'twas his favorite flower,  
It was gathered perchance by him.  
Ah, he seeks no longer my sylvan bower  
Or my dear old garden in spring's glad hour,  
He's forgotten these eyes with their boasted power,  
Yet now they with tears are dim.

Pshaw! why should I weep when I think of the  
days

That gleam fondly on Memory's view?  
Here's Sir Superficial Surface's new pony-chaise,  
And bright with rich trappings his two dear bays;  
Now away, as I've promised to meet Lady Blaze—  
My childhood's vision, adieu! CAROLINE.  
Boston, Oct. 27, 1839.

## A WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

In fragrant Spring the flowers of May  
Throw all their sheltering folds away;  
Reviving nature waves her wand,  
On every tree the leaves expand:  
But mine be the hearth that blazes bright,  
And a circle of friends on a Winter's night.

In Summer time each little stem  
Is decked with its leafy diadem;  
Each rose holds fast with a fond embrace,  
A captive bee in its sweet caress;  
But mine be the hearth that blazes bright,  
And a circle of friends on a Winter's night.

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Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Travelling, Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839

## WINTER.



For the Rural Repository.

ALAS! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
When winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.—LONGFELLOW.

Ill happy bird, wee helpless thing,  
That in the merry months of Spring,  
Delighted me to hear thee sing,  
What's come of thee?

Where dost thou cower thy chilling wing,  
And close thine eye?—BURKE.

To him that is inclined to be melancholy, this season of the year readily excites gloom and despondency: while to him who sees with the right kind of eyes, and can "look through nature up to nature's God," it gives rise to thoughts of pensive pleasure. When we look back through the vista of by-gone days, to the flowery attrac-

tions of Spring, and the changes from Summer to yellow Autumn, we can but "see here our pictured life," and contemplate the time when death, like Winter to the vegetable world, will disrobe us of these frail vestments of mortality. It is pleasant to think that Spring will again unlock the mountain rivulets, that we have sat by in the sunny days of Summer, and replace the sweet flowers on their banks, which have refreshed us with their odor, and that it will call back the myriads of feathered songsters, that are now warbling their notes in a more congenial clime—but it is saddening to think, that when Winter has ended, Spring flowers will blossom

too, on the graves of friends and kindred, who, but a few short months ago were active and gay among us. Spring, with its attractions, will no more delight them here, but it affords us pleasure to think that they are now basking in the interminable sunshine of a happier country, where the storms and vicissitudes of earth, cannot reach them. Thus, as we said, to him that sees aright, there is nothing gloomy in the prospects of the "desolate and dying year," but there is something that will elevate our thoughts to a higher and holier contemplation.

"Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear  
Hath grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year—  
I listen, and it cheers me long."

H. L. W. L.

Pendleton, N. Y. Dec. 1839

## SELECTED TALES.

From the Ladies' Companion.

### ANGLING; Or, the Story of a Country Girl.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

GEORGE LEWIS was a genuine lover of the angle, and talked with more enthusiasm upon the gentle art than on any other subject. Not that he would sit in patient abstraction waiting for a nibble until the spider had wove his net upon his rod, as is set forth by the witty Johnston, who thus represents a miserable-looking wight, whom he impiously calls an angler. Shade of the amiable Izaak, pardon him!

The amateur of the gentle science is well aware, that patient hope is far from being the only requisite test of a good angler; much more depends upon the skilful throw of the all but invisible line, the fidelity of his artificial flies, and that indescribable tact that indicates a natural

genius for the art. Now these are delicate shades of excellence undistinguishable to the common observer, but not the less real. Perhaps a certain happy equability of the nervous system is essential, and most certainly an exalted and refined intellect: for it is our solemn opinion, that no vulgar plodding mind is capable of understanding, far less appreciating the many niceties and beauties of the art. Good Izaak, speaking upon this very subject of an aptitude for angling, saith, "men are to be born so," that is born anglers.

Then a love for the science pre-supposes the greatest purity of moral character—for how can one conversant with the gushing melody of the brook, singing ever its sweet song of purity; the lake, sheltered like a veiled bride, in the midst of mountain solitudes; and the forest echoing only the language of love and innocence, how can such an one indulge in unholy, and unduly exciting emotions? No, he could hold no companionship with these, were a guilty conscience his; and their holy influences, like the fabled amulets

of the East, would be his protection. It is probable that George Lewis might have been chosen by the Patriarch himself for a companion in his sports, being, as he was, "free and pleasant, and civilly merry;" and here let us remark by way of parenthesis, how perfectly well bred the good angler must have been: could any language more pithily describe the accomplished gentleman, than the few words we have quoted above?

Perhaps it were well for George Lewis, that that the providence of his father, ensured him something more than a competence, or we much fear his fortunes might have stopped far short of what is usually understood by that most indefinite phrase. As it was, he seemed no ways disposed to add to his patrimony by any of the many avenues usually sought for the acquisition of wealth. We will not affirm that necessity might not have sharpened his acquisitiveness, to use the concise language of Phrenology, but as it was, he was content to "let well enough alone."

He was bred to the law, and might have become eminently successful, as his address won him every cause in which he engaged. But the consciousness of superior abilities was quite enough for him, without making much effort to exhibit them. It is well known that those whose pretensions in any case, whether in religion, manners or literature, are somewhat questionable are far more eager to exhibit their qualifications than those whose standing is undeniable and acknowledged.

It is probable George Lewis might have written poetry under some powerful stimulus, love, for instance, but as the passion was still a desideratum to him, he was content with humble prose. He was known amongst the ladies as "the handsome proud young man," for he had

upon anglers and angling to the hero of our story, and thou wilt at once perceive that no such compliment was intended when we called him a genuine lover of the angle. Yes, George Lewis might have been chosen by the Patriarch himself for a companion in his sports, being, as he was, "free and pleasant, and civilly merry;" and here let us remark by way of parenthesis, how perfectly well bred the good angler must have been: could any language more pithily describe the accomplished gentleman, than the few words we have quoted above?

never been known to offer any particular attentions to a lady of any age; and he seemed in a fair way of living and dying a bachelor, notwithstanding all the benevolent exertions of kind-hearted matrons with marriageable daughters.

It was a lovely morning in June. Lewis had sought one of the many beautiful glades of water with which our back settlements abound, and which are usually denominated ponds, but at a future day, will receive the more elegant appellation of Lakes, and become classic by the pen of the poet and historian.

Sebago Pond is one of the most beautiful of the miniature seas, sparkling as it does like a gem in the midst of the green hills of Maine. At the time of our story, the forest trees were thick to the water's edge, and the wild vine festooned from tree to tree, formed natural arbors of delicious coolness and verdure. The truant school-boy forgot his lessons and the birch in prospective, or, like the martyr, armed himself for the trial, the moment he entered these colonnades arched by the vine, and the heavy clusters hanging in wild luxuriance above his head.

Sebago has always been distinguished not only for its fine scenery, but for the size and excellence of its trout. It is a favorite resort for amateurs of the gentle science to this day. Here George had brought his splendid materials for the sport, the jointed rod, the book of flies, and all the et-ceteras of an accomplished artist.

It was, as we have said, a fine morning in June. An almost imperceptible wind stole from the sweet south, warm and coy, and hardly stirring the young, rich foliage, that now glowed with that deep, intense green, peculiar to the early part of the season. White clouds, like couches of the cedar down, rested upon the blue sky, and the noisy swallow pursued his prey in low circuits, and almost drowned the melody of the forest bird; objects loomed up with a distinctness that reminded one of the mirage of the desert. The opposite shores seemed to approximate, and the landscape above, every rock, and tree, with farm-house, and smoke curling from chimney-top, with grazing herd and snowy flocks, reposed like a duplicate world upon the peaceful lake.

Lewis sauntered leisurely along, so absorbed in the beauty and romance of all about him, that his object seemed likely to be forgotten. He, however, descended the bank, where a small point projected into the water, verdant with grass and turf, shelving over the roots of the old trees, where they stretched out into the still lake. The branches dallied with the blue waves, and cast that portion of the beautiful pond into a twilight shadow. It was the ideal of an angling spot, for there the sportive fish might be seen in clusters, poised upon the waters, their thin fins just quivering in the light.

Lewis had stumbled over a "cape-bonnet" upon the grass, before he observed the spot he had selected was already occupied. A young girl was quietly angling, with her rude apparatus, in this most picturesque of all places. George, of course, was suitably careful not to disturb her, till his curiosity was somewhat allayed. We must frankly own, that the delightful morning, and the employment so congenial to his own

taste, made the little maiden, as she sat under the green canopy, look exceedingly well. Lewis certainly *did* think of wood and water nymphs, and all that sort of thing, but we prefer a sober description, divested of romance, and such an one as our readers may rely upon being entirely accurate. Our city readers will probably be greatly shocked, but we must study truth rather than fastidiousness.

There could be no manner of doubt, that the girl was in *very* humble life. One foot lightly pressed a projecting root, while the other was bent under her upon the grass. The one visible was small and white, but its covering was certainly entirely primitive, being what nature had furnished at the time of her birth; or, as the country girls often say, she had on her "wedding stockings." Her dress consisted of a blue petticoat, and short frock, open at the throat, the sleeves reaching only to the elbow, and drawn about an exceedingly round and well turned waist. There was a beautiful air of repose in her attitude, that contrasted finely with her round, nervous-looking limbs. Her neck and arms were slightly sun-burned, but that was a trifle where the contour was so perfect, and where the rich chestnut hair, falling in long massive curls upon her shoulders and bosom, revealed so much of youth and life.

She might have been sixteen, certainly not more. She started, upon hearing a slight stirring of the trees, and the motion probably saved a wily little fish, that might otherwise have been lured from its pure element. She half turned her head and uttered, impatiently—

"There, you've made me lose it."

The person she addressed, seemed other than she expected; for, she started, shook back her abundant hair, and, looking up, disclosed a pair of large brown eyes, deeply fringed, and a Hebe-like face, upon which the blush was deepening, and spreading even to her neck and arms. She quietly concealed the naked foot, and dropping her eyes, commenced drawing in the line.

George was too much of a man of the world, to allow the pretty rustic to be long discomposed, and he stooped down to adjust the rod, telling her, at the same time, that she mustn't leave her sport for him, as he would go further down the pond.

"Oh, no—this is the best place," she replied, with perfect simplicity; and then she half rose, but it was quite evident she didn't like to expose her naked feet to one with just the dress and manners of the stranger.

"Then, you must stay, too, and you shall use my rod, and, perhaps, catch the very fish you lost by my means."

The girl made no other reply than what is contained in the eloquent smile of innocence and youth, and resumed her position.

George proceeded to open the pole, and placed an artificial fly, neat and beautifully constructed upon the hook. She watched the operation with evident surprise, but made no remark, that might betray her ignorance. When all was completed, she took it from his hand with a blush and a smile, and then, with mock soberness, gave him hers, made of a hazel branch and a tow line, in exchange.

George Lewis laughed, but his hand trembled as he took it from the arch girl, and, somehow, he had never felt less at his ease. The child-like simplicity of the little rustic awed while it charmed him.

"Oh, but you mustn't sink my fly so deep in the water, let it move thus, very gently. But what shall I call you, my pretty girl," he said, looking into her eyes with ill-concealed admiration.

The girl blushed deeper than ever, and looked timidly, almost anxiously up, as she replied in a low voice—

"Jane, sir."

"And my name is George."

An arch smile played over her face, and she replied—

"Mr. George, then, I must call you."

"No, no—call me George—I won't tell you my other name—you didn't yours."

She laughed, with the free, ringing laugh of a child. At this moment a noble trout sprang to the hook, and a dexterous jerk of the pole landed it upon the bank. Jane, forgetful of her naked feet, surveyed the beautiful victim with evident delight.

"I shall cook it for my grandmother's dinner; there is nothing else that I prepare that seems to suit her."

This is, certainly, not very romantic, thought George, but it is quite amiable, he thought, again. He wasted a deal of rhetoric in trying to prevail upon Jane to wait, while he should add another trout to her grandmother's dinner; but she resolutely declined, saying, she was feeble and aged, and ought not to be left alone.

Lewis looked vexed—it was a glorious day for angling—but, then, he could not fail to see Jane home, and she must come again to catch trout for her grandmother.

"Oh, yes—I often come down to the pond to fish."

"Angle, my dear," interrupted George. Jane half started, and half pouted; but she went on:

"I like to come down to the pond, it is so very beautiful—and the trees and the birds. Don't you think it very beautiful?"

"Very, very; but, when will you come again, Jane, to-morrow?"

"If my grandmother should want another trout, I will. Shall you come?" she added, half smiling and blushing.

"Most certainly—and you must come every day, Jane, and I will lend you my rod and flies; and, mind, you must call it angling, not fishing."

Jane laughed, and promised. By this time they had reached the small, low house in which she lived, and Jane timidly asked him to enter. George declined; after going a few steps, he turned and observed Jane in the same attitude in which he had left her, standing in the door with her bonnet in her hand. He kissed his hand to her, and her whole face was instantly covered with smiles and blushes.

George had scarcely, in his whole life, been guilty of so much gallantry before, and now it was elicited by a bare-footed country girl. He laughed when he thought of the thing. Then he thought of her brown hair and soft eyes, and pretty white feet gleaming up from the green

grass—her sweet smile and appropriate language—there was nothing vulgar about her, and he was more than reconciled to himself, and half in love with Jane.

The next day was a storm—the wind swept from the hills, and wrought the lake into angry waves, and the rain fell fast and steady; the elms flung their long branches as the wind rushed, and creaked them upon the low-roofed house. The fowl gathered under the lea of sheds and fences, and looked dripping and dejected. The men were occupied in mending and making the various implements of husbandry, and the girls turned the wheel with merry songs, tossing their many curls as they stepped back and forth with the quickly-twisted thread.

George Lewis tried to amuse himself with his books, but they were unaccountably dull; he looked every fifteen minutes from the small window, to assure himself that it *would* rain all day. Yes, there was no prospect of any thing else. The old farmer, with whom he boarded, had predicted as much, and there was nothing to gain-say him. He tried to read, but he thought only of Jane. He was thrown upon his own reflections—there was nothing else he could do. But they were vague and indistinct, and the bright face of Jane might be seen, if thoughts were visible, thrust into the most profound and logical of his conclusions.

Then came Conscience with her stern sense of justice, warning him to beware how he disturbed the quietude of a young heart—how he dared, even in thoughtlessness, cause his image to mingle with the visions of its youth and guilelessness, when he would leave it only to pine in solitude and desertion. He took down the "Complete Angler," and read the story of the pretty milk-maid, Maudlin, and imagined she might have looked somewhat similar to Jane—and then the thought of the wise caution of the good angler to his companion—"Let Maudlin alone," and he resolved to profit by it, as well as by his other beautiful hints and counsels. Yes, he would act worthy of his vocation.

The Sabbath rose bright and beautiful—the lake heaved and blushed in the morning light like the breast of a maiden who has just listened to the witching story of love—the trees every where hung heavy with moisture, and glittered in the sunshine, while the birds awoke the forest with a wild jubilee of music.

The earth had never looked so beautiful to the subject of our story. His moral sense had been refreshed by the reflection of the day before, in which the pure-minded Jane had mingled, even like his guardian spirit of innocence and love. And now the beauty of the Christian Sabbath, and its harmony with the wants of the human soul, struck him with a new sense of its appropriateness.

We need not describe the gathering of a congregation at a New England church. All know how the scattered inhabitants are seen to emerge from field and pasture, entering the highway over styles, or the still more primitive bars—how green lane and forest shade send forth their quiet orderly groups, with their subdued voices and respectable attire.

All can conceive the perfect neatness of the

nicely-ironed Sunday gowns, with which the maidens appear, each carrying a fan and a pocket-handkerchief carefully folded. Then the young men with their well-brushed and long preserved "best suit," and the youngers with their white hose and stout shoes, and the regulated step of all, as if this were the one day for walking well, for looking well, and behaving well. It is the Sunday air, never to be mistaken, never to be confounded with the manners of any other day in the week.

George saw all this, but it struck him with a new feeling; a sense of its appropriateness—the harmony of all with the primitive lives of the inhabitants—it was the waving of the mantle of the Pilgrims, though centuries had borne them away with the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Then he thought of Scotland, and the wonderful coincidence of mind and manners between our own people and that hardy, virtuous race.

The services were simple and appropriate, and though many a bright eye timidly glanced at the stranger, and many wondered who and what he could be, yet his presence disturbed none of the proprieties of public worship. George saw nothing to shock his city habits, except the circumstance of the whole congregation turning their backs upon their clergyman during the service of prayer.

As he left the church, he observed an aged female leaning heavily upon the arm of a young girl, who notwithstanding her change of dress, he was quite certain must be Jane. As he passed, she looked up, and her whole face instantly brightened with smiles and blushes. He could do no less than walk beside her. She certainly looked very beautiful in her gingham frock and snug cottage bonnet, filled, as it was, with her rich dark curls. And then her elastic foot scarcely looked prettier in its black, laced slipper than when peering nakedly from the green grass, "My grandmother," said Jane, in a faint voice, by way of introduction.

The old lady stopped short, to the evident dismay of the girl, and made a strong effort to raise her bowed form, and lift her shriveled face to that of the stranger; while her head trembled, and her thin lips were compressed over her toothless gums, till nose and chin were in danger of approximation.

"My grandmother; well, and who may this fine spark be?"

Jane colored crimson. Lewis touched his hat respectfully, and replied, "My name is Lewis, madam," and he proffered his arm to the old lady in his best style. She was instantly appeased, and commenced giving a detail of her infirmities, to which Lewis listened with the greatest deference; for respect for the aged was one of his strongest characteristics.

Jane walked beside her grandmother nearly silent, not even exhibiting a dash of rustic triumph as group after group passed by with marks of recognition, and wondering how the fine-looking stranger happened to be upon such good terms with old Mrs. Bryant.

On reaching the house, Lewis was urged to stop and take tea with them, an invitation he would have declined in accordance with the resolutions of yesterday, but he could not resist the

smiles and asking looks of Jane. He seated himself in one of the high-backed, flag chairs that stood by the open window. A grape-vine had been planted beneath, and the bright sun struggling through its thick leaves painted their delicate tracery upon the floor.

A few shelves or "dressers" occupied one corner, upon which were neatly arranged pewter plates and basins, bright as silver, some brown mugs, and plain earthen cups and saucers. In another corner stood an old-fashioned walnut desk, glossy and black with age, and a table of the same material, with small crooked legs and club feet, stood under a little looking-glass, considerably inclined. Beneath the glass hung two or three profiles cut in black paper, and framed in oval forms, a pair of "shears," and a skein of brown linen thread, and a pincushion made of colored silk, ornamented with tassels upon each angle. We like to be particular about these things, knowing that our readers can't go themselves and see the little room.

Upon the table lay a large "Family Bible," open at the fourteenth chapter of Job, and a Psalm Book Jane had just laid down with her fan. Upon the desk he observed "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," "Baxter's Call," "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Life of Washington," "Morse's Geography," "Murray's Grammar," "Pike's Arithmetic," and the "Student's Companion." In the four last was written, "The property of Jane Bryant," and in one of them, in another hand, was the couplet,

"Steal not this book, my *honest* friend,  
For fear the gallows will be you end."

Jane made her appearance with an apron of blue check over her gingham frock, and the old lady took her pipe and seated herself in the corner, where she continued to puff away with great diligence, only removing it at intervals to make inquiries of the stranger as to his place of residence, his family, etc. all of which were answered to her satisfaction, except the one appertaining to his visit to the village. She could not, for her life, understand how or why a young, healthy man should come a long journey just to pull a few fish out of the water, unless, indeed, he meant to sell them.

Lewis shook his head. "What, not sell them? Then what *do* you mean to do with them?"

"I shall send a part for Jane to cook for your dinner, madam."

Mrs. Bryant looked mollified. "Ay, ay, Jane was gone a long time the last time I sent her down to the pond, but she caught a nice large one."

George looked at Jane, and she smiled and blushed crimson. The table, with its snowy tow and linen cloth,

"Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess  
Save that of Fairly fair,"

or Jane's, as the reader will understand, was soon spread. The thick apple pie, and cream biscuit, were excellent; and the black tea and cream unexceptionable. Jane presided with the prettiest grace in the world, blushing and trembling, and half dropped the cream-pitcher in passing it to her guest, whereupon her grandmother scolded in round terms. Upon the whole, how-

ever, things went off in good style, though Mrs. Bryant declared that she never knew Jane to act half as bad before.

Trout were uncommonly plenty that year, and so gullible, that they swallowed the hook with scarcely a demur, and the consequence was, that Mrs. Bryant almost every day had one upon her table, and the donor was often, very often invited to dine upon the dainty prepared by the pretty hands of Jane; more especially as he instructed her to cook them after the most approved method of anglers, which was far more palatable than the uncivilized method to which they had been accustomed, namely, that of frying them in pork—yes, in pork. Tell it not in Gath.

George Lewis, as a good angler, was suitably shocked, and very careful not only to teach the proper method, but also to provide sundry delicate condiments, which went still farther to conciliate the old lady. But when he one day placed a large shawl, of the most approved pattern upon the bony shoulders of the ancient dame, he became at once securely installed in her good graces. From that time forth, Jane was permitted not only to go at all times down to the pond, and angle with George Lewis, but to roam all about the woods and gather wild flowers, and learn their names and classes, with him for her companion and instructor.

"Alas, for poor Jane; she desired nothing more, and often might her ringing laugh be heard in the shadow of the green trees, down by the beautiful lake, where she bent over to peer at the fish gathering in the still waters of the bank.

Poor girl! often upon her return home, she might be seen looking anxiously at a pair of small black slippers, which were fast "falling into the sear and yellow leaf." True, the gloss had been often restored by the white of an egg, yet all wouldn't do; it was quite evident they were nearly worn out. Her grandmother had often told her she would have no more that summer, but she still wore them, for she couldn't bear to walk with George Lewis with bare feet. She didn't mind going without stockings, but bare feet couldn't be thought of.

At length, in springing across a little brook, as George took her hand from the opposite side, she felt her shoe give way, and upon examination, it was found nearly ripped from the sole. The poor girl burst into tears, and hid her feet beneath her upon the turf, for the toes were peeping from the rent.

"What shall I do? What will my grandmother say?" she exclaimed, sobbing.

"Don't cry," said her companion, trying to suppress a laugh, "you look quite as well without shoes, Jane."

Jane looked up, and was certainly a little angry, for she wiped her tears, and said with a good deal of emphasis—

"It will do for you, Mr. Lewis, (she had always before called him George,) to laugh at such things, for I suppose you have a plenty of money, but it is very different with a poor girl, who hasn't a cent in the world. Not a cent."

"You shall have a dozen," said Lewis, a little roughly, and throwing a whole handful of coin into her lap.

Jane arose with considerable emphasis, and the

bright silver was scattered all amongst the green grass.

"Good bye, Mr. Lewis; I shan't come down to the pond again."

"Jane, Jane, just stop one moment."

Jane didn't stop, nor turn, but she walked just the least bit in the world slower. George was soon at her side, and when he said in a very low voice, "Miss Jane, I am sorry if I have offended you," the girl's face, for an instant, was covered with smiles, but when she looked up and saw the expression of Lewis' face, there was a something, too, in her own heart, that made her burst into tears.

Alas! George had forgotten the wise counsel of the angler, "let Maudlin alone," and he felt now the spell that had been woven in his destiny. He took the hand of Jane within his own, and they sat down there in the still forest, and George wiped the tears from her eyes, but neither spoke. They sat long, long, but words were needless in that mysterious intercommunication of soul with soul. It was love—such as angels might own and bless.

"I must leave you, Jane," said the youth in a low, hesitating tone. "You must forgive me, too, that I have staid so long."

The tears swelled from beneath the long lashes of the girl, and her hand trembled. Lewis removed the little sun-bonnet from her thick curls, and drawing her to his bosom, pressed a kiss upon her cheek. A slight shudder passed all over her, and she gently rose from his arms.

"You will come back next summer," she said timidly, yet looking earnestly in his face.

"I fear not, Jane. I may never return. Shall you think of me sometimes, Jane?"

Jane looked as if she wondered how he could ask such a question—her color varied, and the red lip quivered, but she spoke not a word.

"You will be married, Jane, to some of these country beaux that seem to admire you so much, and then I shall be forgotten."

Jane looked reproachfully at the speaker, and attempted to rise.

"Stay awhile longer, Jane; we may never meet again, and do not let us part in coldness."

Jane put both hands over her face, and the tears struggled through her fingers. George tried to speak, but so heavily did the sense of the wounded feelings of the guileless girl press upon him, that he could not utter a word. He dared not declare definitely his own attachment, as that would but add to his injustice.

"Do not weep, Jane," he said, wiping the tears from his own eyes. "Will you not promise to forget me? Will you not be cheerful and happy when I am gone, and forget you have ever seen me?"

"Never, never, George; I shall think of you every day, and every hour in the day. And will you not think of me? Oh, I should love to think you would not forget me."

Lewis pressed the child-like girl to his heart, and felt truly she could never be his; his proud mother would spurn such an alliance. Bitterly did he regret the thoughtless selfishness of which he had been guilty. But if Jane suffered, he felt that he should be a sufferer too, and his sufferings must be heightened by the pangs of remorse.

Their walk home was nearly silent. Jane felt a deep, deep weight at her heart, and the beauty of the wild flowers, and the music of the birds appealed in vain to her senses. The loveliness of the earth, for the first time, failed to awake an echo in her young bosom. A shadow lay upon her heart, and the light and glory of the world without, jarred like an ill-toned instrument.

Lewis felt that he had been the cause of a fearful change in the breast of the artless girl, and he could only crave her forgiveness.

"Promise me, Jane, should we never meet again, that when you are older, and know more of the world, you will think of me as you do now—you will think of me as a brother, and love me as a brother."

The word operated like magic upon the mind of the sensitive girl; it gave a warrant for those undefinable emotions that now agitated her bosom. She threw her meek arms about his neck, and replied only with a flood of tears.

"Will you not promise to be a sister, Jane; alas, I have never known the love of a sister."

"I will, I will, and never forget you; never, though we may never meet again. Yet why not come back again, George? I have no brother or sister, no friend but my poor sick grandmother, and I shall think of you, and long to see you again."

"Perhaps I will, Jane, but you must promise to be quite happy without me."

Jane looked perplexed and disappointed, and she did not speak. Lewis felt he had adopted a dangerous and cruel expedient—that Jane was to him more than any sister could have been, and that the poor girl was only deceiving her own heart when she thought of him as a brother.

This day Mrs. Bryant was in her worst possible humor. Nothing did, nor could suit her. And now Jane had staid longer than usual, and for three long hours, she had had no one upon whom to vent her ill-humor. One kick had sent the cat, all alive with terror, through the open window, and there was nothing else left. It might have been a relief to punch the fore-stick, but the fire was out, and she had no other resource than "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," until the return of her grandchild.

The poor girl saw the condition of things the moment she entered the door; but she was quite desperate, so she went right up to the old lady, and taking off her shoe, inquired what she must do.

"Do, why, go to meeting barefoot, you are old enough."

Jane was entirely relieved for she had expected nothing else than a "sound box upon the ear," and she saw there was no prospect of the ceremony at this time, for the neighbors used to say of Mrs. Bryant, it was with her, "a word and a blow, and the blow come first." It is probable her anger had reached its climax, and the desperate appearance of the shoe operated as a "calmer."

That night Jane received a package containing a pair of kid slippers, and a line bidding her farewell, calling her sister, and expressing the warmest expressions of fraternal attachment. Poor Jane wept herself to sleep that night, with the billet pressed close to her bosom.

[Concluded in our next.]



## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

## ANTICIPATION AND PARTICIPATION.

To the devotee of thought it is pleasing to occasionally ascend the pinnacle of contemplation, and peeping through the telescope of fancy, cast his mental eye over the variegated landscape of the future. He beholds, in the dim perspective of coming years, the lovely primroses of contentment and pleasure, luxuriantly blossoming on every side, and he looks forward with joy to the time when he shall freely pluck them all, and claim them as his own.

The fond and devoted lover—and I pity the frigid one that has never felt the blessed influence of warm affection's chaste and holy fires—as he stands upon the shores of the great ocean of matrimony, and beholds the numberless skiffs, sailing, as he imagines, calmly and smoothly over its apparently tranquil waters—looks forward in glad anticipation to the happy season, when he too shall hoist his sails on those untried waves, and gently scud before the enrapturing breezes of affection. But when, as is sometimes the case, he feels the boreal winds of unreciprocated regard blow keenly upon him, and sees his floundering bark tossed to and fro by the foaming surges of strife, then he discovers—alas, too late, that he has chosen an uncongenial messmate, and is embarked on a deceptive ocean.

The sulky, disappointed victim of single wretchedness, surveying his future course in the sunless path of celibacy, fondly opines that he deserves the plants of reconciliation to his lot, starting up along his desolate way; but when he perceives his flowers are thistles, and his rose-bushes bears only thorns, he is then *pretty* sensible he has taken the wrong road—that a *fore-taste* is *all* the taste he is destined ever to *taste* of the *tasteless*, insipid fount of bachelor life. (Is not such the case, *sometimes*, with these damsels of thirty years and past,—those scintillations from the great firebrand of human beings, fossil remains of maiden purity? Eh?)

But from the shadow of a shade we will turn to the bright side of the picture; to the side illumined by the *incident* rays from the orb of argument. Having glanced at the pleasures, a few of them arising from anticipation, let us slightly peep at some of those of realization, and see if there is not more delight in partaking of a delicious repast than in thinking how it will relish.

Tell me, impassioned and passion-moving Byron, was thy sublime soul more elevated and entranced when thy fancy dwelt on the transports of viewing the sunny climes of the ancient world, the classical relics of departed nations and ages, than when thy physical eye rested on the field of Marathon,

"Gazing o'er the plain where Greek and Persian died;" or when Parnassus rose before thee, in all its enchanting loveliness and grandeur; or when thou trodest

"Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,"

trampling upon the grave of departed greatness, and holding communion with the spirit of Poesy's

immortal sire?—The traveler who visits our shores for the purpose of beholding the stupendous cataract of Niagara, doubtless has some pleasing emotions, at the *thought* of scanning that "horribly Ceantific" scene; but when he actually sees it where, like the cataract of Velino,

"It comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,"—

then gushes forth the fountain of true rapture, sublime, inexpressible admiration.

The votary of science has many agreeable thoughts and feelings, when, after a long absence, he contemplates returning to his parental home. The pleasure, however, which he thus receives, bears no comparison with that which he feels when he really sees the welcoming smile on his parents' face—feels the friendly gripe of a brother's hand or the warm kiss of a sister's love.

Finally, the reader, my reader—if peradventure I have one—has received some consolation from anticipating that this article will *some-where*, have an end, but he has obtained none of that *satisfactory* enjoyment which he at this moment feels on beholding

J. COSMOPOLITAN.

Dracut, Mass.

## BIOGRAPHY.

From Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

## MEMOIR OF MATHEW CAREY.

BY EZRA HOLDEN.

[Concluded.]

In 1793, Mr. Carey was a most efficient member of the committee of health, with Mr. Girard and others, when the yellow fever prevailed so dreadfully in Philadelphia. Both these gentlemen were very active in their devotion to the sick. When it was found impossible, from the danger of the situation, to obtain any one to become superintendent of the hospital at Bushhill, Stephen Girard nobly stepped forward; and Mr. Carey states that Mr. G. "helped to dress the sores, and perform all the menial offices for the sick." Mr. Carey wrote a history of this dreadful calamity, giving a "full account of its rise, progress, effects, and termination." It is a thrilling narrative.

In the same year, Mr. Carey, regarding with deep commiseration the forlorn condition of many of his countrymen who came to our shores, was principally instrumental in the formation of a society, called, "The Hibernian Society, for the relief of emigrants from Ireland;" an institution which has since done much good, and is still numbered among our most beneficial societies.

While Cobbet was in Philadelphia, in 1796, some meddlesome individuals sought to embroil Mr. Carey in an angry controversy with him. In one of Cobbet's previous works, he had mentioned Mr. Carey favorably, and the meddlers were constantly throwing out insinuations that Cobbet was afraid of him. Mr. Carey addressed a note to Cobbet early, on this attempted embroilment, in which he tells him, "I have never written a line respecting you, and my determination is to pursue the same line of conduct, unless I am driven to a different course by unprovoked

aggression." But it seems that the issue finally came, and a very bitter one it was. It was a newspaper and pamphlet war of some time continuance, wherein many hard things were said by both parties. Mr. Carey finally published what he termed "a Plumb Pudding for Peter Porcupine," handling his adversary without gloves. Cobbet, to turn his publication into ridicule, "sent his servant with some vension and jelly between two plates, in return for the plumb pudding," which his antagonist sent back by a stout Irish porter, with directions to throw the plate into the middle of Cobbet's store, which the Hibernian did most faithfully, and shook his fists at Cobbet in the bargain.\* Subsequently, Mr. Carey issued a hudiabistic poem, the purpose of which was to show up the scurrility and abuse that found place in Cobbet's newspaper; and so ludicrously did he do this, that he had the effect to end the "tug of war." Cobbet never made any reply afterwards.

In 1802, Mr. Carey was elected by the Senate of the State a director of the Bank of Pennsylvania, which station he occupied many years. He mentions, as a disadvantage to him from the position, the lenity shown by the other directors whereby his debts rose extravagantly high. This evil he urges with great warmth and zeal, as the one which several times in his business-life came near bringing him to bankruptcy. "I printed and published," he declares, "above twice as many books as were necessary for the extent of my business; and, in consequence, incurred oppressive debts to banks—was laid under contribution for interest to them and to usurers, which not only swallowed up my profits, but kept me in a constant penury. I was in many cases shaved so close by the latter class, that they almost skinned me alive. To this cause my difficulties were nearly altogether owing, for I did a large and profitable business almost from the time I opened a bookstore."

He sets down another evil practice of his business career, which he cautions young traders to shun as they would "temporal perdition." It is that of endorsement. "In this way, in fourteen years," he writes, "I lost between thirty and forty thousand dollars; and but for this I might have retired from business ten years earlier than I did; besides, in one of the cases of failure, I was brought to the verge of stoppage." Actuated by that expansive benevolence, which during his whole life, was a leading trait in his character, Mr. Carey, about this time, and for some years onward, wrote and published much to try and bring about a modification of the taxes of Philadelphia. His positions were founded on the great inequality that existed between the taxes on real estate and personal property. He states an example, viz; "Stephen Girard did not pay as much tax for all the stock of his bank, and all his bonds and mortgages, as were paid by a single ground rent of \$200." Some salutary improvements were finally made, especially so far as related to "ground rents and houses."

The next subject of public importance in which his pen became deeply engaged was, in 1810, on the question of the renewal of the charter of the

\* Mr. Carey did not speak of this act, in after life, in any other way, than as an unjustifiable exultation of passion.

Bank of the United States. He wrote a series of essays warmly advocating the renewal, and he gave much personal attention to the matter, at home, as at the seat of the general government, which all those who are familiar with the records of the times are aware, made him many bitter opponents, as well as many warm friends, according to the character of their views in regard to the measures in agitation.

The publication of "The Olive Branch" Mr. Carey regards as one of the most important events of his life. It took place in 1814. The purpose which the author had in producing it was, to "endeavor, by a candid publication of the follies and errors of both sides, to calm the embittered feeling of the political parties." The first edition was produced within the leisure time of six or seven weeks. It formed a duodecimo volume of two hundred and fifty-two pages, of which about eighty were public documents. It was sold out immediately, and the author says, "I was preparing a new edition, when the thrice-welcome news of peace arrived, which I thought would render it unnecessary." But he subsequently had good reason to change that opinion, by the demands that came in; and one edition after another was prepared, each one receiving some revision or addition, until, within three years and a half, ten editions were struck off, there having been over ten thousand copies sold.

The next large work he produced was, "The Vindiciae Hiberniæ," which made its appearance in 1819. His object in writing this work was, to prove, among many other positions, that, from the invasion of Ireland by Cromwell, the government of that country had been marked by almost every species of "fraud, chicane, cruelty, and oppression;" that the Irish were, from time to time, goaded into insurrection; that they did not enjoy the free exercise of their religion; that the pretended conspiracy of 1641 was a miserable fabrication, and that the massacres, said to have been committed by the Irish in the insurrection of the same year, are unfounded in fact. There have been, and will continue to be, various opinions as to the success with which the author had made out his assumptions; but there is one thing, which every body will be very ready to admit, viz: that the author brought great patience, perseverance, and industry to its preparation, for he consulted not less than sixty different works, and made five hundred and ninety-six quotations. In Ireland, especially, the book received great praise, having been pronounced by the highest authorities, as "the best vindication of Ireland that was ever written."

Soon after the publication of his "Vindication of Ireland," he entered the lists in favor of "The Protective System of American Industry," and became for many years the untiring champion of that policy, in its broadest extent. He wrote a series of nine letters, which were published by a very reputable society, established in Philadelphia to aid in the encouragement of domestic industry. They were anxiously sought for by the friends of the system, and were generally copied into the newspapers north of the Potomac. Subsequently he brought forth numerous other writings, favoring the "Protective System,"

forming, in all, fifty-nine distinct publications, and embracing, in the whole, two thousand three hundred and twenty-two pages. Besides, he was always ready to put his hand in his pocket, and did so, to a very large extent, to aid in the advocacy of a system which he had embraced with such ardency. As was the case when he came out so warmly for a re-charter of the former United States Bank, his efforts provoked many opponents, and won him also many warm friends, as was natural from the controverted nature of the subject which he so zealously advocated. Many public demonstrations of gratitude followed his labors, and there were, also, indications of public opinion, denunciatory of his toils and his views in no stinted terms.

In Professor Longfellow's recent work, Hyperion, are to be found these beautiful and expressive sentences:

"It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common—namely, that, of those men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance, not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, 'every possible future is behind them.'"

In no inapt sense may we apply this to Mathew Carey. His penetration and sagacity seemed to keep him uniformly in advance of most others on great subjects of state and national importance.—As a proof of this, we may quote what is stated by a worthy compeer, now living, viz: "That he was the first man in Pennsylvania to awaken public attention to the vast importance of a great system of internal improvements." He wrote pamphlets and circulated them, prepared a great many newspaper essays, and finally, addressed letters to influential men in different parts of the State, inviting them to a meeting, to devise ways and means to secure, ultimately, the incalculable blessings of extended internal communication; and he lived, with many of his patriotic co-laborers, to witness the State of Pennsylvania not in the rear, at least, of any other member of the American Republic, either in the extent or value of her internal intercourse.

The latter portion of Mr. Carey's life is too well known to need a detailment of its incidents.\* He took an active part in all the worthy charities of the day. He seemed to have an ambition to do good, and whenever he took hold of a cause he brought to it the devotion of his early days. He was a bold and unceasing advocate of the great system of universal education, utterly repudiating the idea that there should be an education for the rich, and another for the poor, zealously declaring that he would have education as free as the genial air. His labors in behalf of the poor—constantly seeking, both by his pen and his bounty, to ameliorate their condition—were untiring and disinterested. Especially have poor widows, left with a family of little ones to support, cause to remember in thankfulness the ever-readiness with which his heart and his purse were open to their forlorn hopes. For a long series of years he had a charity list, on which were enrolled the names of hundreds, to whom

\* This, indeed, is the less necessary, as the ample materials of Mr. Carey's life are understood to be in the hands of a gentleman far more competent to do it justice.

he regularly gave, once each fortnight, a donation of groceries and other necessaries of life; and where they are to find another such a friend as Mathew Carey, God only knows!

In the entire efforts of Mathew Carey, he ever appeared to act upon the principle, "to let good offices go round." In his more elaborate writings, what he regards as the great interest of his fellow men, appear to form the leading motive in their composition. His last publication of any extent was a small volume, on the subject of domestic economy, entitled, "The Philosophy of Common Sense," the object of which was to embody his experience, and the maxims of his career of fourscore years. In the preface he feelingly states, that it will probably be the last one he shall ever give to the public; and now that the prediction is reality, we may safely declare, if he had produced nothing else, this little work would raise for him an enduring monument in proof of the philosophic and common sense tone of his mind, and the benevolence and affection of his heart.

There was one feature in the life of Mr. Carey, which was of inestimable value to the young; and it cannot be too much commended to other gentlemen of leisure and ample fortune. It was a disposition to extend the hand of kindness to young men whom he observed of promising talents, justly ambitious, and systematically industrious. He would go out of his way to meet such and to make them feel that he respected and was ready to aid them. He had not a particle of that small cliquism which is too often the disgrace of literary men, nor had he any of the false pride which unfortunately becomes the guiding power of many a man who has gone up to wealth by his own hands. On the contrary, his house, his counsel, his library, his heart, all were open to the young, the ambitious, and deserving; and many an enterprising citizen can go back and date the hour of his triumph to the unfaltering smiles which he ever met from the beaming countenance of Mathew Carey; and, as perseverance, industry, economy, and integrity, were the Corinthian columns of his own character, he delighted to impress upon his vast body of young friends, that upon none other could they ever rear enduring fame or substantial wealth.

Mr. Carey breathed his last, at his own residence, in Walnut street, on the evening of Monday, the 17th of September last, at the ripe age of eighty years. His having been, a week previously, overturned in his carriage, no doubt hastened the termination of his life. His funeral denoted the universal esteem of his fellow citizens. It was one of the largest, excepting, perhaps, that of Stephen Girard, that ever occurred in Philadelphia. Many societies joined in the procession. The body was borne to St. Mary's church, where the solemn service of the dead was performed. The church was crowded to excess, thousands having come forth, spontaneously, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who ended his labors of benevolence only when he ceased to breathe!

"Such pass away; but they leave  
All hope, or love, or truth, or liberty,  
Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive,  
To be a rule and law to ages that survive."

## MISCELLANY.

## THE BISHOP AND HIS BIRDS.

A worthy bishop, who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" This strange coat of arms, had often excited attention, and many persons wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported, that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by relating the following story:—

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and, almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighboring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day, the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys, about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school, trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for? The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and, tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys, who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds, to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy, as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half-way

down his naked legs. "You are a singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you; as I cannot accept your present, without doing something for it in return. Is there any thing that I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than any thing else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees; "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read."

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him, at all his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighborhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honor, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms."

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."

## OLD FASHIONED MARRIAGE PORTION.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL, who was one of the first founders of the Old South Church, Boston, Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, a Representative of the town, and in 1680, an Assistant, was a man of wealth. A daughter of his was married to Major Samuel Sewall. As usual in those days, the father was expected to give his daughter a marriage portion. So, father Hull, after his daughter was completely, and richly too, dressed and prepared for the ceremony, caused her to be put into one side of a large pair of scales, in the presence of her friends, and then piled on dollars and crowns, and other silver money, until they weighed her down. Report says she was a plump hearty girl. This must have been a fat marriage portion in those days.

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

## A SHORT STORY.

If the fashionable young ladies of the day would take example after a beautiful and amiable creature we are acquainted with, perchance many a merchant now in straitened circumstances might after the storm is over, bless the fate that has made him parent of such a considerate offspring.

"Father, I want twenty dollars for shopping to-day," said Miss——, as she entered the counting office of her father.

"Really, my love," replied the good natured man, "I have not the money in the desk, and I would not like to draw a check."

"Can't you send and borrow it?" said she impatiently.

"No, child—I have borrowed and borrowed until I am tired; and I have heavy responsibilities to meet to-day which will drive me to the fraction of a cent."

"La, pa! you never have told me of this before."

"Because I did not think that it was necessary, my child, to let you into all of the secrets of my business. What do you want with twenty dollars?"

"I want nothing—Miss—— has just come to town, and invited me to go a shopping with her, and you know I would feel very awkward if I had no money to spend. But if you are in need, it alters the case entirely."

"I am in need of every cent my child."

"Then, Father, I shall never trouble you until you let me know that you have extricated yourself from your difficulties. I will stay at home, for I have lain in my fall and winter dresses—and shall need nothing until next spring."

—Baltimore Clipper.

## EQUITY.

A GENTLEMAN traveling in a gig in the vicinity of London, in coming to a turnpike, stopped for a ticket, and while the gatekeeper was procuring it, he threw the toll money down in the road. The gate keeper, with great coolness, immediately took it up, and placed the ticket on the same spot, which the gentleman perceiving and being anxious to proceed on his journey, requested him to take it up; but turning on his heels, he said, "No, master, where I receive my money there I always leave my receipt;" and immediately left the gentleman to get out of the gig and take it up himself.

A WELSH parson preaching from the text "Love one another," told his congregation, that in kind, respectful treatment to our fellow creatures we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in a parish, that once met upon a bridge so very narrow that they could not pass without one thrusting the other off into the river. "And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you. One goat laid himself down, and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved let us live like goats."

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Rantam Falls, Ct. \$3.00; P. M. Randolph, Vt. \$5.00; W. C. B. Evans' Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; Mr. T. Winfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Livingston, N. Y. \$2.00; E. L. Lyons, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. Sandgate, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Waterford, N. Y. \$2.00; C. J. K. Olsco, N. Y. \$1.00; O. M. R. West Stockbridge, Ma. \$1.00; W. L. Bradford, Vt. \$5.00; D. C. V. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; G. B. Woodville, Ct. \$1.00; J. C. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00.

## Noticed,

At Mellenville, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Robert W. Lasher to Miss Eliza Reynolds, both of this city.

In Ghent, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. R. Stuyter, Mr. Hannan A. Sagendorf, of Claverack, to Miss Betsey Bluffelt, of the former place.

At Red Hook, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. W. Hangan, Charles Paul, Esq. of this city, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Ephraim Fulton, Esq. of the former place.

## Died,

In this city, on the 6th inst. Mr. Alexander Dakin, in his 39th year.

On the 7th inst. Lawrence, son of Wm. and Maria Forrester, aged 3 years, 8 months, and 15 days.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Stephen Ransom, in his 50th year.

At Stockport, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Christina Fish.

At Ghent, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Gridley, in her 77th year.

At Columbiaville, on the 6th inst. after a long and painful illness, Alexander Coventry, in his 76th year.

In Gallatin, on the 9th inst. Mrs. Helena wife of Philip Finger in the 23d year of her age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.  
NIGHT.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

'Tis night, the stars their watch have set,  
All busy sounds are still;  
And sunset clouds have rolled away  
To the far distant hill.  
The pale moon pours her saddening light  
Over the quiet scene,  
And not a breath of summer air  
Stirs in the foliage green.  
Soft sleep now weaves her soothing spell;  
The worn and weary rest,  
The maiden to her bower has gone,  
The song-bird to its nest.  
Step light!—the sick one's pain is o'er,  
Forgot in slumber deep,  
And many dream of happy hours,  
Who only wake to weep.  
But morn will bid the glad earth smile  
In her gay summer dress,  
And some will rise to care and woe,  
And some to happiness;  
But when life's busy days are past,  
And death's still rest is o'er,  
To a bright morn that knows no grief  
We wake, and sleep no more.

For the Rural Repository.  
THE VOICE OF DEATH.

I come, I come, the hour's at hand,  
I come from the depth of the spirit land,  
I call you, the fair, bright world to leave,  
Oh! quickly away, nor linger to grieve.

I come, I come, when the heart beats high  
With love, and hope, and ecstasy,  
I come and they wither beneath my grasp,  
And cold, and chill their forms I clasp.

I come, I come, and flowers shall fade,  
Which bloom in the place where my footsteps tread,  
I come and the young and fair must die,  
Woe to them all when my breath is nigh.

I come to the child whose parent's eye  
Beams brighter still when the loved one's nigh,  
And that parent's heart with woe I fill,  
But nought on earth my voice can still.

I come, I come, to the blooming youth,  
Whose heart beats high with hope and truth,  
And, low in the dust, his life is brief,  
I heed not, I care not, for mortal's grief.

I come, I come, and a parent dies,  
In darkness and gloom the altar lies,  
Around which the light of her eye shone bright,  
And I've clouded their joy in endless night.

Ah, yes! I come, and I act my part  
To try men's souls, and break the heart;  
The lovely and good must hear their doom,  
Aye! all I bring to the darksome tomb.

But I ope the portals of endless day,  
The soul, I lead, the heavenward way,  
I free them at last, from sorrow and pain,  
Say, mortals! still do I come in vain?

Spencertown, November 29, 1839. CASSIOPEA.

From the Rose of Sharon for 1840.

MY CHILD.

BY JULIA H. SCOTT.

"There is one that has loved me debarred from the day."

The foot of Spring is on yon blue-topped mountain,  
Leaving its green prints 'neath each spreading tree;  
Her voice is heard beside the swelling fountain,  
Giving sweet tones to its wild melody.  
From the warm south she brings unnumbered roses  
To greet with smiles the eye of grief and care;  
Her balmy breath on the worn brow reposes,  
And her rich gifts are scattered every where:  
I heed them not my child!

In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,  
The golden dandelion by its side;  
The eglantine a dewy fragrance flingeth  
To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.  
The hyacinth and polyanthus render,  
From their deep hearts, an offering of love;  
And fresh May-pinks, and half-blown lilacs, tender  
Their grateful homage to the skies above:  
I heed them not, my child!

In the clear brook are springing water-cresses,  
And pale green rushes, and fair, nameless flowers:  
While o'er them dip the willow's verdant tresses,  
Dimpling the surface with their mimic showers.  
The honeysuckle stealthily is creeping  
Round the low porch and mossy cottage-eaves:  
Oh, Spring hath fairy treasures in her keeping,  
And lovely are the landscapes that she weaves:  
'Tis naught to me, my child!

Down the green lane come peals of heartfelt laughter:  
The school has sent its eldest inmates forth;  
And now a smaller band comes dancing after,  
Filling the air with shouts of infant mirth.  
At the rude gate the anxious dame is pending  
To clasp her rosy darling to her breast;  
Joy, pride and hope are in her bosom blending;  
Ah, peace with her is no unusual guest!  
Not so with me, my child!

All the day long I listen to the singing  
Of the gay birds and winds among the trees;  
But a sad under-strain is ever ringing  
A tale of death and its dread mysteries.  
Nature to me the letter is that killeth—  
The spirit of her charms has passed away;  
A fount of bliss no more my bosom filleth—  
Slumbers its idol in unconscious clay!  
Thou art in the grave my child,

For thy glad voice my spirit inly pineth;  
I languish for thy blue eyes' holy light;  
Vainly for me the glorious sunbeam shineth;  
Vainly the blessed stars come forth at night;  
I walk in darkness, with the tomb before me,  
Longing to lay my dust beside thy own;  
O, cast the mantle of thy presence o'er me!  
Beloved, leave me not so deeply lone!  
Come back to me, my child!

Upon that breast of pitying love thou leanest,  
Which oft on earth did pillow such as thou,  
Nor turned away petitioner the meanest—  
Pray to Him, sinless—He will hear thee now.  
Plead for thy weak and broken-hearted mother;  
Pray that thy voice may whisper words of peace;  
Her ear is deaf, and can discern no other;  
Speak, and her bitter sorrowing shall cease;  
Come back to me, my child!

Come but in dreams—let me once more behold thee,  
As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee,  
And one brief moment in my arms enfold thee—  
Beloved, I will not ask thy stay with me!

Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,  
Which memory strives so vainly to recall,  
And I will onward on the path of duty,  
Restraining tears that ever fain would fall!  
Come but in dreams, my child!

From the Token for 1840.

THE WIDOW'S HOPE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

SLEEP on, my babe, and in thy dream  
Thy father's face behold,  
That love again may warmly beam  
From eyes now dark and cold.  
His wonted fond embrace to give,  
To smile as once he smiled,  
Again let all the father live,  
To bless his orphan child.

Thy mother sits these heavy hours  
To measure off with sighs;  
And over life's quick-withered flowers  
To droop with streaming eyes.  
For, ah, our waking dreams, how fast  
The dearest visions fade,  
Or flee, and love their glory cast  
Forever into shade!

And still, the doating, stricken heart,  
In every bleeding string  
That grief has snapped or worn apart,  
Finds yet wherewith to cling;  
And yet whereon its hold to take  
With stronger, double grasp,  
Because of joys it held to break,  
Or melt within its clasp.

A blast has proved that in the sand  
I based my fair, high tower:  
Pale Death has laid his rending hand  
On my new Eden bower!  
And now my tender orphan boy,  
Sweet bud of hope, I see  
My spice of life, my future joy,  
My all wrapped up in thee.

I fear to murmur in the ear  
Of Him who willed the blow,  
And sent the King of Terrors here  
To lay thy father low.  
I ask his aid my griefs to hear—  
To say "Thy will be done!"  
That Heaven will still in pity spare  
The widow's only son.

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

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## SELECTED TALES.

From the Ladies' Companion.

ANGLING ;

Or, the Story of a Country Girl.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

[Concluded.]

THE summer passed away, and the glorious autumn with its rich, sad livery, had deepened into winter. Jane thought time had never passed so slowly, but she soon discovered, that to be happy, was to be employed, and she busied herself about the affairs of the little household with great diligence; and redoubled her attentions to her sickly, fretful relative, whose demands seemed always to grow with indulgence. Jane never complained—never moved as if weary, and the neighbors wondered at the patience and vigilance of the good girl.

At length, as the spring, with its buds and blossoms appeared, the labors of Jane for her grandparent, closed. She was laid to rest in the little grave-yard close to the door of the church, where reposed the companions of her earlier days, each with a stone of slate, ornamented with a death's head and other devices, and bearing the name and age.

She had been the only friend of the orphan-girl, and now she felt utterly desolate and alone. Time hung heavy upon her, and the little low house was now closed and abandoned. The grounds were appropriated by an uncle of Jane's, who took her into his house for a few days with a cold ungracious air, and then told her roughly she must go out to service. Jane might have taken a school, but this same uncle was one of the committee, and careful to secure the situation for his own daughter.

Jane knew it would be impossible to procure a situation as domestic in a place where every family did its own work, and so one morning when a neighbor was ready to go to Portland with a load of marketing, she appeared with a small bundle of clothes, her little all in this world, and begged a ride down in his wagon. The good-natured farmer not only carried her free of all expense, but furnished her a lunch from his own box of "dough-nuts" and cheese, and even purchased her a tumbler of cider at one of the little taverns at which he stopped to water his horses.

Portland was much larger than Jane had expected to find it; she had read it contained fifteen thousand inhabitants, but she had formed no very definite idea as to how many houses it would take to hold so many people. She was bewildered, too, at the noise and tumult in the streets, and wondered how they could ever sell so many goods as she saw piled in the long ranges of shops.

She inquired of a great many, who seemed never to have heard of such a woman as her cousin, Mrs. Liscom. She at length succeeded in finding her, but she certainly didn't live in one of the finest houses as she had expected; for her impressions of Mrs. Liscom were those she had formed of her when quite a child, upon a visit of her cousin's in the country. She recollected her as very independent, and important in her manners, and had therefore concluded she must be a lady of some consequence in Portland. She was dressed at that time, in a lilac-colored canton-crape dress, which was then considered a great piece of elegance—a large white cape, and a great many bows of light ribbon upon her head.

Her cousin looked a great deal older than she had expected, and not half as genteel. She was brown and large, and had a whole house full of noisy, quarrelsome children, which she ruled with the opposite of the law of love. Her husband Captain Liscom, part owner, and commander of the schooner Nancy, appeared much more submissive than any of the children.

"So you've come coun'ing," said Mrs. Liscom, "and want to stay till you can get a place to hire out. Now, my house is just as full as it can stick; the children sleep four in a bed; you might stay here a month, and then not get a place, girls are so plenty, and wages so low."

Jane's lips quivered, but she dared not trust herself to speak.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the Captain, coming in to the relief of both parties, "galls is very scarce in New-York. I'll tell you what, you'd better go there, Jane. I'll give you your passage for nothing, for I'll come upon the owners, (tipping a wink to his wife,) and you can stay on board till you get a place."

"That's the best thing you ever said, John; you'd better go Jane; the schooner'll sail to-morrow; you'd better go; 'twill be the making of you."

Jane's face brightened with one of its former smiles, and she assented at once. She knew nothing of the world, and fancy had presented a beautiful, but shadowy picture, in which George Lewis, her adopted brother, certainly stood in relief upon the fore-ground.

We will say nothing of the selfish indifference of those who thus launched an orphan child upon the great world to encounter its perils and temptations alone; enough for us that it was done.

The passage was short and pleasant, and Jane with youthful spirits and fine health, enjoyed every moment of it. Captain Liscom, away from his better half, was really a smart and kind-hearted man, and proved himself attentive to the comfort of his young passenger. When she left the schooner in search of a place, he actually put

a fifty cent piece into her hand, that she might purchase a "mouthful" in case she grew faint. He went as far as Broadway with her, and Jane thought she could remember the streets, and find her way back to the vessel.

Until she reached Broadway, Jane had not realized that New-York was any larger than Portland; but this broad, interminable street, with its jostling population—its Babel of sounds, its omnibusses, and vehicles of every description, superadded to the cries of cartmen, and all kinds of venders, produced a confusion of sights and sounds that struck a dread almost amounting to terror, into the heart of the lone girl. She felt doubly desolate amidst this wilderness of human beings, all strange and unsympathizing with herself, and jostling rudely by her, or staring familiarly into her anxious face.

It was long before she could summon resolution to ascend the steps of one of the fine-looking houses to tell her errand. There was no knocker, and she nearly bruised the skin from her fingers in trying to make them hear from the inside. "Pull the bell, gall," said a rough voice, but Jane didn't know he spoke to her. "Why don't you pull the bell?" said another passer-by. A new thought struck our heroine; she stepped back and looked all about the house, but no bell was visible. She was about to give up in despair, when a quiet-looking lad, with books under his arm, observing her dilemma, ran up the steps and gave a small knob a short pull, saying, "That is the way, Miss."

A slatternly Irish girl soon made her appearance, and to Jane's inquiring, answered, "No, indeed," and instantly closed the door.

Jane recollected next time to pull the bell instead of using her knuckles, and also to inquire for the lady of the house, as she had been directed by Captain Liscom, "or," as he said, "the servants would send her away without informing their mistress, lest they should lose their own places."

She was ushered into a large, elegantly-furnished room, so entirely different from any she had ever seen before, that she was quite bewildered. To add to her embarrassment, the lady in whose presence she stood was certainly handsome, but tall and stern. A fashionable-dressed young lady sat with unsuppressed tittering upon the sofa.

"What do you want, child," asked the stern-looking lady

Jane's mouth was so dry, that she tried two or three times before she could bring out a word, and then she could scarce speak above a whisper.

"You are too mealy-mouthed by a great deal."

Jane felt as if she should suffocate, and dropped unbidden upon a chair. At this moment she heard a voice in the hall giving some trifling or-



ders, and, as the poor girl recognized its familiar tones, she started from her chair and looked towards the door.

The lady rang the bell violently. "I see how it is, I see how it is; a pretty piece of impudence really;" and before Jane could understand what it all meant, a port-looking serving-man was leading her to the door, and turned her into the street.

Jane was faint and tired, and too much stupefied to feel the indignity; she was weary of life, for all the bright visions of other times were fading from her fancy, and existence began to look like a dull, dreary blank. So strongly did the sense of her friendlessness and poverty press upon her, and contrast with the affluence of George Lewis, that a strange bitterness of feeling came to her heart as she remembered the earnest appeal of George that, when she should know more of the world, she would forgive him—that she would think of him as a brother.

Then she remembered how happy she had been until she saw him—how beautiful the whole world had looked to her, and thought of her present misery, and the tears came to her eyes, and brought back again the gentleness of her heart, and full forgiveness for George Lewis.

While these feelings passed over her, she had sauntered along, unknowing which way she went when she felt a hand laid lightly upon her shoulder.

"What is the matter, dear," asked a fat, coarse woman. Jane's heart was touched by the unwonted tone of kindness, and her tears flowed faster than ever.

"I was thinking how lonely I am here in this great place without a single friend."

"Poor child, you look ill, and sad enough; go with me, and I will be your friend till you find a better."

The old woman began to look quite agreeable to the friendless girl, and she followed her into a large, fine looking house, with her heart brim full of gratitude. She partook of some refreshments, the old lady being all the time profuse in her expressions of attachment, and praises of her beauty, etc. Then Jane was shown into a handsome room where a girl arranged her hair, and presented her an elegantly-wrought pocket-handkerchief, with lace quilled upon the edge, and looking, as Jane thought, altogether too fine for use; indeed, she thought, it designed for her neck till informed to the contrary; and the girl laughed and clapped her hands with merriment, the mistake was so odd and unaccountable. She might have exclaimed, in the words of the Dodger, in *Oliver Twist*, "My eyes how green."

She was left alone when all was arranged, to rest awhile upon the sofa; and this sudden turn of good fortune, this unexpected kindness from a stranger, brought tears to her eyes, and called forth a low, fervent prayer for blessings upon the household. Her thoughts grew indistinct and the fatigued girl forgot all anxieties in a sound sleep.

When she awoke, the room was lighted for the evening, and she found some kind hand had placed the cushions beneath her head, and spread a rich shawl over her feet. She started at observing a gentleman reading by the table.

He approached her, and made some inquiries as to her health, at the same time he parted the curls familiarly from her forehead.

Jane was a little startled, and yet, there was an appearance of honest frankness about him, that won upon her confidence. She supposed, too, that he might be the son of her benefactress, and wished to treat her as a sister.

"Have you slept well, my pretty girl," and he seated himself beside her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

Jane shrank from him with real apprehension, and her fine brow contracted with anxiety.

"Don't call me so, sir; don't say any thing to turn the head of a poor girl, any more than you would have it said to a sister."

The stranger eyed her a moment with surprise, but Jane's innocent face could not well be misconstrued. "No, hang me if I will," he replied, at the same time rising, and turning the key of the door. Then observing that Jane had turned pale and trembled, he continued—"Now don't be scared, child I wouldn't harm a hair of your head. I only want to keep all out. Do you know where you are?"

"Oh, no; they have been very kind to me and have promised to befriend me."

"Yes, as the wolf befriends the lamb, or the cat the trembling mouse." He whispered something which Jane certainly didn't understand, but which convinced her she mustn't stay where she was.

"What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

"You must go with me," said the stranger after making some inquiries as to her history.

Jane looked up through her tears, and read his face for an instant. It certainly was one to be trusted. She then laid her hand in his, saying, "I will go with you, for I know you haven't the heart to wrong a desolate girl."

"No, hang me if I have. You'll make a better man of me, Jane; your innocent ways will go farther to reform me than a hundred sermons."

He took up the rich shawl, and was about to throw it over the shoulders of Jane.

"No," she replied, "that is not mine, or the handkerchief, either."

"Never mind, it's only spoiling the Egyptians."

"It wouldn't be right," said Jane, firmly, and she put on her little shawl and bonnet, and gave her hand to her protector. He opened the doors gently, and they were soon under the glare of the street lamps.

"John Liscom—schooner Nancy—Fulton wharf," said the stranger to himself. "I know him for an hen-pecked land-lubber as he is, to send you out alone in a place like this. I'll blow him up for it;" and with this amiable resolution he took a carriage with orders to drive to the wharf.

Captain Liscom had begun to marvel what had become of Jane, but his benevolent sympathies were far from being energetic, and perhaps he might have had a presentiment that she would find a place without farther trouble to himself; if so, he was doomed to disappointment.

The stranger looked sternly at the captain as he composedly smoked his cigar in the little dingy-looking cabin.

"A precious rascal you are, to send a child like this, backing and filling in this great city, in search of a place! It hadn't been for me, you'd never laid hand on her again."

Liscom tried to explain, and so did Jane, but he would not listen to a word of apology. He used a reasonable number of nautical anathemas which the reader will doubtless spare the repetition, and wound up by telling him he was "worse than a heathen, or an infidel."

He took a bill from his pocket-book, and presenting it to Jane, said, "Now, Jane, will you not give me one kiss to pay for what I have done for you?"

Jane laid her hand and the bill upon the broad palm of the sailor, while her look spoke volumes of gratitude, and maidenly dignity.

"You are right, girl, right. I would have my sister do just so;" and he drew his rough hand across his eyes; "but you must take the bill—your—"

"No, no, I shall not need it. I shall be grateful to you, sir, as long as I live, and every day, and twice a day, I shall pray for the blessing of God upon you; and if we never meet again in this world, we shall meet in Heaven."

Jane said all this with real pathos of manner, the tears springing to her fine eyes.

"If I ever get there, Jane, it will be through your prayers then, for I have been wicked enough. Hang me, you make me cry just as my poor mother used to, when she told me all about Heaven, and the judgment, and such things. She died a long time ago, and I've had nobody to pray for me since."

"I will always," said Jane, earnestly.

The stranger took a small pin in the form of an anchor from his bosom, and presented it to Jane, saying, "You must take this, Jane, and keep it for my sake; and now give me one curl from your head, Jane, and when I look upon it, I shall think of you, and think I have done one good thing in my life, and that you may be praying for me, and it may be, Jane, I shall pray for myself."

Jane did as she was desired, hardly able to see through her tears, and as the kind sailor departed, he muttered something about his eyes and the fog.

After this, Liscom went out with Jane two or three times, but they had no references, and the girl was altogether too pretty to escape suspicion. He was ready for his return voyage, and yet Jane was unprovided with a place. What could he do? He knew better than to carry her home again to his wife, besides, he could not think of giving her another passage; he had done all that duty could require, and really wished the girl off his hands one way or another; his sympathies, too, had greatly declined from the time that she refused to take the money proffered by the stranger. He could conceive of no reason why she should decline it. The schooner was now entirely ready for sea, and he told Jane she had better try once more, and if she didn't get a place "the deuce must be in it."

Jane had made applications for the situation of teacher, seamstress or domestic, but without success. The weather was growing warm, and she went from street to street making applica-

tions and receiving rebuffs, till nearly exhausted, and feeling all the time like a guilty thing, so many significant glances had been exchanged, and so many cruel observations made in the presence of the poor girl.

She wandered on till the buildings grew thin and scattered, and the bright Hudson might be seen sparkling in the sun-light. Then came the thoughts of home, and the beautiful Sebago. She wondered at her own wild project in seeking a home in the midst of strangers, but tears were useless now, and she summoned all her energy to bear the load of misery that began to press upon her heart.

She ascended the steps of a stern-looking brick house in Greenwich street. The door was opened by a vulgar-looking man, with a blear eye, a red face, and very narrow forehead. She was certain he must be a servant, and a drinking one, too. To her request that she might see the lady of the house, he answered, "Yes," gruffly, but without stirring to let her pass.

Jane glanced into the hall, and saw a stout, red-faced woman peering out, curious to know who was at the door.

"Come in," said the man, stepping back a bit, and the woman retreated into a room at the end of the hall. Jane took the same direction, and told her errand to the stout woman, looking into her face, that she might escape the stare of the man, who had followed her in.

"Where are your references?"

"I haven't any. I didn't know it would be necessary till I came to this place."

"No references! where can you have lived then?"

"Nowhere in New-York. I came from Maine."

"What is your name?"

Jane, timid and child as she was, felt they had no right to question her in this cold, heartless manner, and summoning all her resolution, she said—

"You haven't said, as yet, ma'am, that you wish to hire a girl."

"We don't want one without name or reference," said the man, who seemed to enjoy the scene vastly.

Jane spoke with real dignity; "I am a stranger in your city, with no one to explain your customs. I am sorry I have troubled you." She was moving to the door when the man planted himself before her.

"So, then, you're ashamed to tell you name, miss?"

Jane's cheek glowed with indignation. "No, sir, I am not ashamed to tell my name, but if you don't wish to employ me, I don't know what is your right to ask it."

"I'll tell you what it is, miss, this coming for a place without references, and without name, is very suspicious-looking business. I'll tell you what, we might take a common girl of the town into our house in that way."

Jane colored deeper than ever, and moved to the door. "There, miss, I've told you what—you see how it is." He laughed derisively, and left the room.

Jane glanced at the wife of such a brute, and thought she could detect a shade of compassion even upon her senseless face.

"Oh, ma'am, you will think better than that of one of your own sex, I know you will. I ought not to have come here without friends to advise me, but it is too late to repent now. My name is Jane Bryant; I should have told it, only I thought you had no right to question me, unless you wished to employ me."

"No, I am in no want of a servant, and you will hardly procure a situation here, unless you have references."

It was now nearly night; the street lamps were being lighted, and the girl felt doubly desolate as she met group after group of young girls with gay faces and merry tones, returning to cheerful homes and loving friends. She longed for a companion even in misery. She saw a child of perhaps ten years, weeping upon the steps of a house in a miserable-looking neighborhood. Jane instinctively drew towards her. The child wiped its eyes with a ragged apron, and glanced with a shy look at the young stranger; but it read sympathy and kindness in the sweet face, and a warrant for more tears; so the two girls wept together, companions in sorrow, though ignorant of the grief of each other.

"What is the matter, that you weep," asked Jane.

"My mother beat me, and put me out doors."

"Perhaps you have been a naughty child. But then you have a mother and a home! how happy you might be! Never cry when you have a home to go to. You have enough to thank God for, every day that you live. A home and a mother! Go in, child, and love and obey her, and you can't be unhappy."

The child stared at her with open mouth. "Have you been naughty, too, and saucy; and has your mother put you out?"

"Oh, no, no, child, I have no mother, no home. I couldn't weep if I had."

The child put her head in her lap and now wept for the poor forlorn stranger. "My mother beats me every day, but I won't be saucy any more. I will do what she bids me, and try to be a better girl. Do you think I should be happy then?"

"I know you will; and when you feel angry and disobedient, think of me, with no home, and no mother."

Jane had walked some distance down the street, when she felt some one pull her dress from behind. She turned, and the little girl, all out of breath, was close to her.

"If you will go home with me, you shall have part of my supper, and half the straw that I sleep on; 'tis nice and clean, and my mother shall be your mother. She wouldn't beat you, I'm sure she wouldn't."

Jane couldn't speak for weeping, and she thought, "It is the poor only, that know how to feel for each other." She promised the child she would come back if she didn't find a place, and parted from her with real sorrow.

The night grew dark and windy—the shops blazed with light, and the lamps in long vistas made the streets look like fairyland. Poor Jane had no eye for either beauty or splendor. She felt chilled to the heart, and wondered if the wide world contained one other being as desolate as herself. She had gone from street to street,

till quite bewildered, and she knew not which way to turn.

She was near the Washington Parade-Ground, and heard the creek and slam of the gates, as people went in and out with busy feet, and the sound of the watchmen's staff upon the pave. The great multitude about her had a community of interest; they were appendages to the great city in which she was friendless and alone. She wished she had gone home with the kind-hearted child, who so generously proffered her little all; for she knew Captain Liscom would leave her with little scruple, and she shuddered as the thought of beggary and death—death in the midst of strangers passed like some grim spectre before her. Her limbs trembled, and she sat down upon the steps of one of the houses in Washington Place to rest just for a moment. She grew frightened at the vague indistinctness of her own thoughts and perceptions. The light upon Parade-Ground looked more magical than ever, and flashed and commingled in a thousand fantastic forms. She had fallen asleep.

George Lewis and a friend were returning from a fashionable party in earnest conversation.

"I see how it is, Lewis, you are fairly in love; and such a love! a brown-skinned country girl, with a foot like a shovel—who tells about our 'haouse,' and eats pudding and milk with a big spoon! Faugh!"

Lewis crimsoned. "How you will rattle, Frank: I have said nothing of the kind. I am going upon an angling excursion, but I do most certainly hope to see the pretty girl into the bargain."

"No doubt, no doubt; I understand it all. This Amaryllis has become the exquisite Dulcinea of your imagination; but spare your friends, George; their eyes are not adapted to your glasses. A barefooted country girl! your taste is unquestionable."

"Have done your bantering, Frank; I feel really guilty while discussing the poor girl in this way."

"Exquisite, Lewis; I have mistook: she is some renowned princess in disguise. I long for the denouement; pardon me, I mistook the elegant (he could not think of a term) for a country girl paddling in a mud-puddle."

George's eye kindled, and his cheek flushed. He certainly looked a little angry. His giddy companion laughed immoderately. "Why, you mean to fling down the gauntlet in behalf of this immaculate Rusticiana, but pardon me, I can't fight; no, excuse me."

"Frank," said Lewis, "be serious one moment, if the nature is in you. Now, I hold, that the name of a delicate woman is not to be lightly bandied in senseless jesting. No matter what may be her condition, her virtues may ennoble it. Refinement is not inherent in any one class; it may be found with the humblest maiden, with nature alone for her tutor. Truth and affection are worth more than all the blandishments of fashion."

"Quite a homily, upon my word. Your case is desperate, Lewis. But seriously, this business is like to affect you more than you are aware. You respect the girl—love her even, but you

cannot have thought of making her your wife—you can't be so mad. A girl with no connexions to sit side by side with your proud mother, George. She would disown you, and all the exclusives in Broadway or elsewhere, would turn up the nose at the poor girl, and depend upon it, you'd find it a bad job every way. I shudder to think of the thing."

It was George's turn to laugh. "Really, Frank, you have drawn a most dolorous picture. But no fears; I am not yet prepared to make so desperate a plunge, though I confess to have thought of the thing. But on one point I am decided, that is never to marry one of these automations of fashion. My wife must have a soul; she must live for me, and I for her, and not for a host of fools that have been stretched upon the Procrustean bedstead of fashion."

They had just turned into Washington Place, when they were arrested by the harsh voice of a watchman.

"Come Dovey, off to the watch-house; you'll be taking a cold here."

A young female attempted to rush by them, but the watch had her fast.

"No flurrying, dear, 'twont do no good, so be quiet; we're used to sich birds."

"Oh, sir, where do you mean to carry me?" she cried, with clasped hands. The light fell upon her face and revealed that of Jane Bryant.

"Jane, Jane, can it be you," exclaimed Lewis, flinging off the watch. She held out both hands, and nearly fell upon the pavement. It must be remembered that she was not only suffering from mental excitement, but was also faint for want of food.

A carriage was procured, and to the inquiry of Frank where he intended to carry her, Lewis replied, "To my mother's."

"Oh, no, no, she will spurn me from her door; let me go any where, George, into any hovel just to die. I feel that I shall die, and I would not trouble any one. Oh, what a foolish girl I have been! But I have no friend in the world but you, George."

Lewis pressed the weeping girl to his bosom, and even Frank was affected.

Mrs. Lewis was alone, engaged in a book of devotion, when the door opened and her son entered with Jane. A single glance told the poor girl she had been in that very room before, and the impulse of her own impassioned heart prompted the very best thing she could have done. She threw herself at the feet of the lady with pale cheek and clasped hands.

"Oh, ma'am, you once turned me from your door. I didn't know what for; indeed, I am poor and friendless, but nothing for which to blush. Let me work for you, let me die in your garret, but don't turn me out into this great, wicked city, where every one looks stern upon me."

The tears gushed from her eyes, and she fell forward at the feet of the haughty woman. Mrs. Lewis glanced sternly and reproachfully at her son as he raised Jane from the floor and laid her upon the sofa, imprinting a kiss upon her pale brow.

"George Lewis, I didn't expect this of you, much less that my own house—"

"Stop, mother, I beseech you. This child is innocent as a babe. You have heard me speak of her since my visit to Maine. Let me entreat, as you value my peace of mind, that you will treat her as a child."

"This from you, George; and to me! take a servant from the street—a—I don't know what, and treat her like a child! George Lewis, you strangely forget yourself."

"Mother, mother, these suspicions are unworthy of yourself and unjust to me, to say nothing of the wrong to that friendless girl."

The tears had been swelling from beneath the lids of Jane, and she now arose from the sofa, for a new power awoke within her, such as she had not felt before.

"What am I, that I should be the cause of discord between parent and child! Rather let me have perished in the street. I will go, lady, and the Father of the fatherless will protect me."

The proud woman moved not or spoke.

"Mother, would you, can you be so inhuman?" said George, roused to a goodly portion of his mother's own spirit. "If that girl goes, she goes not alone, and should I ever return, I return not alone."

A bitter smile played over the face of the mother. "I have seen that look before now, boy; it has small terrors for me."

"Oh, George, George, it is your mother," said Jane, in a pleading tone. "You once called me sister, and I must not, cannot be the cause of unkindness between parent and child. If I leave your house, ma'am, I have nowhere to go. I must starve or beg in the streets. I will not be burdensome; is there nothing I can do for you, that I may earn enough to return to my own home? There are many things I can do, and withal beside, ma'am, I will be more than servant to you; I will watch beside you in sickness, and might become a humble friend to cheer you in loneliness; and oh, ma'am, I shall be grateful for the slightest look of kindness."

The stern woman's lip quivered at this simple appeal, for she felt its truth, and the pathos of tone and look with which it was uttered. Perhaps, too, she might have felt how often she met "greeting where no kindness is," and longed for one sincere friend—for one who should be to her as a daughter.

George saw the effect of Jane's simple eloquence, and forebore to interrupt it.

"Be seated, child," said Mrs. Lewis. "I must hear your story, Jane, and then we will see what can be done for you."

Jane's cheek often changed from red to pale as she narrated the story of her sorrows, her sufferings, and dangers. When she told of the kind, worthy sailor, and showed the little pin in the form of an anchor, Mrs. Lewis actually shed tears, and George, through the whole, kept his face buried in his handkerchief. Her story was not without its effect. Mrs. Lewis was evidently much softened, and spoke with a degree of tenderness totally unexpected.

"Jane, if I should take you for my little friend, you wouldn't have any thing to say to the servants, except to call upon them to attend you."

"I would do just as you bid me, ma'am. I shouldn't wish to be troublesome."

Mrs. Lewis shook her head and contracted her brow. "Well, Jane, you will keep your room to-morrow, and we will see what can be done for you."

Jane shrank from this galling kind of dependence. "Let me be with you as a servant, ma'am. I shall be less dependent, and—and wound your pride less."

"No, no, Jane, I can do better for you. I must do better for you; you can be my companion and friend, I see you can; I see you can be trusted." Jane burst into tears, and George, the ever calm, quiet George, threw himself upon his mother's bosom and wept, he had become so like a boy again.

It was surprising to see how readily Jane adopted the manners of the society into which she was thrown; we mean the polish of it; for she never lost any thing of her original truth and simplicity. She had only the accomplishments of polite society to acquire, and to a mind like hers, these were but playthings. As the friend and youthful companion of Mrs. Lewis, she was welcomed every where—even by those who might have disputed her claims upon any other ground.

It did cost Mrs. Lewis many a pang of pride to observe the every-day increasing attachment of her son for the poor orphan-girl, gentle and loving as she was, and dear as she had become even to her own heart. We need not say how often Jane wept in secret over her hopeless love, nor how the native dignity and delicacy of her mind taught her to avoid every thing like sanctioning an attachment so repugnant to the feelings of her benefactress.

She was sitting alone in her room, her head bowed upon her hands, and her face bathed in tears, when Mrs. Lewis knocked and entered.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," said Jane, rising to meet her. "I was trying to go to your room, but I couldn't. I must leave you, my only friend; let me return to Maine." She spoke rapidly, as fearful she should not say it if she made a single pause.

"Why is this, Jane; are you not happy with me? Why do you wish to leave me?"

Jane felt that all must be told, and yet how tell of that which calleth the ready blood to the cheek of the maiden as often as the secret is pressed home to her heart even in solitude!

"Jane," said Mrs. Lewis, kindly, "is it George of whom you would speak? Do you love him, my child?"

"Oh, madam, when a child upon the banks of the Sebago, I might have dreamed of such a thing. I was ignorant then of the distinctions of society, of the omnipotence of wealth."

"And you have taught me, Jane, to disregard these distinctions; you have taught me the value of the affections—the wealth to be found in a sincere, gentle, and loving heart. Jane, for the two years you have been with me, you have been more than a daughter to me; be one in reality. My son loves you, Jane;" and she drew the blushing girl to her bosom.

The next summer the keeper of a little tavern, upon the Sebago, was thrown into great consternation by the arrival of a plain, elegant carriage,

and span of horses. The villagers stared with great diligence after a very elegant lady, accompanied by a gentleman, who might be seen on every fine day, angling in the clear waters of the beautiful lake. Conjecture was upon tip-toe, until one, more keen-sighted than the rest, declared it as his sober opinion, that the lady was no other than the pretty Jane Bryant, whose fate had been such a mystery; his penetration could be explained only from the circumstance of his once having been an admirer of the unfortunate girl.

Mystification was now at an end. Jane visited the old haunts of her childhood with undiminished zest, and gathered wild flowers in the very spots where she and her lover had gathered them years before; not forgetting the little brook where occurred the tragedy of the worn shoe. She had lost nothing of her early simplicity, her vivacity, and love for the beautiful in nature, with the refinements of polished life; and Jane Bryant, now Mrs. Lewis, was, by universal acclaim, pronounced by her former associates, a "perfect lady."

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE SEASONS.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

I BEHELD a youthful maiden with floating tresses, a smiling lip, and a blue, tearful eye. The streams broke from their icy fetters and flowed singing at her feet; soft emerald verdure and early flowers sprang up in her pathway, and many minstrels tuned their harps in her praise. It was Spring!—she came on a mission from Him, "who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth the rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains;" and having fulfilled his behest, with her tears and smiles she departed.

Then appeared her glorious sister, with her golden robes and flashing eye. She received the homage of all lovely things: fruit and flowers, sunshine and roses, joy and melody, were gifts brought in profusion to her altar: and I said, "oh would that Summer might remain with us always!" but while I said it she passed away.

A matron followed with wheat-crowned brow, and sober glances. The blushing fruit, and golden grain, were hers. The reaper sang amid his toil, and bound up the sheaves with gladness. Our garners were full to overflowing, and we said in our gratitude "the Lord hath done great things for us whercof we are glad." Thine, Autumn, were the still dreamy hours and the gorgeous sunsets; the pleasant rambles and sweet though melancholy reveries; the lessons of fading beauty and of sure decay. Thy presence was congenial to my spirit: I saw thee depart with regret.

Thine is an icy reign, oh Winter! sage of the silver locks! and yet thy days are not all dark and unlovely. There is beauty in thy deep blue skies and snowy robes, thy starry nights and cloudless mornings, thy glittering ice and fairy frost-work. There is health in thy bracing air, and happiness by thy cheerful firesides where contentment reigns and all is harmony and peace. There is joy for the school-boy who goes forth,

when his task is finished, to skim the frozen pond; and the merry laugh of the skater rings through the still air of thy moonlight nights, as he glides over the surface of some glassy stream. Beautiful is the work of thy frost-spirits, whose invisible and mysterious fingers weave a drapery which no art can imitate. Go out into the forest in the early morning. Behold every object, from the lofty tree to the lowly shrub robed in a bridal garment, which the clear-rising sun, with the skill of an alchemist, is turning into gold and silver, and gleaming gems. Gaze upon the crystal columns, and diamond arches, of those night-built palaces, and say if any other season can furnish so wonderful, so enchanting a scene. Then while there is health, and happiness, and beauty in winter, let us enjoy it without finding fault with the cold and storms: let us be grateful to Him who controls the changing seasons; "who giveth seed time and harvest;" "who sendeth snow like wool: who scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes."

Hartford, December 26, 1839.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE DRAMA.

MUCH as we may talk of the refinement and taste of the age, so far as theatrical entertainments are concerned, we have but little reason to boast. Comparing the stage now with what it was in its primal days, and we have indeed occasion to blush at its degeneracy. Could Æschylus, the "father of the drama," now witness the insipid and sickly performances which are frequently exhibited—to season sound sense,—I imagine he would be ashamed to acknowledge the parentage of that child whose infancy he so tenderly and assiduously nourished. When those early masters of the tragic art, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, were among the cherishers of its youth, and the guardians of its morals, it was truly the schoolmaster of virtue. It portrayed the noble qualities of the human heart, honor, fidelity, bravery, patriotism, and the like, and excited the author of commendable actions to still more glorious deeds.

Imagination can picture even now, the thronged multitudes, listening with rapture to the golden precepts as they fell from the lips of the actor, and see their bosoms swell with gratulation at the mimic triumphs of the great and good, or the fall of the cowardly and vicious. As the writings of the early dramatists breathed a noble and an exalting spirit, that class of authors was regarded, with much propriety, as the high priests of learning; and as they poured forth their sacred libations at her shrine, the people, inspired with love towards them for their divine ministrations, were ever ready to render them the highest homage. They were devoutly revered while living, and at their death the whole nation, by decree, and more, perhaps, from the natural impulse of their heart, mourned their loss. What an ennobling scene, to view a nation weeping at the decease of a public teacher! To see the brave warrior whose intrepidity he had aroused by his fiery sentiments, and the veteran hero whose bosom he had warmed in like manner—the religious enthusiast whose feelings he had purified and elevated—the aged father and the

rising youth—alike the old and the young, whose mind he had ameliorated, and filled with pure and exalting precepts—to see them all wearing the habiliments of mourning, and uttering sighs and lamentations, must have been a solemn scene, and fraught with the happiest results.

The theatre, when managed aright, and devoted to a good purpose, is—what it was originally designed to be—a blessing to mankind. The observation of Chesterfield on this point is beautiful and correct. "A well-governed stage is an ornament to society, an encourager of wit and learning, and a school of refinement." And what is the present state of the drama? It has lost its primitive virtues. It has not that manly tone by which it was characterized when the "rare Ben Johnson" and the inimitable Shakspeare of England, with a Corneille and Racine of France, a Calderon of Spain, and a Metastasio of Italy, were among the glittering orbs that irradiated its firmament. It does not wear that classical and majestic mien which was stamped upon it by Otway and Dryden, Congreve and Addison, and a host of their cotemporaries.

The dramatic writers of the present day, may be more chaste than some of those just mentioned, but they have not their stately dignity of style. Love, which is now almost universally the subject of dramas, is not so favorable to majesty and grandeur as many other topics, or else writers are not so happy in treating it. The tragedy of Cato is not the only one where beauties have been marred by its introduction. Performances of this kind are frequently marked by tameness, a want of dignity and exaltation; and they are the ones which now claim precedence on the stage. Love is a laudable, a heaven-born passion, and the writer would not be understood to say any thing disparaging to it. Its fitness as a theme for dramatic entertainments is the question.

But it is not so much the character and tendency of the tragedies and comedies which are acted these times, as their *accompaniments*, that we should shudder at. Every one knows the character of the songs, etc. which are received with such "deafening applause;" and we are all aware of the various haunts of vice and depravity which are attached to our theatres, and which serve as enticing baits to allure thousands of the loveliest youth of our country into the vortex of eternal ruin! Until these evils are done away—until a better taste for theatrical entertainments is cultivated, and the present sinks of pollution and crime are removed, the drama must remain a stigma on our national character, and we must blush with shame at the superior taste of its unchristianized fathers. J. C.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Fitchburg Sentinel.

### MONEY NOT RICHES.

"I know thee rich, what would'st thou more,  
Of all might Heaven impart?  
I know thee rich in mental lore,  
And doubly rich in wealth of heart."

"Oh, mother, dear mother!" cried Mary Cleaveland, entering the room much excited, "if we were only rich!"

"Rich, my dear!" returned Mrs. Cleaveland, quietly, "I thought we *were* very rich."

"We rich, mother! Now don't fun; for I really wish I was as rich as Virginia Mason."

And Mary looked half surprised and half fretful, either at what her mother said, or something else.

"I was not funning, to use your word, Mary, for I certainly think we *are* rich."

Mary did not speak, but she looked round on the plain floor, and the old oak chairs and table, almost with contempt.

"Are they not very comfortable, my child, and all quite clean?"

"O yes, mother, but!"

"Well, then we are rich in *cleanliness*."

Mary laughed—

"I don't call that riches."

"I do, Mary and it is a kind that I think Virginia Mason is rather poor in. And look at that geranium, that you are handling so roughly; is it not very beautiful?—and those delicate shells you uncle brought from sea; observe the grace of their forms and the perfection of their colors—and then think how beauty is lavished on every side of us, if we have but the power to perceive it. Did you ever see Virginia pause to admire a flower, an insect, or a shell?"

"Oh no, mother, why should she, when she has things so much richer?"

"I don't agree with you, Mary. Suppose you could have pearls and diamonds, gold and silver, as abundantly as if you had Aladdin's lamp; would you be willing to be so placed that you could never see the green earth and the bright flowers, and hear the music of the birds, but only behold the glitter of jewels while you live?"

"Oh no, indeed, mother; I should be very, very wretched;" and the tears started to the eyes of the little girl.

"Then you think the trees, flowers and birds would yield you the most pleasure. They are then the most valuable—and yet they cost us nothing.—They are to be found in every green grove, and by every way side, filling the air with music and perfume, and the hearts of intelligent creatures with happiness. Now Virginia has no eyes or heart for these things—and I think my own little girl is richer in that respect, for she has a taste to enjoy all the beautiful things that our Heavenly Father has made—and that is part of her riches. Virginia appears like a well disposed little Miss if she were properly instructed."

Mary put her arms about her mother's neck and whispered gently—

"I am rich too in such a mother."

Mrs. Cleaveland knew the tears were in Mary's eyes, and she kissed her tenderly, but did not speak. At this moment the babe in the cradle pulled down the muslin screen with a quick motion, and lifted up its head, his eyes bright with health, and hair curling with moisture—and George came in from the fields with his hands full of wild flowers.

The children proceeded to place them in a glass of water, while Mrs. Cleaveland instructed them as to their names and properties, and taught them to observe the minutest shade of grace and loveliness. Mary selected some of the delicate blossoms of the blue-eyed grass, to

amuse the infant with, till her mother could finish a coat she was mending for her husband. When it was done, the baby was duly caressed, to the great delight of George and Mary who were close by.

"Mary there is another kind of wealth, of which I would speak. Your father is intelligent, virtuous and affectionate—are we not rich in him?"

"You, my dears, are treasures richer than all the gold and silver jewels on earth. I feel that I am rich, very rich, while you are spared to me.—And we are rich in love for each other."

"But mother," said Mary, "when I spoke of riches, I was thinking of the beautiful dresses of Virginia Mason, and the grand party she told me she was a going to give. She is to have a satin frock, with lace and sash, on purpose to wear—and wine and cakes and nuts—and George and I are to be invited. When I wished we were rich, I was thinking I should have to stay at home, because I had no frock to wear."

Mary uttered all this with great rapidity, and with a look of great anxiety, totally different from her usual manner.

"A plain white muslin frock, Mary, is quite as pretty, and far more proper for a little girl like you, than silks and satins could possible be. I should feel, my dear that you were poor indeed, should I detect in you a passion for finery. Did you ever think, Mary why you should like to visit Virginia?"

Mary shook her head silently.

"I know," said George. "It is because she is rich and has fine things; and Mary will put up with her airs, because she has more money than we have."

Mary looked hurt.

"You are too severe, George," said Mrs. Cleaveland. "Your mind is two years older than Mary's, and you ought to think more justly."

"But, Mary, do you find yourself happier for being with Virginia?"

"Oh no indeed, mother. She talks so much of their grand company and fine dresses, and rich furniture, that it makes me feel very poor and little.—Now Jane Gould is gentle, and talks of dolls and birds and flowers—and whenever I come home from there, I always feel quite cheerful and happy."

"Then she is a better playmate. I should be sorry to see you willing to go most with a girl of vulgar taste, only because she happens to have a little more yellow dust than yourself, when you might have associates so much more agreeable."

Mr. Cleaveland now entered, and the conversation was interrupted. While partaking of their evening meal, the father observed Mary was quite silent and thoughtful.

"Well, Mary," said he, "what wise project have you in your head? Let us know; perhaps we can help you a little."

Mary blushed.

"You can, indeed, but!"

George looked mischievous, and his sister for a moment, was vexed.

"Let us know all, my daughter," said her father kindly.

"I was wanting to ask you, father, if I might have a party. Mother is quite willing."

"Certainly, then," said Mr. Cleaveland, with some surprise.

"And what shall I have for a treat?" Mary continued.

"Oh you must arrange that with your mother. She knows more about such matters than I do."—Here George laughed out-right. "Why, Mary, one would think you were arranging the affairs of an empire, you look so serious."

"Mary," said Mrs. Cleaveland, gravely, "let us defer this conversation till you feel more happy. I thought you had more strength of mind than to let the vulgar pride of Virginia affect your spirits."

"I observed, this morning, the sweet peas were trailing on the ground after the shower. You and George had better lead them over the trellis."

The children obeyed with alacrity. As Mr. Cleaveland caressed the infant, while his wife removed the tea table, he remarked, "You had better not let Mary go much with Virginia—her influence is bad upon one so pliant as Mary."

That evening, when Mary was in bed, Mrs. Cleaveland went into the room to offer up her prayers by the bedside of her daughter. As the excellent mother, in the fervency of a grateful and pious heart, enumerated the many blessings of her life, and poured out the heartfelt offering of thanks and praise, Mary listened with tears; and when her mother stooped to give her parting kiss, she whispered gently, "Mother, I am very rich, I will try to want only the true riches."

#### THE FOUR-FOLD PAYMENT.

A SIMPLE BUT TRUE SKETCH.

IN the town of N——, in the state of Connecticut, lived a poor man and his family, whose daughter was supposed to be dying with consumption. Her appetite, as is usual with the victims of that terrible disease, craved nothing but meat—and that of the choicest kind. But her parents were too necessitous to supply this constant craving. She would sit for hours on her bed and cry most piteously for a steak of beef, until her voice could be heard by all her nearest neighbors. She appeared to be literally famishing in a land of plenty, because of the inability of her parents to supply her pressing want. They had already contracted a considerable debt at the butcher's, and felt they could hardly trespass longer on his indulgence.

Next door to this family lived a blacksmith, who was then in somewhat prosperous business. He often heard the cries of the dying girl, and did what he could to relieve her.—Early one morning the butcher called at his little chamber window, and requested his aid in cutting up an ox he had just killed. The blacksmith arose from his bed, and went immediately to the slaughter-house, and rendered all the service in his power. Just before he was done, the oldest brother of the poor consumptive came to the stall, and asked if the butcher would sell his father a piece of beef steak?

"No," he replied, with characteristic bluntness, "your father already owes me a long bill, and he shan't have any more meat of me 'till that is paid."

The boy turned away towards his sick home



with a heavy heart, as he thought of his suffering sister; but he knew the butcher too well (who, though he was blunt and honest was not intentionally unkind) to suppose it would be of any use to come again for the steak his sister needed so much, until his father's account was settled; and he felt that time might never arrive.

As soon as he was gone the blacksmith spoke and claimed a fine large slice of steak for his services. The butcher at once complied, and the blacksmith helped himself accordingly. Proceeding at once to his home he laid the steak on a plate, and directed his little girl to run in with it immediately to the sick child.

"Ah!" said his well meaning wife, as she saw the whole steak pass out of the low door, "do you think our neighbor would do the same by us, if our child were as sick as theirs is?"

"I don't know, indeed," replied the blacksmith—"and what is more, I don't care; the reward I get for such a deed is enough, without stopping to ask myself if other people will do it for me."

The reader may imagine what joy was in the sick room that morning, while we change the scene to a few years after it.

Those years, as is usual, had brought many revolutions with them. The father of the sick girl had become a man of property, and the blacksmith, by a series of misfortunes, had become as poor as his neighbor ever was. And to add to his sorrows, his wife had been bed-ridden for many months, and racked with severe pains. But where now was the gratitude of the former? Had it passed away, "as the morning cloud and the early dew?" No! thanks to the hallowed influence of the Christian religion, it had not; but lived, and proved itself alive. No sooner had the blacksmith's wife been taken sick, than the room was visited by the family her husband's generous heart had relieved. Every little comfort which could be reasonably desired, in abundance and variety, was freely supplied by them in all her sickness; and thus her own question was practically answered by a *four-fold payment* for the slice of beef-steak.

#### HOW TO TREAT A CHALLENGE.

We have always admired the moral courage exhibited by an old American shipmaster once in New Orleans. Captain Norton was passing along the street, towards evening, when he saw a young and "honorable" native of the place offering insult to a beautiful and well-dressed female, who was trying to escape from him in vain. With all the gallantry of an American sailor, Capt. Norton hastened to her rescue, regardless of the consequences to himself. The youth was indignant that any one should interfere in his amusements, and did not confine his demonstrations to words. He made a blow at Capt. Norton, who caught it on his left arm, and returned it by a facer which laid him prostrate on the pavement.

The young man was connected with some rich and respectable families in the place, and as was to be expected from a man of honor and spirit, he resented such uncereemonious treatment, and after ascertaining the name and address of

the champion of the insulted fair one, he sneaked off, declaring with a disgusting oath that he would have satisfaction.

Accordingly the worthy shipmaster was waited on the next day by a gentleman who brought a hostile message, couched in the most lady-like and affectionate terms, requesting an early meeting. Captain Norton ascertained where the young gentleman, who was so eager to take his life, was at that time waiting an answer to his message, when he expressed an intention to have an interview with him immediately. With him to execute and to resolve were synonymous terms—and he forthwith proceeded to a noted coffee house, where he found the man whom he had felled to the ground the evening before, pacing the coffee room with hasty steps. He immediately addressed him—

"You have sent me a challenge to fight a duel—which I peremptorily refused to accept. I have no idea of exposing my own life to attacks from any rash and hair-brained youth, who may be willing to expose his own to an equal risk. In the first place I am not so disgusted with the world, as to wish to quit it at the present time. In the next place, I live more for others than myself—and my death would carry sorrow and desolation into a large and happy family. Besides this, I wish you distinctly to understand that to lift my hand against my fellow man in a duel would be contrary to the moral and religious principles, by which I profess to guide the actions of my life. You acted last evening in a manner unworthy of a man of honor, and I gave you a lesson I hope you will long remember—and so far from regretting what I have done, I should doubtless repeat the offence, if the same provocation were again offered. I dare not fight a duel—but I am always prepared to defend myself against the attacks of bullies and assassins."

The sturdy seamen went his way in peace. He was a man of *true courage*—a quality which is never witnessed in a duellist.—*Boston Mer. Journal.*

#### DEATH PREFERRED TO DISHONOR

DURING the Irish reign of terror in 1798, a circumstance occurred, which, in the days of Sparta, would have immortalized the heroine; it is almost unknown—no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into the principles that influenced her; suffice it that in common with most of her stamp, she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law to death; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution, and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt in the agony of her soul and clasped his knees, while her eyes, with the glare of a maniac, fell on the child beside him. The judge was inexorable, the transgressor must die.—But, taking advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with which he was connected.—The son wavered; the mother rose from her position of humiliation, and exclaimed—"My child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall fall upon you, and the milk of

her bosom shall be poisoned in your veins." He was executed; the pride of her soul enabled her to behold his death without a tear; she returned to her home—the support of her declining years had fallen; the tie that bound her to life had given way, and the opening of the day that saw her lonely and childless, left her at rest forever. Her heart had broken in the struggle.—*MacKenzie's Gazette.*

#### MARCH OF UMBRELLAS.

WHEN umbrellas marched first into this quarter (Blairgowrie,) they were sported only by the minister and the laird, and were looked upon by the common class of people as a perfect phenomenon. One day, Daniel M——n went to pay his rent to Colonel M'Pherson, at Blairgowrie House: when about to return, it came on a shower, and the colonel politely offered him the loan of an umbrella, which was politely and proudly accepted of; and Daniel, with his head two or three inches higher than usual, marched off. Not long after he had left, however, to the colonel's surprise, he again sees Daniel posting towards him with all possible haste, still o'ertopped by his *cotton canopy*, (silk umbrellas were out of the question, in those days) which he held out, saluting him with—"Hae, hae, Cornel! this'll never do; there's no door in a' my house that'll tak' it in: my verra barn-door winna tak' it in!" —*Glasgow Constitutional.*

**JEALOUSY.**—It is with jealousy as with the gout. When such distempers are in the blood, there is never any security against their breaking out, and that often on the slightest occasions, and when least expected.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

L. H. F. Knowlesville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fletcher, Vt. \$1.00; J. H. York, N. Y. \$1.00; P. A. A. Whiting, Vt. \$1.00; J. G. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.00; C. G. Gaylord's Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; E. C. F. Canaan Center, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Walden, Vt. \$1.00.

#### MARRIED,

At Greenport, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. George Fisher, Mr. Seth Hollenbeck to Miss Eliza Hollenbeck.

At Claverack, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. R. Sluyter, Mr. Henry H. Foucher to Miss Malinda Corner, both of that place.

In Chatham, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Baldwin, Mr. Hosea B. Pratt to Miss Lydia White, all of that place.

At Canaan, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. Charles Church to Miss Mary A. Chadwick, both of Great Barrington, Mass.

At Ghent, on Saturday the 14th ult. by the Rev. A. Scovel, Rev. Nicholas Van Alstyne, of Fort Plain, Montgomery Co. to Miss Louisa Van Alstyne, of the former place.

At Livingston, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Van Wageningen, C. H. Carpenter, of New-York, to Miss Lavinia, daughter of Henry Baker, Esq. merchant of the former place.

#### DIED,

In this city, on Saturday the 28th ult. Margaret E. M. Lovell, daughter of the late Joseph Lovell, Surgeon General U. S. A. aged 3 years and 4 months.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Joseph Strong, in his 56th year.

On the 29th ult. Hamilton, son of Mr. William Moor, aged 1 year, 6 months, and 20 days.

In Canaan, on the 1st ult. after a severe and protracted illness, Roger Jones, Esq. in the 73d year of his age.

At New-Lebanon, on Wednesday the 25th ult. Henrietta, youngest daughter of Eliza Tilden, Esq. in the 19th year of her age.

At Stockport, on the 23d ult. Mrs. Louisa, wife of Isaac McCagg, Esq. in the 43d year of her age.

In New-York, on the 19th ult. Mr. Truman Martin, late of this city, in the 51st year of his age.

In New-York, on the 17th ult. after a short illness, Campbell Bushnell, Esq. late of this city, in the 46th year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year has dawned  
With Winter's smile,  
And many rising hopes  
The hours beguile.

But hopes that are bright, that are fondly cherished  
In the heart, when pleasure pervades,  
In an hour or a moment, have frequently perished,  
And passed with the twilight shades.

The son of Mirth has hailed  
This rising day,  
And dreams of joy have chased  
Dull care away.

For Winter, though dressed in his mantle of white,  
And crowned with his garland of gray,  
Has charms which afford him a transient delight,  
As its moments fast hasten away.

The child of Nature mourns  
His shady bowers,  
Where zephyrs fanned his brow  
In summer hours.

But Oh! may heaven spare him till Winter is o'er,  
For a beautiful Spring-time will bloom;  
And the rich teeming earth the deep green shall  
restore,  
Which has slept in its icy bound tomb.

The Poet's heart may glow  
With holy fire,  
If heaven's cheering light  
His pen inspire.—

Though *his* year must begin with the dawning of May,  
When the tempests are over and gone;  
When the lovely young blossoms their colors display,  
And the trees put their bright clothing on.

Though seasons come and go,  
And every year  
Brings ever varying scenes—  
A smile—a tear;

Yet the Moralist, while all his pleasures depart,  
And his Summer is fading and brief,  
Finds a theme for his pen, and a joy for his heart,  
Though oft 'tis the joy of grief.

Old age with furrowed brow,  
And temples hoar,  
Recalls his youthful sports  
In days of yore;

And the visions of memory his transports renew,  
And his heart is divested of fear,  
While his loves and his friendships rise fresh to his  
view,

As he hails the first dawn of the year.

While standing on the tomb  
Of days gone by,  
We turn to pleasures past  
And heave a sigh.

For wide is the ruin death's sorrow has made,  
And extensive the empire of wo;  
For the loved, and the cherished in darkness are laid,  
And the strong arm is withered and low.

Why weep we for the dead  
If heaven's love  
Have called their spirits home,  
To rest above?

The tie of affection, so dear to the heart,  
When rudely divided in twain,  
Leaves a wound undefined—an incurable smart,  
Where the traces of friendship remain.

Why mourn we for the last  
Departed year,  
Which lent our wonted share  
Of hope and fear?

If the present be happy, our praise must ascend  
To the Power, who alone can supply  
A new year in the skies that never will end,  
And rapture's that never can die.

If death's unerring dart  
Should aim the blow,  
Before this year has sped,  
And lay us low;

May we gain the blest mansions of glory and love—  
That place where the weary repose;  
And join with the seraph the chorus above,  
Which millions of years cannot close. S. B.  
January 1, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

## MY DESTINY.

LIVES one on earth of bosom warm,  
Whose wishes never stray  
Beyond life's present sun or storm—  
Th' illusions of to-day?

Lives there a child whose melting eye  
Roves over nature free,  
Whose glowing bosom heaves no sigh  
O'er what his lot may be?

How oft I've thought were I thus blest,  
Could I be such a child,  
I'd bid my thought-tossed spirit rest  
Its aspirations wild.

I'd seek the laughing world's caress,  
To beauty bend the knee,  
And all forget in dreams of bliss  
My destiny—my destiny.

But treasured thoughts of life's young morn,  
Revolving unborn years,  
Are on my heart's fresh tablet borne—  
Are written there with tears.

I've marked a cloud at day's decline  
In joyous sunshine fly,  
And fancy said its fate was mine—  
It fled the low'ring sky.

I've watched the first spring violet rise  
In beauty on the heath,  
And when it sank 'neath frosty skies  
It whispered me of death.

Even now o'er youth's lone grave I hear  
Sad Autumn's revelry,  
As wild winds sighing whisper near,  
My destiny—my destiny!

Anon, my little azure cloud  
Again appeared in view,  
Emerging from night's sable shroud  
In combination new.

Returning spring my violet brought  
To greet my raptured eye  
And breezes soft, with fragrance fraught  
Betokened summer nigh.

Chill Autumn's blasts were heard no more,  
I sighed not for my flower,  
For wintry storms had ceased to roar—  
I knelt and blest the hour.

And then I wept not at the tomb  
Should thus insatiate be—  
Undying day succeeds death's gloom—  
My destiny—my destiny! ALGERNON.

Brookfield, December, 1839.

From the Ladies' Companion.

## THE OLD DISPUTE OF THE KATYDIDS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Now, Katydid, I know it all,  
That long dispute I've heard;  
I listened 'neath the old peach tree,  
And heard it, every word.

Ye sat, a noisy little group,  
And told it all with zest—  
Some "Katy didn't" stoutly cried,  
And "Katy did," the rest.

The little prudes! I heard them tell  
The story o'er and o'er;  
And they, no doubt, have done the same  
A million times before:—

How Katy went adown the lane  
With one I must not name;  
And how he kissed her cheeks and lips—  
Now, pray, was Kate to blame?

I'm sure that I have always thought  
A kiss a harmless thing;  
So prompt upon the maiden's cheek  
The ready blush to bring.

Now, is it thought so very bad  
Where Katy's home was hid?  
And don't they talk with lovers there,  
Alone, as Katy did?

He kissed her cheek, and Katy smiled;  
Her blushes went and came;  
He kissed her lips, and Katy kissed—  
Now, pray, was Kate to blame?

But up there sprang a naughty elf,  
A jealous little sprite,  
Who came to watch poor Katy there,  
Beneath the starry night.

Away he ran with wicked speed,  
And, "Katy did," he cried—  
And "Katy didn't," loudly called  
The lover by his side.

Away they went, a train pursued,  
Unknowing what it meant,  
And "Katy didn't"—"Katy did,"  
Upon the air they sent.

And thus, for ages, they have been  
Disputing all the time,  
About that kiss poor Katy gave—  
Sure, was it such a crime?

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NUMBER 16.

## SELECTED TALES.

From the Baltimore Monument.

### EVIL MAY DAY.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

#### CHAPTER I.

For many months preceding the evening on which our tale commences, there had existed a growing animosity between the citizens and apprentices of London and the alien merchants, who had settled there for the purpose of facilitating their operations in commerce and the sale of their wares; for so great had been the industry of the foreigners, or so indolent the Londoners, that two-thirds of the vessels sailing out of their port were owned by these enterprising emigrants. Being protected by the government, and possessed of immense wealth, they daily extended their power and influence, until at length it became obvious that in a few years the manufactures of the native citizens would be entirely lost sight of in the increased demand for the superior commodities of the aliens. Cool, hardy, and industrious, having no other object in view than the amassing of wealth, taking no part in the politics of the country in which they considered themselves but temporary residents; slow of speech, yet shrewd in all matters relating to trade, they continued plodding onward with that silent assiduity which is the surest method of eventually securing a competence. Their pack-horses were known and recognized on every road, and in every village and hamlet in the kingdom, while at the annual fairs a bystander would have observed that the most costly articles exposed for sale were the property of these men.

Not content with the mere inducement of their wares to secure the attendance of the country people around, with a sagacious policy they hired jongleurs, merry Andrews, mimics and morris dancers, in order that their efforts might lure many to the appointed meeting, who, had it not been for these attractions, would have remained content at home.

The native merchants looked upon the success of the foreigners with a jealous eye, but in no one place was there greater disaffection manifested than in the good city of London, and against none of the aliens was their displeasure more pointed than against the merchants of the Hans Towns; for these men, by their industry and frugality, together with a business tact peculiar to themselves, had drawn the entire trade in woollens from out of the hands of the Londoners, and secured it exclusively among themselves.

It was in the year of our Lord, 1514, that the long smothered dissatisfaction of the citizens broke out into open murmurs, and from the tone adopted, it was evident that these were but the

prelude to acts of a more violent and lawless character.

For some nights previous to the first of May, in the year above mentioned, groups of citizens and apprentices might have been seen standing at the corners of the various streets, or by the door of some well-known Hostel, discussing in all the bitterness of personal animosity the stagnation of their trade from the protection given by government to interloping foreigners; but upon the thirtieth of April or May eve as it was termed, the streets appeared to be almost utterly deserted, and it is on this evening that our tale commences.

It was about the usual time of retiring, say nine o'clock, probably nearer the tenth hour, that a single passenger might have been seen crossing from the street of Saint Martins le Grand, into one of the narrow streets by the church of Saint Paul; he was enveloped in a dark cloak, not unlike those worn by horsemen of modern times, and so completely was his person concealed within its folds, that it was evident they had been thus carefully arranged with a view to avoid recognition.

Scarcely giving a passing glance to the huge signs that creaked over his head, indicative of the trade, mystery, or profession of the occupants of the houses before which they swung, the stranger proceeded cautiously onward, picking his way over the broken side walk for the purpose of escaping the puddles of water that still remained from the rain which had fallen during the day. Crossing Walbrook, he turned to the right, and continued on his course about the distance of two bow shots, when he suddenly halted; facing him was a large antiquated building of a mean dilapidated appearance, yet, which from the abundance of carved work about it, had probably once been the residence of a nobleman, but now was converted into a hostel, as the huge lumbering sign, and rude painting indicated. The stranger tapped softly at the heavy door, there was a rattling of chains heard from within, a harsh grating of the rusty hinges succeeded, and at the next instant mine host of the "Red Rose" thrust his broadly illuminated face from between the aperture.

"Good master Kepler," said he of the hostel, "hast thou tarried long without? for mine ears have lost the quick sense of their youthful days, and I marvel not should'st thou have awaited, though sooth to say an' it had been a flaunting ruffler at the door rather than the staid presence of the chief of the Hans merchants, by Mary mother! I trow I had been called by other name than that of Gabriel Crisp."

"Hush, good Gabriel," said the merchant, with a silent gesture, as they proceeded along the noble though somewhat ruinous hall, and

ascended the broad staircase; "Hush, good Gabriel, knowest thou not I tread on dangerous ground: be silent, I pray, well art thou aware that if my name were breathed to the citizens and apprentices at present assembled within thy hostel, by the Rood! I should be a butt for a score of arrows ere thou could'st raise a quarter staff."

"Now, by my troth, but thou speakest holy truth," replied the host, "an' the gallants knew of thy presence, my poor life, I warrant me, were not worth an Edward shovel-board, for the apprentices are hot-blooded youths, few of whom can boast of the cooling virtue of a beard; there is much prudence comes with the growth of a beard good sir, believe me."

"Would to heaven then," muttered the merchant, in an under tone, "that the citizens would make a better use of it, and forbear molesting quiet-men in the exercise of their vocations—but they are wasps all—hovering around and doing battle for the honey of our hives. Tell me, mine host, have those men yet proceeded to the business which has called them in secret conclave."

"Sir merchant," replied Gabriel, "if thou knowest aught of the young springals thou wilt avouch me when I say, that the turning of an hour glass will scarce suffice to calm their fiery spirits so as to permit them to enter upon matters of such grave import."

"Grave import," echoed the merchant, "thy words are ominous, old man, but tush! this is idle to be startled by a sound; conduct me to them, I would hear their resolutions."

Gabriel turned pale—"Under favor, good master," he exclaimed, "it seemeth to me to savor strongly of wrongheadedness, this resolution of thine; thou surely wilt not venture into this hornet's nest."

"I will."

"Sir merchant!" said the agitated host, "I have heard that gray hairs bring with them wisdom, but an' thou goest on this errand, I shall have no more faith in the saying; there have been threats breathed against thee and thine ere now, and that too by men who boast not idly, what would'st thou among them?"

"Learn their purposes, and defeat them, if I may."

"I will bring thee tidings, go not thou."

"I am resolved."

"Now, Mary mother, thou art more rash than a drunken wassailer! An' thou ventur'st there, thou deservest the cap and bells of the city jester, think of thy daughter, good sir merchant; I would not wager a cap of burnt sack against the crown of the seventh Harry (whom heaven assoilize) that she will not be an orphan should they discover thee."

"I thank thee for thy fears," replied the merchant, in a softened tone, and grasping the hand of Gabriel—"but it is for her sake I manifest this anxiety; she is the cherished idol of my soul, and to see her snatched from me by the rude hands of ruffian apprentices, or their no less rude masters, would take away the prop against which my heart has leaned, and break it in the fall."

"Well! well!" said Gabriel, betrayed into a greater expression of feeling than was his wont, by the simple pathos of the old man, "Well! well! thou shalt join them; there is one brave gallant will succor thee in extremity for thy daughter's sake, and for thine own; he loves thee much, though thou hast ere now treated him discourteously."

"Elton Cloudesley?"

"The same—and as noble a youth, I trow, as ever drew a cloth yard shaft, or played the game of quintain."

"If it be as thou sayest—"

"If it be! I tell thee, sir merchant, a worthier head never filled an apprentice's cap, and a better heart never leaped to the light of bright eyes;—thou wilt love him yet, mark me! but touching thy entrance, thou must doff thy cloak and velvet doublet, and cap, and array thee in broad cloth like one of them, though sooth to say, thy burly figure will but ill bear thee out amid their lenter persons;—that will do; now follow me, and whatever thou hearest be silent, on thy life."

The object of the visit of the Hans merchant was, as the reader has probably already perceived, with a view of ascertaining the intentions of the assembled citizens, and preparing his measures accordingly.

The room into which he was ushered by the host was crowded to excess with the disaffected, which was so far fortunate for himself that it rendered his entrance easy and unsuspected; there was much noise and confusion in the apartment at the time, for the feelings which had prompted the meeting had not sufficiently subsided to allow of their reasoning dispassionately—the apprentices and their masters jostled together with a freedom and equality which later times know not, for in those days the name of an apprentice was honorable.

Eventually some degree of order was restored, and a thin, pale-faced man addressed them at some length, inveighing bitterly against the conduct of the government in permitting foreigners to reside among them; then changing his theme, he denounced the foreigners themselves, "as wolves preying upon their sheep folds, or as locusts devouring their substance;" and concluded his philippic by recommending, "that the apprentices meet on the morrow at St. Paul's cross, thence to proceed to Saint Martins le Grand with the stern determination to root out the foreigners and destroy their warcs."

During the acclamations under which he resumed his seat, the assembly were startled by a bold sonorous voice, rising above the applause, and exclaiming—"Shame! shame!"

In an instant all was uproar; the citizens and apprentices sprang to their feet, and grasping their staves, rushed towards the speaker; while those who stood near, recognizing in him the chief of the Hans merchants, cried out—"A spy! a

spy! 'tis Ernest Kepler—down with him!"—mingled with fierce threats and denunciations.

"Kill him! kill him!" exclaimed many of the citizens, and several arms were raised with the intent, when a young man dashed through the crowd, and striking up the weapons, threw himself before the intruder.

"Back, back, on your lives!"—he shouted—not a hair of his head shall be touched, or woe betide him that doth it.—What shall a single man be done to death by a multitude? for shame! Lower your weapons men, or by St. Bride, my quarter staff shall become better acquainted with the quality of your heads than will be pleasant to yourselves or courteous in me. Apsley, Jekyl, Oakley, an' ye love me stir not, or I may be tempted to do that which would mar your May games on the morrow."

"Come away, Elton Cloudesley, art thou mad?" exclaimed they, "is he not a spy, a pitiful spy? and would'st thou shield him?"

"Not a step budge I," replied Cloudesley, "save with assurance of safe conduct to this worthy man; you all know me, and I trow are aware I am not a feather to be turned from my course by every wind that blows;—I have ran with ye, fought with ye, shot with ye, played with ye, yet, much as I love the good fellowship between us, by St. Bride, an' ye brave me now, we are foes henceforth and forever! Is he safe?"

"Aye, aye! let him go! but his day of reckoning may yet be nearer than he deemeth."

"Yonder is thy house, sir merchant," said the young man, "and if thou would'st be safe from the coming storm, I pray thee seek some other asylum, or, (and the apprentice's voice faltered,) if thou art determined to resist the aggressions of the mad multitude, I implore thee send thy daughter from thee. A woman's nature is but ill-fitted to bear up against the rude assaults and uncurbed violence of an excited people."

"Elton Cloudesley," replied the merchant, "thou has borne thyself this evening as an honest man should; thou hast returned good for evil, seeing that I discountenanced thy visits to my house, despite my daughter's wishes, and by consequence expected but little favor at thy hands—now listen—while Ernest Kepler has a shelter for his own head, henceforth thou art welcome, and his daughter—"

"Speak not of her, good sir, 'till danger is past, for the present she must be bestowed in a safer home; the time is now coming when I will win her nobly."

"How?"

"By making my actions deserving of her and thee! farewell."

The merchant gazed after the youth until he disappeared, and then slowly and mournfully proceeded to his own home.

#### CHAPTER II.

"The May morning rises as clear as it is wont, my daughter," said Ernest Kepler, to a beautiful girl, over whose fine features a shadow of anxiety was thrown, that added a more than common interest to her appearance. She was one of those light airy beings, such as we rarely behold, but often dream of, and who, when seen, take hold of the heart strings with so sudden yet tenacious

a grasp, that all the philosophy of after years will not prevent a quicker pulse whenever that sweet face is reflected from the mirrored depths of memory. Her hair hung in glossy, golden ringlets over as fair a brow as ever was chiseled by a Grecian sculptor—her eyebrows were beautifully arched—her eyes of the deepest, darkest blue, and the shine—the flickering radiance occasioned there by passing emotions, was like the sunbeams dancing over agitated waters—her nose was aquiline, and her lips full and pouting; but the free play and expression of those lips, and the accompanying smile, like the dream of an old melody, could be felt, but never expressed—and to these a finely rounded figure, rather above the middle height, and, unlike most of her country-woman, small and delicately moulded feet, and our heroine is presented to the reader.

"The May morning rises as clear as it is wont, my child, but the sun will yet set upon a scene of violence; therefore don thy hood and kirtle, and hie thee with thy serving woman to White Friars; our kinsman is prepared to receive thee—peradventure I will join thee ere long, at present I must await the removal of my warcs."

"Father," replied the maiden, "If thou tarriest, I will abide with thee—the men of blood dare not harm a woman, and perhaps my presence may protect thee."

"They are rude knaves, Alice, and care not a stiver for a brow of beauty. I had rather in this fray the arm of young Cloudesley were by my side, than thou before me as a shield—nay, blush not, my girl, we are friends now, and may yet be knit in bond still closer—Hark! what sound is that?—Away! away, my child! the tempest has begun!"

There were shoutings heard in the street, and a domestic rushed into the apartment—

"They come, good master, now heaven protect us!"

"Thou pale-faced knave!" exclaimed the merchant, "away to thy fellows, bid them array themselves with bow and harquebuss, and take their stand at the windows; and, dost hear? bid them bear themselves stoutly, and fire upon the first man that advances."

"Father! father!" exclaimed Alice, "no blood, no blood, I implore thee."

"Out upon thee, girl, shall I not defend mine own? retire to thy chamber, this is work for men, not such as thee; nay, dry thy tears, Alice, I meant not harshly; thy old father is vexed and nettled—kiss me, sweet one!—now then, farewell—for they approach."

Confused and tumultuously came the apprentices and citizens before the houses of their proposed victims; they were variously armed—some bore the thick staff called the apprentice's club, others the well tried and unerring bow—a few harquebusses, at that time prohibited by law, were among the crowd; the remainder of the arms were composed of billets, scythes, pikes, and such other instruments of mischief as could be the most readily obtained—thus they approached, shouting "Apprentices! apprentices! clubs! clubs! down with the foreigners! vengeance! vengeance! no Hans merchants!" until they halted with something like order before the warehouse of Ernest Kepler, while the shouts

of those behind reminded them that their fellows had already commenced the work of destruction on the others; the windows of the merchant's house were barricaded and loop holes formed, through which several *harquebusses* were pointed upon the crowd; expecting no resistance, the multitude recoiled for an instant, while the merchant, taking advantage of the pause, threw open a window and addressed them:—

"What seek ye, my friends, that you come in such a hostile guise—there are no murderers or traitors among us—but honest men, who meddle not with others and live by the exercise of their own calling."

"'Tis Ernest Kepler," they cried, "down with him, down with the chief of the Hans merchants!" and several rushed to the door, for the purpose of battering it, when Elton Cloudeley, supported by a few of his friends, sprang forward and stood before it.

Throwing his foot firmly forward he raised his bow, affixed the arrow and drew it up to the barb, as he said—

"By the holy rood! the first man that moves towards this house with evil thought, shall die the death—shame on ye!—for your movements this day are unblessed.—Jekyl!—Oakley, ye are my friends—there lies my cap!" and he threw it several paces before him—"the first man that steppeth over it shoot him, though he die unshrived—the laws they have insulted will bear you out—keep strict guard here, while I prepare the escape of those within."

Scarcely had he entered the house, before there arose a shout from a second party who had forced the rear and succeeded in making their way to the apartment of the merchant, and had struck him down, when Elton rushed in and stood over the prostrate body.

"Down to thy native hell!" exclaimed he, felling the foremost of the party, "what ho! Oakley! Jekyl! conduct this worthy man to the wharf at Black Friars—a boat awaits—show the boatman my tablets, he will respect them."

At this instant they heard much continued shouting, and a dense smoke suddenly filled the apartment.

"By Mary mother!" exclaimed he, "they have fired the house—away, away, ere it be too late!"

"My daughter," faintly ejaculated the merchant, "give me my daughter!"

"Is she not safe?"

"She is in the chamber above—she would not be removed—oh, save her, or leave me to my fate."

The apprentice shouted wildly and smote his clenched hand upon his brow in unutterable agony.

"Now heaven have mercy on her soul, for she is lost! see, the flames have caught the stairs, the old wooden building burns like so much paper; hie thee to the boat, Jekyl, with the merchant, I will save Alice, or perish with her."

So saying, he rushed through the licking flames: the stairs were burning beneath him, and the oak partitions on either side were blazing furiously; it caught his woollen garments, but he heeded not, he was half suffocated from the smoke and intolerable heat, yet still he pressed onward; he called upon Alice, but no sound

greeted him, save the crackling of the wood around—at length his eye caught the impression of a light garment—he sprang forward—it was Alice—she had fainted—folding her in his arms, he threw a woollen cloak round her and prepared to descend—the stairs had fallen! he rushed back, and for a moment gave himself up to despair—it was but for a moment—he threw open a window—grasped his lifeless burthen with the tenacity of a death grasp, and gained a footing on a projecting ledge without; he could distinctly hear the shrieks from the crowd below, and the fearful speculations of others as to his probable escape, for had his brain reeled or his grasp relaxed, they must have inevitably been dashed to atoms; that shriek and those horrible speculations recalled him; he twice or thrice made the attempt to throw himself and his charge upon the roof of the adjoining house, but failed; again he essayed, and by a strong muscular effort succeeded amid the acclamations of the multitude, who had anxiously and painfully watched his struggle.

Why need we proceed to recount the delirious joy of the merchant on the restoration of his child? Why need we say how Cloudeley was caressed and blessed? Why tell how, in a few months, he recovered from the fever occasioned by over exertion and anxiety of mind, and became the happy husband of the loveliest wife and wealthiest heiress in all Britain. Let the reader imagine these things, for they are true.

As for the result of the insurrection, is it not written in the chronicles of those times, how the apprentices were incarcerated and condemned to die, but were at length pardoned, after much intercession, on their appearing bare-headed and with halters around their necks before the King, in the Hall of Westminster? Verily, it is so written! and the event we have recorded was ever after impressed upon the memory of the citizens by the name of "Evil May Day."

Baltimore, Md.

#### WHO'S THE LADY?

ALL was bustle and confusion among the *fashionables* of a quiet little town in one of the western tiers of counties of our State, on the day preceding the evening for a select ball. The ladies became great pedestrians, and were on foot for hours together, whilst husbands and fathers where at home waiting in awful suspense for their return with the shop-keeper's bill. The shop-keepers were more polite than usual, inasmuch as gauze, lace and ribbons, were the only articles in demand, and were bought without the irritating query, "can't you take less?" and not a milliner could complain at night of a want of custom and a full purse. Evening advanced, and the bustle increased. Beaux just from the band box might be seen with a glove in one hand and courage in the other, tapping at the door of the wealthy, and tipping and bowing as if made of vibratory material with as much cash in their pockets as brains in their noddles, and more brass in their face than either.

One of these mushroom gentry, who had the faculty of talking nonsense, had captivated the charming *Mohitable* *Clarissa Adelia Bacon*, third daughter of the wealthy *Capt. Jacobus Bacon*, of the invincible volunteer company of heroes, vul-

garly called "barefoot," who, with remarkable valor, during the late war, effected a bloodless (not a *mudless*) retreat through a swamp, two miles wide, with the enemy in expectation at their heels. At the appointed hour and according to promise, this sprig of the *beau monde* alluded to, pulled the bell at the door of the redoubtable Captain, which was answered by the female servant, who among the rest was preparing for the ball, and in her "best bib and tucker," made a polite bow and invited the young coxcomb in. Twilight deceived his already defective vision, (defective, for it is sometimes said that love, like wine, makes men see double, especially if they run against a lamp post,) and he mistook the servant for his *Mohitable*. Doffing his hat and describing with his body all the figures of Euclid, such as circles, squares, and triangles, he at last completed his bow *a la mode* and lisped the fact that he had "the onnew of being in redineth to ethcoort her to the Athemibly room."

"I am engaged, sir," said the kitchen belle.

"Engaged!" exclaimed the youth, chop-fallen, "Miss Bacon engaged?"

"Oh! it's Miss Bacon you wish to see, then," replied the girl.

"Whoy yeth—I am mithtaken—fauth—the devil!—bowing and talking to a thervant girl!—wherth your mithtress!"

"Walk into the parlor, sir," answered the insulted girl; "I will call her."

Reader wouldst thou know who this servant girl might be, of whom we have been chatting? Well, listen and I'll tell thee. Didst ever hear of William K——, once a very wealthy shipping merchant of New-York, who through multiplied losses, was exiled from the dominion of wealth, and consequently of fashion, and for many years dwelt obscurely in a country village, with the only remnant of a once large family, a charming daughter?

This was the very child. At the age of ten she became an orphan, but not friendless. The gentlemanly character of her father, even in poverty, had won the esteem of all, and this last survivor of his accumulated misfortunes found a home and a friend with a wealthy country gentleman. She grew up to womanhood, beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by all the family as a sister and a child. But death claimed her adopted mother as his, and her prospects changed. The woman who supplied her place a few months afterward, was her antipodes, and *Amanda K——* stepped forth into the wide world, dependant upon physical strength alone for subsistence. But the good wishes of her adopted family went with her, and a situation in the family of *Capt. Bacon* was secured to her, at which place the reader will recollect he or she found her. But I will resume my story.

At an early hour the ball room was filled with a truly brilliant assemblage. There were red cheeks in profusion, some painted by nature and others by art. Bright eyes in abundance, some sparkling with intelligence, others with joyous excitement, and among the rougher sex, many with wine. Mirth and hilarity bore regal sway, until a discovery was made—a discovery considered, by that assembly, of equal importance to Herschel's lunar observations. The dance was



suspended, notwithstanding Sambo still sawed his cat-gut, and a whisper ran through the crowd. The purse-proud, vinegar-faced Mrs. Z——, had the honor of making the discovery—a discovery in which was involved the reputation of all present. It was nothing less than the lamentable fact, that Amanda K——, the servant girl of Capt. Bacon, had impertinently intruded herself into the company of her betters, and actually danced two cotillions with them before the degrading truth was known.

"Did you ever see such impertinence?" says one.

"What a brazen thing!" said another.

"Why, see how she's dressed!" said a third.

"Such a character!" whispered a fourth:—"they say—but never mind now."

"A pot-slew in our company—the wench!" chimed in Mrs. Z——, with that *elegance* of expression which characterized her, and turning up her nose advised the ladies to leave the room and no longer be insulted with her presence.—This advice was assented to by the intelligent company, and the poor, but infinitely superior girl, was left alone—abashed, confused, and almost overcome with emotion. He who invited her thither was the son of her adopted father, who united intelligence, a graceful and gentlemanly deportment, and the command of extensive possessions in one of the most fertile portions of our State. He was absent when the revolution in the ball room took place, but returned just as it was evacuated by the ladies.—Astonished at the change, and perceiving Amanda standing with her face suffused with blushes, he hastily inquired the cause. A friend drew him aside, and communicated the facts as I have penned them—the young man was enraged, and with an emphasis adequate to his just excitement, he exclaimed, "What's that purse-proud fool—that ignorant parrot of fashion worth, who scorns virtue because it is coupled with poverty?"

"Ten thousand dollars," answered his friend.

"Ten thousand dollars! eh? Well Amanda is worth that sum, and the haughty fool in the bargain. Ten thousand dollars! and that, forsooth, balanced against virtuous respectability. Here, Amanda, my girl," taking her by the hand and bowing respectfully to the gentlemen present, "let us leave this place where haughty pride, pampered and fed by crumbs of wealth, exercises an influence superior to the dictates of good sense, when virtue is endangered."

So saying they left the place and returned home.

The very next morning after the ball, Amanda K——, the poor, the slighted, the abused girl, who was denied the boon of mixing in society, because she wore the russet mantle of poverty, received from the hand of the indignant young man, an instrument of writing, securing to her possession the full and undivided amount of ten thousand dollars. This gift, and the motives which prompted it, were soon made known to the haughty Mrs. Z——, and envy, more rankling and painful than disdain, supplied the place of the latter. Nor was the cup of bitterness yet full. With all the solicitude of a mother, she had laid snares to entrap the young man in question, as a husband for her own charming grey-eyed daughter, and fondly imagined that

his urbanity was an evidence that she had caught him in her meshes. But alas! how soon do the most towering expectations fall from high stations. Ere two months had elapsed, the humble Amanda became the wife of the wealthy Edward N——. Time rolled on in its silent course, bearing upon its tide sweet flowers and beaming sunshine, and every ingredient of happiness for the youthful pair, and those who turned their backs upon Captain Bacon's servant girl, became the courtiers, the fawning sycophants of Mrs. N——, who in her new station, was no more amiable, no more worthy of esteem, no more beloved by the truly good.—Twenty summers have since scattered their blossoms around her quiet mansion, and the slight touches of the frost of age are gathering upon the temples of her fond husband. Yet love pure and holy, still warms the domestic circle wherein the altar of true benevolence is reared. The good things of life are poured into her lap in abundance, while she distributes with a prodigal hand their blessings among the children of cheerless poverty, and it may be truly said "that her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

What an instructive moral may be gleaned from incidents of this kind—incidents which occur almost daily in the great mass of society. The simple tale I have told is not the filagree work of fancy, wrought up from the tinsel material of fiction, based upon *fact*. How often are such facts exhibited to our view, to the great discredit of intellectual worth! Virtue, beauty, intelligence, moral worth, the highest attributes of intelligent creatures, are often forced to bow before the gilded shrine of Mammon, whose altars are built up amid the mouldering ruins of Genius, and whose sacrificial rites consist in the utter prostration and destruction of all that is great and noble in nature, all that is bright and lovely in humanity.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### FRANCIS MARION.

FRANCIS MARION, colonel in the regular service, and brigadier general in the militia of South Carolina, was born in the vicinity of Georgetown, in the year 1733.

To portray the meteor like course of hardihood and exploit, traced by Gen. Marion and his heroic followers, would constitute a picture, rich in admiration and delight, to the lovers of bravery and romantic adventure. Never was an officer better suited to the times in which he lived, and the situation in which it was his fortune to act. For stratagems, unlooked for enterprises against the enemy, and devices for concealing his own position and movements, he had no rival. Never, in a single instance, was he overtaken in his course, or discovered in his hiding place. Even some of his own party, anxious for his safety, and well acquainted with many of the places of his retreat, have sought for him whole days in his immediate neighborhood, without finding him. Suddenly and unexpectedly, in some distant point he would again appear, pouncing upon his enemy like the eagle upon his prey. These high and rare qualities, conducted him repeatedly into

the arms of victory, when the force he encountered was ten fold the number of that he commanded.

"Young Marion at the age of sixteen, entered on board a vessel bound to the West Indies, with a determination to fit himself for a seafaring life. On his outward passage, the vessel was upset in a gale of wind, when the crew took to their boat without water or provisions, it being impracticable to save any of either. A dog jumped into the boat with the crew, and upon his flesh, eaten raw, did the survivors of these unfortunate men subsist for seven or eight days; in which period several died of hunger.

Among the few who escaped was young Marion. After reaching land, Marion relinquished his original plan of life, and engaged in the labors in agriculture. In this occupation he continued until 1759, when he became a soldier, and was appointed a lieutenant in a company of volunteers, raised for an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, commanded by Captain William Moultrie, (since Gen. Moultrie.)

As soon as the war broke out between the colonies and the mother country, Marion was called to the command of a company in the first corps raised by the state of South Carolina. He was soon afterwards promoted to a majority, and served in that rank under Colonel Moultrie, in his intrepid defence of Fort Moultrie, against the combined attack of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir H. Parker, on the 2d of June, 1776. He was afterwards placed at the head of a regiment, as lieutenant colonel commandant, in which capacity he served during the siege of Charleston; when having fractured his leg by some accident, he became incapable of military duty, and fortunately for his country, escaped the captivity to which the garrison was in the sequel, forced to submit.

When Charleston fell into the enemy's hands, Lieutenant Colonel Marion abandoned his state, and took shelter in North Carolina. The moment he recovered from the fracture of his leg he engaged in preparing the means of annoying the enemy, then in the flood-tide of prosperity. With sixteen men only, he crossed the Santec, and commenced that daring system of warfare which so much annoyed the British army.

Colonel Peter Horry in his life of General Marion, gives the following interesting incident:—"About this time we received a flag from the enemy in Georgetown, South Carolina the object of which was to make some arrangements about the exchange of prisoners. The flag, after the usual ceremony of blindfolding, was conducted into Marion's encampment. Having heard great talk about General Marion, his fancy had naturally enough sketched out for him some stout figure of a warrior, such as O'Hary, or Cornwallis himself, of martial aspect and flaming regimentals. But what was his surprise, when led into Marion's presence, and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero, a swarthy smoke-dried little man, with scarcely enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness! and instead of tall ranks of gay-dressed soldiers, a handful of sun-burnt, yellow-legged militia-men; some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powder.

horns lying by them on the logs. Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to General Marion, who perused it, and soon settled every thing to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire.

"Oh no!" said Marion, "it is now about our time of dining; and I hope sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner."

At the mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer looked around him, but to his great mortification, could see no sign of a pot, pan, Dutch-oven, or any other cooking utensil, that could raise the spirits of a hungry man.

"Well Tom," said the general to one of his men, "come, give us our dinner."

The dinner to which he alluded, was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were very snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his pine stick poker, soon liberated from their ashy confinement; pinching them every now and then with his fingers, especially the big ones, to see whether they were well done or not. Then having cleansed them of the ashes, partly by blowing them with his breath, and partly by brushing them with the sleeve of old cotton shirt he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British officer and Marion, on the trunk of the fallen pine on which they sat.

"I fear, sir," said the general, "our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish; but it is the best we have."

The officer, who was a well bred man, took up one of the potatoes and affected to feed, as if he had found a great dainty; but it was very plain that he ate more from good manners than good appetite.

Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh.—Marion looked surprised. "I beg pardon, general," said he, "but one cannot, you know, always command one's conceits. I was thinking how drolly some of my brother officers would look, if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this."

"I suppose," replied Marion, "it is not equal to their style of dining."

"No, indeed," quoth the officer, "and this, I imagine is one of your accidental *Lent* dinners: a sort of *ban-yan*. In general, no doubt, you live a great deal better."

"Rather worse," answered the general, "for often we don't get enough of this."

"Heavens!" rejoined the officer, "but probably what you lose in *meal* you make up in *malt*, though stinted in *provisions*, you draw noble *pay*."

"Not a cent, sir," said Marion, "not a cent."

"Heavens and earth then! you must be in a bad box. I don't see, general, how you can stand it."

"Why, sir," replied Marion, with a smile of self-approbation, "these things depend on feeling."

The Englishman said, "he did not believe it would be an easy matter to reconcile *his feelings* to a soldier's life on general Marion's terms: *all fighting, no pay, and no provisions, but potatoes*."

"Why, sir," answered the general, "the heart is all; and when that is much interested, a man can do any thing. Many a youth would

think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years. But let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beautiful sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' servitude than young Jacob did. Well, now this is exactly my case. I am in love; and my sweetheart is LIBERTY. Be that heavenly nymph my companion, and these woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches; nor his host of excisemen and taxgatherers insulting and robbing; but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign; gloriously preserving my national dignity, and pursuing my true happiness: planting my vineyards, and eating their luscious fruit; sowing my fields, and reaping the golden grain; and seeing millions of brothers all around me, equally free and happy as myself:—this, sir, is what I long for."

The officer replied that, both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly subscribe to this as a happy state of things.

"Happy," quoth Marion, "yes, happy indeed: and I would rather fight for such blessings for my country, and feed on roots, than keep aloof, though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon. For now, sir, I walk the soil that gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them. I think of my own sacred rights, and rejoice that I have not basely deserted them. And when I look forward to the long, long ages of posterity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The children of distant generations may never hear my name; but still it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for *their freedom*, with all its countless blessings."

I looked at Marion as he uttered these sentiments, and fancied I felt as when I heard the last words of the brave De Kalb. The Englishman hung his honest head, and looked I thought, as if he had seen the upbraiding ghost of his illustrious countrymen, Sidney and Hampden.

On his return to Georgetown, he was asked by Colonel Watson why he looked so serious?

"I have cause, sir," said he, "to look so serious."

"What! has General Marion refused to treat?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, has old Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broke up our army?"

"No, sir, not that neither; but *worse*."

"Ah! what can be worse?"

"Why, sir, I have seen an American general and his officers, *without pay* and almost *without clothes*, living on *roots*, and drinking *water*; and all for LIBERTY!! What chance have we against such men?"

It is said Colonel Watson was not much obliged to him for his speech. But the young officer was so struck with Marion's sentiments, that he never rested until he threw up his commission, and retired from the service."

Gen. Marion, whose stature was diminutive, and his person uncommonly light, rode, when in service, one of the fleetest and most powerful chargers the south could produce. When in fair

pursuit, nothing could escape him, and when retreating, nothing could overtake him.

Being once nearly surrounded by a party of British dragoons, he was compelled for safety, to pass into a corn-field by leaping the fence. This field, marked with a considerable descent of surface, had been in part a marsh. Marion entered it at the upper side. The dragoons in chase leapt the fence also, and but a short distance behind him. So completely was he now in their power, that his only mode of escape was to pass over the fence on the lower side. But here lay a difficulty which to all but himself appeared insurmountable.

To drain the ground of its superfluous waters, a trench had been cut around this part of the field, four feet wide and of the same depth. Of the mud and clay removed in cutting it, a bank had been formed on its inner side, and on the top of this was erected the fence. The elevation of the whole amounted to more than seven feet perpendicular height; a ditch four feet in width running parallel with it on the outside, and a foot or more of space intervening between the fence and the ditch.

The dragoons, acquainted with the nature and extent of this obstacle, and considering it impossible for their enemy to pass it, pressed towards him with loud shouts of exultation and insult, and summoned him to surrender or perish by the sword. Regardless of their rudeness and empty clamor, and inflexibly determined not to become their prisoner, Marion spurred his horse to the charge. The noble animal, as if conscious that his master's life was in danger, and that on his exertion depended his safety, approached the barrier in his finest style, and with a bound that was almost supernatural, cleared the fence and the ditch, and recovered himself without injury on the opposite side.

Marion now facing his pursuers, who had halted at the fence unable to pass it, discharged his pistols at them without effect, and wheeling his horse, and bidding them "good morning," with an air of triumph, dashed into an adjoining thicket, and disappeared in an instant.

Gen. Marion was a native of South-Carolina; and the immediate theatre of his exploits, was a large section of the maritime district of that state, around Georgetown. The peculiar hardness of his constitution, and its being accommodated to a warm climate, and a low marshy country, qualified him to endure hardships and submit to exposures, which, in that sickly region few other men would have been competent to sustain. He continued his undivided efforts until the close of the war, and lived to see the United States enrolled among the free and independent nations of the earth.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE LOVE OF A HAT.

"Oh Alfred, I have been out shopping all the afternoon, though I purchased nothing; but I called at Mrs. Hall's the milliner, and she showed me such a love of a hat I was completely enchanted: I tried it on, and found it so becoming I was tempted to wear it home. It is the color of a damask rose, with a splendid ribbon to match,

a gracefully drooping snowy plume, and a curtain of exquisite blonde a quarter of a yard in depth. I know you would say it was a perfect love: should you not like to see me come out in it?"

"That is quite a broad hint my dear Sarah, I like to see you in any thing: but what is the price of this so much admired bonnet?"

"Mrs. Hall said it was worth thirteen dollars; but as she wished to be as reasonable as possible with such a customer as myself, she would let me have it for twelve."

"Well she is quite accommodating, but is not that too much to lay out upon an article of dress so soon to be thrown aside? Then you know Sarah, there is your white one, not yet two months old; I had rather see you wear that longer. I do not like to have people say that my wife is extravagant, and we cannot very well afford to follow every new fashion; are you willing to give it up?"

The young wife pouted, and was half inclined to cry. It were better if she had, for tears are more excusable than anger.

"O I suppose I can wear the old dud of a white hat all winter, if you will not allow me a better one; but do not call me extravagant; I am sure a twelve dollar bonnet need not drain your resources. Look at my friend Mrs. Haight; she has a new head gear once a month, I believe. She had a French hat which cost her sixteen dollars. She only wore it twice, and then taking a fancy to alter it, spoilt it entirely, so that it was fit for nothing but paper rags; and not long since she gave eight dollars for a turban which she never has worn, and never will wear. But I see what I am to expect. I did not believe you were so parsimonious."

Sarah was vexed. She tossed her gloves and handkerchief upon the carpet, and drawing her chair towards the grate, sat in sullen silence twirling the tassels of her purple mantilla till summoned to the tea table. The meal was hurried through without transgressing the rules of politeness, and the evening hours passed slowly and uncomfortably away; for though Alfred sought to enter into conversation with his wife, she would only answer in monosyllables; but she had time to reflect upon the folly of her conduct, and at last began to feel very unhappy.

Alfred and Sarah had not been long wedded, and this was their first disagreement—

"For oh how slight a cause will move  
Dissensions between hearts that love."

The wife was young, gay, playful and affectionate, and had been chosen by a man of sense, more for the good qualities of her mind and heart, than her beauty, though that was of the rarest kind; but she possessed a spirit impatient of contradiction; and indulged a fondness for dress which her husband hoped she might overcome, if dealt with rightly. He felt that it was hard to begin a reform, and almost repented having given the first lesson, though more than ever convinced that it was necessary. But Sarah's was an April temper, and she appeared on the morrow with a face all sunshine, and rosy lips dropping kind words, for though too proud to confess herself in fault, she felt that she was wrong, and while no allusion was made to the past, she appeared, by her affectionate manner,

to ask a reconciliation, and soon read forgiveness in the eyes of her husband. She seemed content to wear the old dud of a hat, and a few months passed away in undisturbed happiness; but another evil genii crossed their path in the guise of a fifty dollar shawl, which so-exceedingly pleased the lady's fancy, that she ventured to ask her lord and master for leave, and money, to purchase it; and here beginneth the second lesson which he saw fit to give her upon that subject. He stood by the window, his hand was in his pocket, and the money in his hand, I verily believe; for he would much rather have given it than denied her, but he hesitated a moment ere he replied.

"Sarah it is hard for me to refuse you anything; but a shawl is what you certainly do not need at present. Have you not an elegant cloak, a rich Cashmere, a Rob Roy, which if not handsome, is very servicable, and others, of all sorts and sizes?"

"Don't talk to me about servicable! I hate the word, and I shall never wear the old horse blanket again; they are only fit for Irish women and wenches. You seem to know all about my articles of dress: I suppose you keep a written inventory of my wardrobe."

"Oh Sarah you grieve me! but look here! see this poor object passing along through the bitter snow storm, with no covering outside of her calico dress, to shield her from the weather: I will raise the window and bid her come in if you will run up stairs for your blanket?"

"You can be generous to every one beside me, but she may have it, in welcome."

Sarah was charitable and kind, and as she gracefully threw the shawl over the poor woman's shoulders the shade of anger upon her countenance gave place to a smile of satisfaction.

"Heaven bless you!—Heaven forever bless you!" said the grateful woman, as she turned to depart.

"You are a young and happy couple, trust in each other's affection, and never let unkind words pass between you; they are easy said, but hard to be forgotten. You have wealth, friends, and home! may your riches never take wings and fly away, your friends follow, and your home become the abode of distress. Be of one mind, loving and forgiving always; and once more I say, trust in each other's affection."

Again was the difference amicably abjured, and though as a true historian I must allow that a few similar scenes occurred, yet Sarah soon began to see the error of her ways, and was gradually reforming when Alfred one day entered and found her weeping over the following letter.

MY DEAREST SISTER:—"You have probably learned from the public report, that my husband has been unfortunate in business, but his pride has hitherto kept me from informing you of the extent of his losses. He is ruined, completely; without a dollar in the world that he can call his own, and now lying dangerously ill of a fever brought on by exertion, exposure, and anguish of mind. I kept up my courage and spirits till now, but they are fast leaving me. I shrink from poverty, not as the worst of evils, but as one which I at present know of no means to avert; and though my children are not literally crying for bread, they are subsisting upon chari-

ty, for we owe it to the kindness of our creditors, that we have a morsel to eat, and a roof to shelter us. Did you think that I could ever be brought to this? It is the will of Heaven, and my proud spirit is humbled in the dust. Come to me my sister—console me with your sympathy—help me with your advice. Alfred will not object; he is always kind—come soon.

ADELA.

Alfred read the letter and proposed starting immediately; which they accordingly did; and, after two days journey, reached the dwelling of their afflicted sister. Alfred came not to be a passive spectator of their distress, but as an angel of mercy, to relieve. He told his wife that he had saved two hundred dollars by denying her some useless expense, at different times; he had intended to devote it to some charitable purpose, and it was now hers if she wished to present it to her sister. He cheered the heart of the sick man, and inspired him with new courage, till the fever left him, and he was able to adopt the means, which his true friend proposed, of providing for the wants of his family. Alfred's influence was exerted and his purse opened, till the household were again restored to comfort, and happiness; and they saw him depart with tears and blessings.

When they were alone in the carriage, Sarah wept upon her husband's shoulder. She confessed her former faults, and implored forgiveness for the wrong she had done him; for the pain she had given his noble heart. She felt that those only can be truly generous, who deny themselves, that they may give to others: no more unkind words fell from her lips, she was careful not to make any unreasonable requests, and she now blessed the day when her husband, to bring about this change commenced with denying her the "love of a hat."

#### THE SCOTCH BAKER IN LONDON.

WE copy the following from a report under the head of "Westminster Court of Requests," in one of our London papers.

A rotund, full-priced baker, who brings his weekly batch of miserable debtors to this Court—bakers are not, generally speaking, celebrated for benevolence, especially Scotch bakers—stepped into the plaintiff's box, papers and ledger in hand, to make good his claim to 25s. for bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard.

A tall young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla, and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be either 18 or 28—the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early sorrow or privation, or both—prevented a closer approximation to the truth.

A Commissioner.—Is the amount disputed.

Young Lady.—Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the amount at once.

Chairman.—And how will you pay it?

Young Lady.—I have 5s. to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half a crown a week.

Commissioner.—The bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it diffi-

cult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill.

**Young Lady.**—Appearances are often deceitful. It is equally distressing to my father and myself to ask even for one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means.

**Baker, (pocketing the money).**—Two and sixpence a week is not enough. Ye gang about toon wi a grand boa, and a fine silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and a cotton goon, because the likes o'ye will eat an honest mon's bread wi'oot paying for't. That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun hae cost, may be sax gowden guineas.

"It is true," said the young lady, coloring, "my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress at less cost I would do so; but upon a respectable exterior, on my part, as a teacher of music, depends the subsistence of a sick father and two young sisters. (The baker shut his book abruptly, and thrust his papers into his pocket.) As for the boa you allude to, that was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to pay you the five you have just received, and to provide food for those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for the last week. The tippet I have on was kindly lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet and cold."

"Well, Mr. Baker," said the Chairman in a tone of compassion, "perhaps you will agree to the young lady's terms?"

"Oh, aye," said the baker, "two and sixpence a month. Pit it down if you wull."

**Chairman.**—Two and sixpence a week was offered.

"Mak it just what ye lik," said the baker.

The order was made and handed to the young lady. As she was leaving the Court the baker stopped her. "Gie me haud o' that bit of paper," said the baker. The request was complied with. "Noo," said the baker, thrusting some silver into her hand, "tak bock yer croon-piece, and dinna fash yoursel at a' wi' the weekly payment. Ye shall hae a four pund loaf ilka day at my shope, and ye may pay me just when ye're able, and if I niver git the siller may be I'll niver miss it; but mind, young leddy," said he angrily, "gin ye deal wi' ony ither baker, I see pit this order in force agin yere father."

The young lady looked her gratitude. The baker had vanished.

## THE LOST BOY.

### A THRILLING SKETCH.

The following interesting fact is related by the Rev. J. H. Stewart, in his account of the wreck of the *Rothsay Castle*:

Amidst these almost overwhelming distresses, involving in one general calamity, men, women, and children, and even tender infants, it is a rest to the heart to turn for a moment to some special works of divine mercy. I am sure, my very dear friend, the following incident, related to me by the father of the boy, will deeply affect you. He was near the helm with his child, grasping his hand till the waves rolled over the quarter deck, and taking with them several persons who were standing near them, it was no longer safe

to remain there. The father took the child in his hand, and ran towards the shrouds, but the boy could not mount with him. He cried out therefore, "Father! father! do not leave me!" But finding that his son could not climb with him, and that his own life was in danger, he withdrew his hand. When morning came, the father was conveyed on shore with some passengers who were preserved, and as he was landing, he said within himself, "How can I see my wife without having our boy with me?" When, however, the child's parent let go his hands his Heavenly Father did not leave him. He was off the deck, but happily clung to a part of the wreck on which some other of the passengers were floating. With them he was miraculously preserved. When he was landing, not knowing of his father's safety, he said "it is no use to take me ashore now, I have lost my father." He was carried, much exhausted, to the same house where his father had been sent, and actually placed in the same bed, unknown to either, till clasped in each others arms. When we read the interesting fact, regarding this poor ship boy, let us remember the words of David, "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up."

## SYMMETRY.

The father of the celebrated Paul Jones was gardener to Lord Selkirk, and amongst other peculiarities, was remarkable for his great fondness for what is called symmetry. Thus, if he planted a shrub in one part of the garden, he would set another in a corresponding situation for symmetry. At the end of the lawn were two summer-houses, exactly alike. One day his Lordship, walking in this place, saw a boy's head peeping out of each.

"Hey, Mr. Jones," said he, "who is that boy locked up in the summer-house there?"

"Please your Lordship, it is a young rogue that I caught stealing in the orchard, and I've locked him up till your Lordship came."

"But," said Lord Selkirk, "I see your son's head in the other summer-house—he has not been stealing, surely?"

"Oh! no, my Lord, I only put him there for symmetry."

## CATCHEM AND CHEETUM.

There were, and I believe still are, two lawyers in partnership in New-York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Cheetum. People laughed at seeing these two names in juxtaposition over the door; so the lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their christian names. Mr. Catchem's christian name was Isaac, Mr. Cheetum's Uriah. A new board was ordered, but when sent to the painter, it was found to be too short to admit the christian names at full length. The painter therefore, put only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse than before, for there now appeared, "I. Catchem and U. Cheetum."

A COUNTRYMAN being at law, earnestly requested his attorney to bring on his trial; but the latter, who saw no money stirring, always told his client, "My friend, your affair is so intricate that I

cannot see through it." The countryman understood at length what all this meant, and pulling out of his pocket two crown pieces, offered them to the attorney, and saying, "Well, sir, here are a pair of spectacles for you."

We have heard of the fall of Lucifer, and the fall of Cromwell, and the fall of Woleey, but one of the pleasantest tumbles upon record, was that of a Mr. Isaac Fell, who, when he moved from one part of the metropolis to another, wrote over his door—"I Fell from Holborn Hill."

"Dick," said a master to his servant, "have you fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed um." "Did you count them, Dick?" "Yes, me count um all but one." "All but one?" "Yes, massa, all but one—dare be one little speckled pig he frisk about so much me couldn't count him!"

**YOUTHFUL TEARS.**—Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down the one only which hath lived its day.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Thompsonville, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Lee, Ms. \$2.00; E. R. C. New Bedford, Ms. \$1.00; M. B. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. S. Sullivan, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Elk Horn, Wis. T. \$2.00; E. W. Craftsbury, Vt. \$1.00; E. D. T. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hanover, N. H. \$6.00; D. H. B. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; G. W. B. Homer, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. M. Painted Post, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. T. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; C. B. Hyde Park, Vt. \$1.00; L. W. W. Lenox, Mass. \$1.00; H. S. K. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. L. Craftsbury, Vt. \$1.00; C. W. S. Montpelier, Vt. \$0.81; L. T. R. Hartford, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Jersey Shore, Pa. \$1.00.

## Married.

In this city, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. D. Ackly, Capt. George T. Barnard, of Albany, to Miss Margaret Wheeler, of the former place.

At Hillsdale, on the 4th inst. by Thaddeus Reed, Esq. Mr. James L. Eppendorph, of that place, to Miss Margaret Hutchinson, of Sheffield, Mass.

At the same place, and by the same, on the 4th inst. Mr. William M. Elton, of Albany, to Miss Nancy Langdon, of Copake.

In New-York, on the evening of the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Lindsey, Mr. Russell C. Root to Miss Mary F. daughter of John Harper, Esq. of the firm of Harper & Brothers.

## Born.

In this city, on Friday the 10th inst. William Sturges, infant son of the late Simeon S. and Rebecca Hatheway, aged 8 months and 17 days.

"I loved thee, darling of my heart;  
My child, I loved thee dearly;  
And though we only met to part,  
How sweetly! how severely!—  
Nor life nor death can sever  
My soul from thine for ever.

"Thy days, my little one, were few;  
An Angel's morning visit,  
That came and vanished like the dew;  
'Twas here, 'tis gone, where is it?  
Yet did'st thou leave behind thee  
A clew for love to find thee.

"William! my last, my youngest love,  
The crown of every other!  
Though thou art born in Heaven above,  
I am thine only Mother,  
Nor will affection let me  
Believe thou canst forget me.

"Then thou in Heaven and I on earth,—  
May this one hope delight us,  
That thou wilt hail my second birth,  
When death shall reunite us,  
Where worlds no more can sever  
Parent and child forever."

At South Westerlo, Albany County on the 25th ult. Mr. Charles J. Savage, in the 20th year of his age. In New-York, on the 5th inst. in the 33d year of her age, in the triumph of Christian faith, Mrs. Martha, wife of Francis W. Edmonds, Esq. and daughter of the late Wm. E. Norman, of this city.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.  
MUSINGS OF AN EXILE.

(From a Dramatic Fragment.)

'Tis hard to leave the tender scenes of youth,  
The home and friends of being's opening morn,  
And spend our days in far-off, stranger lands.  
—Here\* must my lamp of life at length go out,  
Amid these desolate, unfruitful climes;  
Where groves of olive, charming to the eye,  
And cedars tall, that shady grottoes form,  
With lovely orange bowers, are never seen.  
No meads of emerald tint, nor verdant glens  
By crystal fountains washed, are here beheld,  
Nor e'en a glimpse of Flora's fair domain.  
'Tis all a cheerless waste of barren plains,  
And mountains, buried deep in frozen snow.  
Yet here, where frigid winds and sleety storms  
With Winter hold perpetual reign, I still,  
At times, enjoy the Summer of the soul.  
Nor ice-bound rills, nor polar blasts, nor snows,  
Though piled to Alpine heights, can ever chill  
The breast where fires of pure Religion glow.  
The God of nature we as well may trace  
Amid the sparkling ice-bergs of the north,  
As where, beneath the blazing, tropic sun,  
The vegetable world eternal smiles.  
Aurora Borealis here is seen  
In its resplendent beauty, streaming wide  
O'er all the arctic heavens, lighting up  
Yon boreal climes, and penciling all bright,  
And beautiful amid Cimmeric night,  
The image of the omnipresent God!  
There too, while darkness her pavilion spreads  
Around, the fadeless jewelry above,  
Those pearly gems that deck th' Almighty's crown,  
With glittering lustre shine; and as I oft  
With holy contemplation on them gaze,  
I feel the spirit of divinest thought  
Within my mind, while sacred raptures burn  
Like incense on the altar of my heart.  
Oh! 'tis the sweetest joy the Christian knows,  
When from the world, in solitude retired,  
Where calm tranquility her vigils keeps,  
And heavenly meditation reigns supreme,  
There to peruse the book of nature, holding thus  
Sweet converse with her God. The spirit then  
Mounts upward on imagination's wings,  
To seraph regions, and with holy saints  
Commingle, breathes in aspirations mute  
High praises to the great eternal One.  
At such an hour all thoughts of earth, all griefs,  
All sorrows, and my lamentable doom,  
Are banished from my mind. Then do I live  
Unmindful of the ills of life, its sins  
And thousand snares, feasting in fullness on  
The boundless raptures of redeeming love!

RURAL BARD.

\* Siberia.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO MY HARP.

AWAKE O silent harp once more,  
Let music tune with joy each vocal string;  
For we at morning's dawn, deep midnight's chime,  
And lovely eve have listened thy sweet murmuring.

Yes oft the echo of some mountain dell,  
Waked by thy tones has caught the listening ear;  
And waking fancy by thy chantings led,  
Full oft returned to scenes to sacred memory dear;

To fondly cherished scenes of early youth,  
Ere time had shown that "man was made to  
mourn,"

To cherished hopes long fled, and cherished friends.  
To all of youth's gay dreams gone, gone beyond  
return.

To friendship's hallowed ties and dearest joys,  
Thy warblings oft have tuned the musing thought,  
When social heart by kindred heart was blest,  
And Heaven's own rapturous bliss in earth's dull  
courts was caught.

Thou too the parting scene hast oft portrayed,  
When we with sisters dear and brothers kind,  
Dissolved the social tie so long unbent,  
And for a stranger's roof our long loved home  
resigned—

Then once again throw us with minstrel skill,  
Some half-reproving, half-consoling strain;  
Lead us from folly's maze to wisdom's light,  
What time with thee is spent then is not spent in  
vain.

Teach us that sweet content, unceasing sought,  
Illumines most the vale of humble life,  
That grandeur, wealth, high titles, swelling fame,  
(Strangers to inward peace) with passion's jars  
are rife—

Teach us to live for our, for others good,  
Securing love by the sweet peace we bring,  
To virtue's sacred shrine be thou our guide,  
Then shalt thou not in vain awake each silent  
string,  
But soothe each care and doubt by thy soft mur-  
muring. AMBROSE.

## THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant  
over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? The affect-  
ing mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind,  
by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency,  
in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to  
every one."—*Howitt's Book of the Seasons.*

"Why art thou thus in thy beauty cast,  
O lonely, loneliest flower,  
Where the song of sound hath never passed,  
From human hearth or bower?"

"I pity thee, for thy heart of love,  
For thy glowing heart, that fain  
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove;  
In vain lost thing! in vain;

"I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,  
For thy glory's fleeting hour,  
For the desert place, thy living tomb—  
O lonely, loneliest flower!"

I said—but a low voice made reply:

"Lament not for the flower!  
Though its blossoms all unmarked must die,  
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's sway,  
And the paths where lovers tread,  
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,  
By its odors have been shed.

"Yes! dews more sweet than ever fell  
O'er islands of the blest,  
Were shaken forth from its perfumed bell,  
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came as a stricken deer,  
O'er the waste of burning sand,  
He wore the wound of an Arab spear,  
He fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home, in a troubled tide,  
Swept o'er his darkening eye,  
As he lay down by the fountain side,  
In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert flower,  
The precious boon of heaven!  
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,  
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of One above;  
Of the Presence felt to brood,  
With a spirit of pervading love,  
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown these wastes among,  
In blest and gracious hour!  
For the lorn one rose, in the heart made strong,  
By the lonely, loneliest flower!"

## THE GREAT AND GOOD.

Written on hearing of the death of the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A BLAST went through the forest,  
And a kindly oak was bowed,  
Whose root was by the crystal stream,  
Whose crest amid the cloud;  
And though above the hillock proud  
With hundred arms it swept,  
The sweet blue violet undismayed  
Beneath its shadow slept.

It seemed a guardian spirit,  
As to its ample breast  
It bade each little timid bird  
Come near and build a nest:  
And their chirping young it sheltered  
With as meek and gentle eye,  
As though it talked not with the cloud  
Whose thunders rent the sky.

I said the tempest smote it,  
And its ancient head lies low;  
But throngs still gather where it stood,  
And eyes with tears o'erflow;  
And there comes a voice of wailing  
From mountain, hill, and plain,  
"The like of this, our noble tree,  
When shall we see again?"

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

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VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1840.

NUMBER 17.

## SELECTIONS.

From the Lady's Book.

### THE ORPHAN.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

It was night—a warm night in early summer. The stars were out in their mighty mansions, shedding over the far earth the light of their pure and quiet beauty. Soothingly fell their influence upon the struggling heart of Isabel Everett, as her prayer went up to the Great Watcher of the skies for strength to bear in this the hour of her heavy trial. Even then, the shadow of death was resting upon the brow of her mother—the tried friend, and protector of her childhood, the affectionate and judicious counsellor of maturer years.

Very sad, and solemn, were the low tones of that dying mother, to her only child.

"Yet a little while, Isabel, and I shall no longer be with you. The days of my appointed time are drawing to a close. My soul is heavy with disease, and long-suffering—I am weary, and would be at rest. Do not grieve so bitterly, oh, my Isabel! It would console me in the hour of death, to see some portion of that fortitude, I have so earnestly endeavored to instil into your mind. You need in solitude, communion with your own rebellious heart; seek it in your chamber, my child; and return to me, when you have calmed the violence of your sorrow: for oh, it is sweet to die, when watchful eyes and loving hearts are round us."

Isabel raised the hand, that lay motionless upon her own, her tears fell upon the thin, emaciated fingers, as she pressed them to her lips, but no word escaped her as she turned from the bed, and with a noiseless step left the apartment. Alone, in her chamber, the pent up agony burst forth: that long low wail of despairing nature! it came upon the ear like the cry of a feeble child, smitten to the earth. But a change passed over the spirit of the maiden: the early teaching, the faithful counsels, the bright example of that dying mother, rose up before her. The stormy violence of her grief was subdued; clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"My mother! my mother! very desolate wilt thou leave me, thy fatherless girl! But I will bear up, and oh, my mother! I will be to thee the comforter, through the last earthly struggle thou hast been to me through all the years of my life." As the words died away upon the lips of Isabel, she moved to the window and looked forth. The night breeze lifted the curls from her pale brow, and cooled the fever upon her parched lip. How soothing to her excited feelings was the shadowy beauty of the solemn

and mysterious night! Before the mighty works of nature, man dwindles into nothingness. A sense of her own insignificance pressed heavily upon the heart of Isabel, but other, and better thoughts arose within her. He, who had created the overshadowing heaven, the broad and beautiful earth, the kindly feelings and warm sympathies that dwelt in her own bosom, had created man *immortal*, and would care for the last, and most glorious work of his Almighty hand.

It is not our purpose to introduce our readers to the sad scene of that night. The morning saw Isabel Everett an orphan. Not in the grave, passed away the influence of her mother! Like the lone star that guideth on, ever and ever, memory of her was a shining light; to guard and guide in the sure path of virtue and honor.

A week after Mrs. Everett's death, the carriage rolled from the door, that was to convey Isabel to her future home. It was with her maternal uncle, who was the companion of her journey, she was in future to reside. For the present we leave them, and turn to her past history, and those with whom she was hereafter to be so intimately connected.

Mrs. Everett was the youngest of three children; the two eldest were boys, and cherished for their beautiful sister, the fondest and most devoted affection. Her marriage had been one of great happiness, but the time of its duration was short: Mr. Everett died when Isabel had reached her sixth year, leaving his family very destitute. A liberal allowance had been settled upon Mrs. Everett, by her eldest brother, Richard Malverton, who had been for many years of his life in India, and still continued to reside there. Living in the near vicinity of a large town, Mrs. Everett found no difficulty in procuring for Isabel every advantage necessary to completing her education. But most she depended upon herself, for she had been highly and nobly educated; the rich stores of knowledge she had garnered in her youth, were now of inestimable value to her; and she imparted them to her daughter, with all a mother's fond solicitude, in the welfare of her child. The deep sorrow Mrs. Everett bore through life, undermined the springs of her constitution, and eventually shortened her days. Yet, all unrepiningly and meekly, she bowed to the bitterness of her bereavement, the shadow on her pathway had dimmed the world's light to her, but it had not clouded the brow of her beautiful and sinless child. Silently, the mother bore on, striving, in the faithful performance of her duties, to weaken the link of dark remembrance that bound her to the dead! She lived to see the eighteenth birth day of her child, and she did not grieve, although she knew she might

never look upon another, she was going to that long home, where the "weary laden" shall find rest!

The younger brother of Mrs. Everett, to whose home Isabel was hastening, was a man of warm and noble impulses; great benevolence of disposition, and kindness of heart. Yet Henry Malverton was of strong, and passionate temper, rash in judgment, and hasty in decision; he was easily imposed upon, his temper often preventing the full exercise of his reason; but he was much and universally beloved, for a warmer heart never beat in a man's bosom. He was a merchant; not a successful one in speculation, for he did not possess the qualities that would render him such; his regular business had been very lucrative, but he lived expensively and every farthing of his income was yearly consumed. In his sister's pecuniary difficulties, it had always been a source of grief to Henry Malverton, that he could not allow her a fixed sum, for her support; and it soothed his warm and generous heart, to render unto her child, not only the means of support but a home, and father's love. He had married a woman, who had fairly "caught him" and wedded him, because he was "a good match;" as weak as she was vain, heartless, worldly, and haughty; she nevertheless contrived to make him believe, she was peculiarly constituted to render him happy in domestic life. One only child they had—at this time, Clara Malverton was twenty-two years of age. Her father, aware of her mother's indifference and carelessness, in all that regarded the child, strove to remedy such neglect so far as it was in his power; but he was totally unfitted for the task—by turns, violent to excess or indulgent to weakness, he failed in correcting any of those errors of heart, or faults of character, apparent even to his partial eye.

As years passed over the head of Clara, she learned concealment; her father believed it amendment; he was very proud of her, and lavished money upon her education, with no stinted hand; fond to excess of dress, she was indulged to the extent of her wishes by both father and mother. Living in the near vicinity of a large town, the house of Mr. Malverton was the resort of many visitors, the warmth and hospitality of his reception, rendering them ever welcome. The showy manners and fashionable education of Clara, attracted very considerable attention; so far as it was in her power, she monopolized those little courtesies extended towards the sex. She was a flirt, decidedly, and had received on that account perhaps, very marked attention from some of the finest men in the country; but she had not as yet, met with an offer, and to this end her wishes began strongly

to point. Clara was tall and graceful in appearance, her dress was always distinguished for its perfect taste, and extreme elegance; her features were good, and at times the expression was pleasing; but when the corners of the mouth curved down in scorn or anger, it gave to her whole countenance a repulsive and haughty expression. There was much of the bold and resolute in her character: it had been said of her, by an intimate female acquaintance—that Clara Malverton would *do* more and *dare* more, to accomplish a purpose, than any woman she had ever known—yet withal, she was popular, and generally voted upon all sides “a charming girl.” The grand defect in her character was *want of principle*; there was no strong, restraining power within, to regulate the evil passions of her nature, if they were once aroused. Yet was she totally unconscious of this herself, she believed herself quite as good as the generality of people; an only and idolized child, she scarce knew what opposition to her wishes was. Clara truly loved her father, she therefore concealed from him any traits of character calculated to give pain; yet, uneasy thoughts would oftentimes fill his mind for the future happiness of his child; he could not but notice the contraction of the brow, the flash of the dark eye, the haughty curve of the full mouth, when his decision was in opposition to her wishes. But these things passed away, and Henry Malverton was not of a disposition to indulge unhappy thoughts, “sufficient for the day,” &c. had been his motto through life: alas! it had been the governing rule in the rearing of his child—he had sown the wind, and dare a parent murmur if he reaps the whirlwind.

It was some years since Clara had seen her young cousin Isabel Everett, and she awaited her coming with interest and curiosity. The day was drawing to a close, on which they expected her—it was nearly dark when they arrived.

“We are at home, now, my dear Isabel,” said her uncle, joyously; “and may it ever prove to you a happy one.” He kissed her cheek ere he assisted her to alight, for it distressed him to see her evident agitation. Mrs. Malverton met them within the parlour door, “I bring you another daughter, Emma! cherish her tenderly for my sake.” As Mr. Malverton spoke, he took the hand of Isabel, and placed it within that of his wife. Perchance the cold heart of that woman was touched, by the mournful and sorrowing countenance that met her gaze; she drew Isabel towards her, and pressed her lips upon her forehead.

“The child of your sister, Henry, shall receive every mark of affection from me, sure I am she deserves it all for her own sake.”

Mr. Malverton threw his arm about the waist of Isabel, and clasped her warmly to his heart, as he exclaimed, “Yes! for her own sake she deserves it all; I shall never forget her self-sacrifice, her noble and sustained devotion at the couch of her dying mother. Clara! in that hour my prayer was, for such a daughter to close my eyes in death! You must love Isabel with a sister's love, to the exclusion of all differences, all petty jealousies. Will you not my Clara?”

“Yes father, I will! said Clara, and the tears stood in her dark eyes, as she embraced her cousin; fondly was that embrace returned by the desolate orphan, whose heart beat almost to bursting; touchingly she said, “Shall we not love each other, my sister?”

Isabel was so nearly overcome, that her uncle leading her to a seat, strove to give the conversation a more cheerful turn. Shortly after, tea was brought in; when it was over, Isabel begged to retire for the night.

“Think me not ungrateful for all your kindness, my dear aunt! but I feel as though I needed solitude and rest.”

Her wish was very readily complied with, by Mrs. Malverton, who had formed an engagement for that evening, she was desirous of fulfilling; but was restrained from so doing by the arrival of her niece: that obstacle removed, she left the house almost as soon as Isabel had retired to her chamber.

Shortly after Mrs. Malverton's departure, a gentleman entered the drawing-room, who was warmly welcomed by Mr. Malverton as “My dear Harry,” by Clara, as “Mr. Sydenham.” Much pleasure was expressed on both sides at the meeting; at length, however, Mr. Sydenham inquired “If Miss Everett had accompanied Mr. Malverton home, as he understood letters had been received to that effect.”

Clara replied “that Miss Everett had arrived with her father, but was so overcome with fatigue, she had been compelled to retire to her own room.”

“Do you know,” said Sydenham, “I have a great desire to see Miss Everett: I am told she is very like her mother, and I have reason to believe from many circumstances, that at one period of his life, my father was fondly attached to Mrs. Everett. Was it not so, Mr. Malverton?”

“Nay,” said Mr. Malverton, smiling, “that is a very direct question, indeed; see! my hair is white with age, yet, you would have me remember the love passages in the life of my earliest friend! Ah! Harry, these things pass away from the thoughts of those who are full of years—even as love, and life, and Isabel, have passed from a weary world!” Tears gathered into the eyes of the kindly old man; but his nature was essentially a cheerful one; the cloud upon his spirits gave way, before the charm of Harry Sydenham's conversation; and when again questioned relative to the early history of his sister, and of Harry's father (who had been dead for some years,) he replied:

“You shall hear all that I know, my dear young friend: I like not to stir the hidden founts of memory, laden as they are with so much of bitterness. 'Tis a sad story, Harry, the story of your father's first love!”

“You know he was an only child: when very young he lost his mother. His father much occupied in business, had little time to devote to the society of his son. Living as we did, so near each other, it is not surprising, we were constantly together; early in the morning—late at night—at all times and seasons; we were inseparable. As years went over us, there came a change over our young affections; the love between Richard and Sydenham became stronger,

and more marked: the same studies, the same pursuits, I had almost said the same thoughts, bound them in the strong band of congeniality together. How true, how faithful, how self-denying was their friendship! Even now, they rise up before me in the beauty, truth, and fervor of that first affection! They were much alike in character: both were dreamers, both had the same intensity of feeling; both loved the deep forest trees—the banks of the quiet river: wherever, there was ‘nook, or dell,’ secluded from public gaze, Richard and Sydenham, made it their own.

“Do you wonder where I was all this time? Enjoying myself in my own way; dearly I loved them both, brothers in my heart the same, but the link of sympathy was not between us. True friends we always were, with none of the heart's deep communion, that existed between Richard and Sydenham. A very fair share I had, of my sister Isabel's society—how she loved a ride over the hills, or a row upon the waters! I hear her merry laugh so musical, yet so full of joyousness; through the shadow of long years, her eye of light and love is beaming upon me! how beautiful she was in her innocence and youth!”

“From a very child, a fairy child, Sydenham loved her. There was a great disparity of years between them; and there was much of reverence, of looking up in the love Isabel bore unto him; perhaps there was a slight tincture of fear. It had been arranged by our parents, that Sydenham's lessons should be taken at our house; we all had the same masters: and so ardently did Sydenham desire the improvement of Isabel, that oftentimes he urged her too far, and her spirit would weary from confinement and study. Richard, Sydenham, and myself became men, mingled in the world, engaged in business, and Sydenham was only deterred, by the extreme youth of Isabel, from offering his hand. Richard who had been for years the confidant of his passion, always advised him to wait: ‘she is but a child,’ he would say, ‘let her go forth into the world, she will then discover your infinite superiority, over the crowd around her—who could know you, Sydenham, as Isabel has known you, and not love you?’

“My brother Richard was a man of strong, impetuous passions, yet, they were seldom called into action; he was almost vindictive in his resentments—he rarely forgave. His love for Isabel and Sydenham, was but *one* love; it was the master passion of his heart: nothing but the intensity of that love could have chained his fiery spirit, so long to our narrow circle. I have seen him, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and his face flushed to his lofty brow; as he repeated ‘The Child's’ heart-stirring words:

“Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider—”

“My sister Isabel left her home, to spend the winter with an aunt of ours, who led a very gay life in ——— city. She was three months absent, and her return home was hastened, by the wish of our parents, that her birth-day should be spent under her father's roof. She was then eighteen, the rare beauty that her youth had promised, was more than fulfilled.

"The morning after her arrival, Richard mentioned a party that had been arranged the night before, he spoke of a lady he wished me to take and then turning to Isabel, said quietly,

"'You, of course, will ride with Harry Sydenham.' The blood sprang high up in the cheek of Isabel, as she replied,

"Not of course, Richard, you must excuse me—I cannot ride with Harry Sydenham."

"And why not, I pray?" said Richard, in a tone of angry astonishment; "have your new fangled notions and fine beaux, taught you to forget the attachments of your truth?"

"You wrong me, Richard, by such unworthy suspicions: I love Harry with the same affection I ever did; more he must never expect."

Isabel sighed heavily as she ceased speaking, but she did not look up; if she had, the changing countenance of Richard must have struck her very painfully. He arose at last and stood beside her; he threw back the long sunny curls that lay upon that fair brow; and then he spoke in a low tone of tenderness, and love,

"Isabel, my only sister! your own heart will best tell you, how dear—how very dear, you have ever been to me; but the affection I bear to you, is no whit more engrossing than that I have borne Harry Sydenham from my youth up. Sister! it has been the dream of my life to see you his wife—my sister, if you love me destroy it not!—destroy it not!"—and the stern and proud Richard Malverton knelt down by her side, with his arms folded around her—and he the high hearted, and haughty, dropped tears for his friend, his own agony never would have wrung forth.

The face of Isabel grew deadly pale, she clasped her small white hands together, and raised them up towards Richard; who had risen and stood beside her; she strove to speak, but the words died away upon her lips—she knew the anguish they must inflict upon her brother!

Richard bent down and kissed her, while he said,

"Tell me in all honor, and sincerity, Isabel—will you be the wife of Harry Sydenham?"

"I cannot, Richard—I have plighted my faith to another!"

For one brief moment, Richard Malverton forgot he was a man. The fiery passions of his nature were roused from their inmost depths—words he said, dark, and bitter, and terrible—words that no after time could recall—the tears, the entreaties, of Isabel were alike unheeded. "When the grave has buried the memory of my wrong, then you may hope for my forgiveness," was his stern declaration as he left her.

Terrified and distressed, Isabel clung to me; I strove to soothe her, and asked also, an explanation of what had been as much matter of astonishment to me as to Richard.

Isabel said, "Edward Everett, (the name of the gentleman to whom she was engaged,) had not declared his love until the evening before she had left the house of her aunt; she had been the bearer of a communication from him to her parents, and had received their blessing and approbation." I made no mention in my letters of Edward Everett, because I feared to give pain to Harry Sydenham—knowledge of my own

heart opened my eyes to the truth—that he had borne me no brother's love! Last night, when he sat by my side, and his low tones fell upon my ear—breathing of the heart's deep tenderness—I trembled as I heard!—for, oh! my brother, it is terrible to wreck the love of a noble and generous bosom."

There was a pause in the story, Mr. Malverton was greatly moved; and it was some time ere he resumed:

Richard had looked forward to the union of Isabel and Sydenham, with a degree of certainty never shadowed by a doubt; he literally recoiled from communicating the utter annihilation of his hopes to his unfortunate friend. We did not see him through the day, he did not leave his chamber, save for a brief space to send a note to Sydenham; all that weary night, his footsteps sounded over my head, now rapid and excited, now heavy and slow. There was no sleep for either of us, through the long hours of that night. I knew the earnest, enthusiastic nature of Sydenham, and could form some idea of the intensity of his love—Richard had sounded its depths.

Early the next morning, Richard sought an interview with my father; when it was over he left the house, I saw him enter that of Sydenham; he did not return home until evening. Another long conference followed with my father, at the conclusion of which we were told Richard and Sydenham were going to Europe, and would leave home for New-York, in the afternoon of the next day.

Richard avoided all intercourse with Isabel, whose evident distress could not escape his observation; he never spoke to her, but oftentimes I marked his eye resting upon her with an expression of dark and bitter feeling.

Dinner was over; there was but an hour left for Richard in the old home of his youth! Perchance that recollection softened him; he rose from his seat, and when he had joined me at the window, he drew my arm within his own.

"Come with me," he said, "to the library." I did as he desired. 'Twas the room where our childhood had been spent—our school room!

My heart swelled within me; there was not a table, chair, or book that was not linked with Isabel; and could he part from her thus—in alienation, in anger?

I passed my arm around him, as I was wont to do in our boyish days, and I implored him for the sake of our early love, not to part with our sister in unkindness—long I pleaded and earnestly: he heard me to an end, and then, in a voice so low and deep it startled me, he said,

"I have no desire to part from you in anger, we may not meet again this side the grave—but for her—for Isabel, who has dared to destroy the happiness of my noble hearted friend—to crush the hopes I have garnered through my life—there is neither pity nor forgiveness left in my bosom—no more of her—no more I say!" and his eye flashed out a light that was intolerable, as he paced with hasty steps the apartment.

At that moment Isabel entered the room: she walked up to Richard and laid her trembling hand upon his arm: he stood still—the low tones

of her soft voice, I hear them still—how they sunk into my heart!

"My brother! you are going to leave us—oh! I entreat you by the old familiar love of our youth, not to part from me in unkindness; and she wept bitterly as she laid her head upon his arm—the long glossy curls fell over his hand so soft and silken to the touch! he seemed moved, but there was only one path to his love, and at that moment he believed Isabel would win it back at any cost.

He raised with his hand that fair white forehead, and looked upon her face—very fair was that face to look upon, in its touching and child-like beauty.

"Isabel," he said gently, "there is one way of restoring happiness to us all—break your faith with this new lover, and marry Sydenham."

Truly, I was proud of my sister. Her eye sparkled with indignation, and bore a glance lofty as his own; she stepped back, with her hand raised in the air, and her voice was stern and clear.

"Go, Richard! it is time! Better that the sea roll its waters between us. You have counselled me to an act dishonorable and base!—may the wretchedness you would deal out to others, never fall in retribution upon your own head!" And so they parted—that brother and sister!

In three years from that time Sydenham returned; he brought to the home of his fathers, a fair and noble English lady. You have her sunny smile, my young friend—her open brow—but your warmth of heart and generosity of character are all your father's.

Richard wandered over many lands, and at last settled in India; we have had many rumors of his great wealth; but he never mentions it. When my sister was left destitute, by the unexpected death of her husband, I wrote to Richard, stating the circumstances in which she was placed. He gave me directions to allow her a fixed sum, which I have regularly received: he has never mentioned her child, although I frequently in my letters spoke of her. I have written since my sister's death, and I hope the allowance settled upon the mother will be continued to the child.

You Harry, have always been to my brother an object of the deepest interest, he loves you for the name, perhaps, as much as the relationship you bear your father. Richard seems to have had no yearnings after his 'Father Land,' he is my elder brother—yet my hair is white with the snows of time—would that he were here once more!"

Mr. Malverton ceased speaking, and was warmly thanked by his daughter and Harry Sydenham, whose desire to see Isabel Everett was in no degree diminished, by the recital of her mother's early history.

The morning after Isabel Everett's arrival, Clara Malverton rose up with a determination to love, with a sister's love, her young cousin. Time passed rapidly on: Isabel grieved too deeply to enter into any society, she never appeared when visitors were at the house—she shrank with the first sensitiveness of deep sorrow, from all companionship with strangers.

She always welcomed Clara with her sweetest smile, and her gentleness of tone and look had almost warmed the heart of Clara into affection. Mrs. Malverton treated Isabel with indifference, sometimes with coldness, but her husband amply repaid her neglect. Already he loved Isabel as a daughter; and how devotedly she returned that love!—he was the only object for her heart to cling to, and she was so very like her mother, that oftentimes in the heart of her uncle, she brought back the olden time of his youth—the sister of his childhood. Such seclusion as Isabel persisted in, began at last to affect her health; her cheek was far paler than its wont, her eye grew heavy, her step slow. Her uncle noticed the change, and urged a change in her habits; Clara joined her father, declaring Isabel "would mope herself to death, sitting in her chamber from morning till night," Isabel, yielding to their persuasions, rode out, walked, or joined the family circle when visitors were present.

Perchance, if Clara Malverton could have read aright her own heart, she had not counselled Isabel to leave her seclusion; she had never supposed for one moment, that her cousin would draw away any portion of that attention, she had been accustomed to receive. But there was a wondrous charm in Isabel's manner, to win the admiration of all who approached her, and Clara saw her the object of attraction and interest, greater far than she had ever been in her palmiest days. The dark passion of *envy* stirred within her bosom—that passion so contemptible in itself, and so degrading in its consequences. How often has it dimmed the brightness of woman's youth, and marred the glory of her beauty!

Among the gentlemen who visited at Mr. Malverton's, Harry Sydenham and Edward Merton were upon terms of the greatest intimacy. The latter gentleman, generally designated as Ned Merton, was of remarkably fine figure; he read well, rode well, and laughed musically—long association with good society had given him the quiet ease and self-possession natural to men of the world. With all these advantages there was something repulsive in the countenance of Ned—perchance it was the vast redundancy of whiskers—perchance it was the black stock worn without a shirt collar, "which will impart a cast of vulgarity to the finest face," (I quote, see Miss Leslie,)—or it might be the little black eyes that twinkled most villainously from out their mass of flesh—let it be what it would, Isabel turned away in dislike, for she thought upon that face she could trace the lines wrought by meanness and hypocrisy.

Merton possessed a small yearly income, barely sufficient for his support; he was an incorrigible idler, a hanger on in the houses of the rich—it suited him well to partake largely of the hospitality of Mr. Malverton. To the daughter he was useful—he made parties where there was none—attended her when no better beauty presented—humbly bowed himself out of sight, when they did. Many times had he thought what a desirable thing it would be for him to marry Clara—an only daughter, her father re-

puted very wealthy—sure nothing could be better! Nor was he quite without hope, for nearly four years he had paid her unremitting attention; he was always a favorite with Clara, and although she looked upon his homage as something she was of right entitled to; yet, if he was absent she missed his flattery, and never failed to let him know how much pleasure his return gave her. Merton could flirt, ay, with the most accomplished among them, yet, 'twould have been a difficult point to decide whether Clara or he most thoroughly understood the art.

There was reason why Clara Malverton hoped in her secret heart to become the wife of Harry Sydenham. For three generations the fortune of the Sydenhams had gone from father to son, receiving from each an addition: to be mistress of the noble mansion that stood within sight of her present home, and wife to its master, was far more than a wish, it was the ruling passion of her heart. Her eye was keen to read the workings of Harry Sydenham's face, and already suspicion was growing into certainty—that he had looked upon Isabel Everett as he had never looked upon woman before.

"Come hither, my dear cousin, I pray you," said Isabel, as Clara entered the room one evening where she and Sydenham were sitting, "and see if you can convince Mr. Sydenham of his error."

As Clara approached, she was struck, as she had often been of late, with the exceeding beauty of Isabel. Her eyes were of the clearest and most splendid hazel, and the long silken hair fell upon a neck white and pure as marble; her fair and noble brow betokened intellect—softened into love and woman's gentleness, by the sweet expression of her beautiful mouth; and her smile—the heart sprang to meet it—so appealing, so feminine was that child-like sunny smile.

"In what has Mr. Sydenham erred?" asked Clara, quietly, as she joined them.

Isabel laughed, and replied, "I am sure you will think it very odd, but he declares nothing would induce him to marry a meek woman—if all men had been of his opinion, there would have been little use for that very disagreeable word—obey."

"Clara smiled, as she said to Sydenham—'Should you fancy a 'Kate'?'"

"No," he answered, "nor a Petruchio's office; I have ever thought the fair lady of Padua was tamed too entirely to the will of her 'liege lord and master,' in a wife—I should prefer a woman of high spirit, who possessed good sense and judgment to regulate it."

"I think you are very right, Mr. Sydenham," was Clara's reply; "high spirit is almost always allied to energy and decision of character, with many other good qualities: however, men generally prefer exercising their judgment for their wives as well as themselves."

"You will not judge me by 'men generally,' if you please," said Sydenham, smiling, "I have no desire to decide in matters of moment, for any one beside myself—I would not marry a woman I could not respect; I could not respect a woman whose principles were not of that fixed character, to enable her to keep the path of duty without assistance."

Music followed this conversation. The voice of Isabel had been highly cultivated; she sang with much taste and feeling; as the sounds died away, Sydenham said, "Have we not all a peculiar season when we love music best? Will you tell me, Miss Everett, which is yours?"

"Oh! I love music in the night time—the solemn night time—how the sound of glorious music rises upon the still air, filling the mind with such exciting and beautiful thoughts, almost making us believe, earth-born though we are, there is yet in human nature perfection."

"And I," said Sydenham, "love music best, when day and night are mingling together, at the soft and shadowy twilight hour—how inexpressibly soothing it is to the weary, the sick at heart, giving them a foretaste of that land where they shall 'sing praises.'"

Isabel looked up as Sydenham ceased; when she met his gaze her heart throbbed within her bosom, and her mind awoke to the truth—ay, in that hour as Harry Sydenham looked upon her, in her youth, her innocence, and exceeding loveliness, he deemed there was no sacrifice too great to win the love of Isabel Everett.

Another eye had made the same discovery as Isabel—Clara had noted all; and she felt at that moment as though her cousin had been guilty of treachery to herself, in winning the love of Harry Sydenham.

Isabel had been at this time for some months under the roof of her uncle; autumn had folded over the earth her royal robe of purple and gold; but there was no letter from India. The lot of Isabel was lonely, there was none to love her of her own sex. Clara was cold, Mrs. Malverton almost unkind; and sometimes she wished that far off uncle would give her the means to form around her a home, a circle of her own. It was the morning after Sydenham's visit, that Mr. Malverton was taken extremely ill; his seizure was of the paralytic nature, and though after a time the alarming symptoms passed off, the physician directed that he should be kept very quiet, no agitating news told him—nothing, in short, that would excite him. Never was there a nurse more attentive or affectionate than Isabel; it gladdened her heart to be able in some measure to repay his kindness to her; Mrs. Malverton and Clara yielded the office without any reluctance. After two weeks, things went on in the ordinary way; Mr. Malverton was confined to his chamber, and much of Isabel's time was devoted to him; yet she frequently joined the family circle, always enlivened by visitors, she began to feel it a sacrifice *not* to be there when Sydenham formed one.

We will introduce our readers into Mrs. Malverton's dressing room. Clara is with her mother:

"I would willingly converse with you mamma, on a subject which has given me much pain—that is, if you can find time to attend to me."

"Certainly, my dear;" and Mrs. Malverton laid aside the work which had wholly engrossed her, assuming an attitude of attention.

"Nay, mamma," said Clara, coloring slightly, "take up your work again, I do not wish to interfere with your engagements."

Mrs. Malverton looked earnestly at Clara for a moment, ere she said, "I thought from your remark, my child, you wished my undivided attention, yet, my notice seems to disturb you. What has occurred to give you pain, Clara?"

While her mother spoke, the color deepened upon the cheek of Clara to a burning flush; she made an effort to speak, but, failing in the attempt burst into tears; hastily rising from her seat she walked to the window striving to subdue her emotion.

"This is very odd—very unaccountable!"—were the exclamations of Mrs. Malverton, who felt herself called upon for a sympathy she was incapable of feeling, "I beg you will explain, Clara."

Clara walked back to the table at which her mother was sitting, she sat down opposite to her and said, as she looked her steadfastly in the face, "Mother, can you not divine the cause of my grief?—do you not see, even as I have done, that Isabel Everett has won the love of Harry Sydenham?"

"Not won, I should think," said Mrs. Malverton, in tones of contempt and astonishment.

"Ay—won!" said Clara, in tones fierce from excitement and agony; "the eye of jealousy is quick to see and shape its own undoing. Ay! Harry Sydenham—the noble, the high-hearted! the generous and the brave!—in whom I have garnered the hopes of long years. He—yes! he loves another—oh God! that I should live to tell it!"

Her face was deadly pale and her eye had a starting, strained expression of anguish, that alarmed her mother.

"This is really dreadful! be calm my child, your fears deceive you. I have not seen the half of this. Be assured Harry Sydenham will not lightly give his love to any one."

"Mother," said Clara, and her voice was firm though it sounded hollow, "she must not be his wife! Love for Harry Sydenham is twined with my heart stings—it is made up of the good and evil of my nature—the hope to win his love, and the proud position to which that love would elevate me, has been the ruling passion of my life. I cannot yield it—I will not!"

Mrs. Malverton knew not what consolation to offer; she was a stranger to the emotions that shook the frame of her daughter, and she sat silent, as much annoyed as distressed at the agitation of Clara; her countenance brightened wonderfully when Clara calmly said:

"I came to you, mamma, for counsel and assistance; I have a plan in my head, which if it can be brought to bear, will destroy this ill omen—love 'i' the bud; will you aid me all in your power?"

"Now my dear, you talk sense. I do so detest such extravagance of feeling. I really cannot understand it: I do not wonder in the least at your anxiety to secure Harry, he is decidedly the first match in the country—but do go to work like a reasonable girl, you will spoil all by such excess of feeling."

Clara smiled faintly as her mother ceased, but her countenance soon changed to an expression more accordant with the dark and troubled feelings that reigned in her bosom.

"You may have noticed in Harry Sydenham's character mamma, a great contempt for any thing like meanness, or want of independence of mind. This foible in him is almost a defect; frequently leading him to approve a degree of *spirit* in women, not generally admired, or much approved. I am persuaded, if he could be brought to think from any circumstances, that Isabel, rather than resign the splendor that surrounds her, would bear with insult and humiliation, he would lose all respect for her. She would sink into the character of "a toady," than which nothing can be more contemptible."

"How is this to be managed?" asked her mother. "Your father, Clara, would drive you a beggar from his doors if he knew you to treat with unkindness this child of his adoption, who is supplanting us all in his affections."

"He need never know it," was the reply; "is he not confined constantly to his sick room? before him we can be guarded. But mamma, it will not do for me to act in this matter. You must say things bitter to hear—hard, hard for the *dependant* spirit to bear: it will be my part to shield Isabel from your anger, and so judiciously will I play it, that Harry will believe me her friend. Isabel is proud, but her heart overflows with affection for my father; She has become indispensably necessary to his comfort and for his sake, she would bear much in silence. Yes, I do justice to her virtues; she would never betray the wife and daughter, lest upon the husband and father, the blow should fall so heavily as to destroy his peace. There is but one thing can mar our plan—a letter from India—should that stern old man relent, when he hears, of his sister's death, and continue to Isabel the income settled upon her mother: Sydenham will know at once, that whatever was the cause of forbearance in Isabel, it was not a mean subserviency for the sake of interest."

Clara was silent—wo for the child whose mother in an hour like that is found wanting! Mrs. Malverton disliked Isabel Everett perhaps as much for her attention to her uncle, as for any other cause—it contrasted so strongly with her own neglect and indifference. She could not understand the innocence and softness of her character, and she ran into an error the *very artful* are liable to do—she believed her a hypocrite. Very readily she entered into the spirit of Clara's plot, secretly resolving not to spare, when the opportunity offered of putting it into execution.

On the afternoon of that day, Clara left the house for a walk; she kept the high road that led to the town for some time, as she was about turning off in a direction leading to the river, she saw Edward Merton rapidly advancing and signing for her to stop.

"I am very glad I have overtaken you," he said as he joined her; "you were walking so fast I was afraid you would not observe me—by the way, I have brought your letters from the post office. Old Peabody asked me if I was coming this way, and would take charge of them there being one Mr. Malverton was expecting from India."

"From India!" said Clara, and the color faded away from her cheek and lip, giving to

her features the hue of the grave. A shrewd reader of the human countenance was Ned Merton, and he knew by the face he looked upon, there was sore anguish in the heart. "It is no welcome letter this," he thought, "yet why?"

"Shall I give it into your charge?" he said, "perhaps you would *prefer* it?" The color rushed back to the face of Clara—ay, even to the very temples. Merton had aimed a random shot, he saw it told, and, with an impertinence very common to men of his class, he ventured yet farther—"Can I be of any use to you in the disposal of this letter? perhaps I had better walk on with it, and not trouble you to be the bearer?"

It was with a bitter pang, Clara admitted to herself, that Merton had divined her anxiety to possess the letter; to secure it was her determination at any risk. She extended her hand "I will take charge of this same weighty epistle, on which so many words have been wasted; give it to me."

"So I will," said Merton, "but let me understand you right. Are you going to deliver it to your father? Believe me, I do not ask from curiosity; I might inadvertently do mischief in conversation with Mr. Malverton."

Clara could have crushed him beneath her foot; and it was only by a strong effort she could master her voice sufficiently to answer,

"Give me the letter, sir—this is insolent?—My father's state of health is too frail to admit of his hearing agitating news; and if such there be in that letter, he will not see it!" Merton was not to be deceived; he had known Clara for years, and he knew her conduct would have been haughtier far, if she felt herself free from all suspicion. It was a desperate game; but Ned Merton was a man of desperate fortune.

"Permit me to accompany you home," he said respectfully; "we will then give the letter to Miss Everett—of course, the contents nearly concern her; she will be the judge of the propriety of shewing it to Mr. Malverton."

Clara saw there was no alternative.

"Give me the letter—keep it a profound secret, and you make me your friend forever."

"Enough, we understand each other,"—and he surrendered it at once. He walked some distance with her, striving, by the respectful deference of his manner, and his insidious flattery, to reconcile her to him and to herself. Once master of her secrets, and he resolved in due time to make her his wife; or by exposing her character, bring shame upon her head, she would never endure. He little knew Clara Malverton, or the towering pride of her determined nature—she would have died, ere she would have given herself to poverty and Ned Merton.

[Concluded in our next.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### MODESTY.

MODESTY is the most beautiful and interesting of the flowers of virtue, that can adorn and dignify the female mind. It adds a charm to every other virtue, and sheds a sweet influence around



its possessor. There is no person whose heart is so alienated from purity, so sunk in vice, as not to respect and reverence modesty in a female. Even the base libertine, who revels and exults in his infamous triumphs over female purity and innocence—even he, who only assumes the garb of virtue that he may entice within his serpent folds his innocent and unsuspecting victims, who wantonly and deliberately bonds every energy of his mind, of that mind which was given to him by his Creator for high and noble uses, to accomplish the ruin of the young, the virtuous and the lovely of the female sex, and after having by his unhallowed arts succeeded in his hellish plans, with a spirit worthy of the archfiend himself, triumphs and boasts of the ruin he has effected; yes, laughs and exults over the graves of his wretched victims, torn from the embraces of fond friends, from the society of which they were once ornaments, sent broken-hearted to an untimely grave, their hitherto spotless fame blackened with the foul stain of dishonor—even he, the author of all this misery, the foul-hearted wretch, who lives but to disgrace the name of man, will involuntarily shrink back humbled and abashed in the presence of a virtuous and modest female, whose every movement is characterized by modesty.

There is not in human nature a more repulsive and soul-sickening object, than a young female destitute of modesty; though she possess more than mortal beauty—though her mind be stored with the richest gems of literature, yet if she be not adorned with modesty, her attractions will fail to captivate, and she will be a revolting and disgusting object to every person possessed of a pure heart and refined mind. If such then be the power, such the attractions which modesty gives to the female sex, let every young lady prize and cultivate it, as a gem of the rarest beauty—let it be seen in all her actions and grace her every movement—let her beware how she permits the least approach to immodesty in those who wish to gain her affections—let her frown down every attempt at immodesty in those with whom she associates; for modesty is a flower of so delicate a nature, that once sullied its beauty is gone forever; and modesty once gone, virtue will soon follow; for they are inseparably connected in the female heart, and one cannot long exist without the other. There is something so unnatural, so abhorrent to every correct feeling, in a young female exhibiting a bold and forward demeanor in her words and actions, that every person of the opposite sex, possessed of the least refinement of mind or heart, involuntarily feels a sentiment of disgust arising in his bosom towards the female who is so lost if not to virtue at least to the appearance of it.

Let modesty then be the chief ornament of every female, as she would deserve and command the respect, esteem and love of the wise and good—let it be a shield to guard her from the least taint of impurity—for female purity is a garment of so delicate a texture that the breath of suspicion once resting upon it, however unjustly, leaves a stain in the eyes of the world which time may fail to remove. How all important, then, to every young female, who is about forming a character that shall influence her happiness

through life, that she possess that retiring and modest deportment, that will render her lovely in the eyes of all—that she cultivate that kindness of heart and amiability of manners that will endear her to the hearts of all who reverence female purity, and love goodness.

GERALD.

## MISCELLANY.

### POCAHONTAS.

THE private name of the celebrated princess was Matoaca; Pocahontas was her tutelar name, in the same way as Powhatan was the title of her father, and his individual name Wah-unsonacock. Pocahontas, after her capture and conversion to christianity, was christened Rebecca, and was commonly styled the lady Rebecca. She had a brother, Nautaquas or Nautaquoud, who showed Captain Smith, "exceeding great courtesy," strenuously interceding with his father in behalf of the captive, and was the "manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw in a savage." Pocahontas had a sister named Cleopatre, and another named Matachanno, whose husband, Tomocomo, or Uttamaocomack, accompanied Rolfe to England. Being charged by Powhatan to inquire and ascertain how many people there were in England, on his arrival at Plymouth, he began to take the census by keeping tally on a stick, cutting a notch for every one he saw in the streets. On his return to Virginia, when Powhatan interrogated him as to the number of the English, he replied, "count the stars in the heavens, the leaves on the trees, and the sand on the sea-shore." Pocahontas with her wild train, visited Jamestown as freely as her father's habitation. She was chaperoned to court (by Lady De-la-warre, attended by Rolfe her husband, Lord De-la-warre, and other distinguished persons) in an English dress, and with her raven hair in curls, if we may rely upon the old portrait at Cobb's. The Lady De-la-warre, and other persons of quality, also waited on her to masquerades, balls, and other entertainments, with which she was wonderfully pleased. She was eagerly sought, and kindly entertained every where, many courtiers and others daily flocking to Captain Smith to be introduced to her. She died at Gravesend, England, on the eve of her return to Virginia, aged twenty-two, causing not more sorrow for her unexpected death than joy to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end. Her infant son, Thomas, was left for a time at Plymouth, under the care of Sir Lewis Steakley, and afterwards educated by his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. He left an only daughter, who married Colonel Robert Bolling, by whom she left an only son, Major John Bolling, father to Colonel John Bolling, and several daughters, who married Colonel Richard Randolph, Colonel John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, Mr. Thomas Eldridge, and Mr. James Murray.—*Smith's History of Virginia.*

### THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

ARE you preparing for the party, the ride or the dance, and would you scorn to appear parsimonious and despise to be thought poor among your young companions? Ay! then go with me to yonder retired street; here dwells one who

once shared largely of fortune's favors; the New Year's feast graced her board, and the New Year's guests filled her parlor. But ah, "how changed!" Her fortune is gone in the wreck of wealth and crush of speculation, which, like "the besom of destruction," has swept over our land. The cold grave has hid those in its silent bosom, who would have been her stay and support, and her friends (save the friends of the widow and fatherless,) have gone with the sunshine of her prosperity. Her poverty is gilded by neatness and order, and the voice of complaint, for she cannot beg, is hushed; but the canker worm wastes unseen, and her almost supernatural exertion, to shield her little ones from want and degradation, has spread a paleness over her features and is early wasting the "oil of life," and causing its bright lamp to grow dim. Tell her of an asylum, where the wants of her little ones may be supplied, and herself relieved from their care; but remove the nestling from its mother's bosom, and the heart would grow cold that is warmed by its presence; its smiles are the sunlight of her darkness; and she would tell you with an emphasis, that a mother cannot forget her child.

Here, then, is a sphere for your benevolence, that angels, if they dealt in gold, might envy you. Methinks I see a starting tear—suppress it not; it is a brighter gem than ever graced a monarch's brow. Methinks I see a hand upon that purse; let its contents go out, dictated by the effusions of a warm and generous heart; then go to your well-earned pleasures, for you have learned a lesson of moderation which will be of incalculable benefit to you through the journey of life and which will gild the gloom of the valley and shadow of death.

### EDUCATION.

WE utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion, that there is to be education for the poor as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as cheerfully upon the poor man's cottage as upon the rich man's palace! Have not the cottager's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it in the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a base birth, so that the poor man's child knows with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not climb.

It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Man is immortal. It bears no mark of high or low—rich or poor. It heeds no bound of time or place or rank or circumstances. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven-born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it.—Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor. And the poor tallow chandler's son, that sits up all night to read the books which an apprentice lends him, least the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies.—The common school is common, not an inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air is common. It

ought to be the best school; and in all good works the beginning is one half.—Who does not know the value to the community of a plentiful supply of the pure element of water?—And infinitely more than this is the common school, for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and it is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory.—*Bishop Doane.*

## A PORTRAIT.

BY G. R. P. JAMES.

She was apparently not above nineteen or twenty years of age, and certainly beautiful, although her beauty was not altogether of that sparkling and brilliant kind which attracts attention at once. The features, it is true, were all good; the skin fair, soft, and delicate; the figure exquisitely formed, and full of grace; but there were none of those brilliant contrasts of coloring that are remarkable even at a distance. There was no flashing black eye, full of fire and light; the color on the cheek; though that cheek was not pale, was pure and delicate; the hair was of a light, glossy silken brown; and the soft liquid hazel eyes screened by their long lashes and fine cut eyelids, required to be seen near and to be marked well before all the beautiful depth and fervor of their expression could be fully perceived. There was one thing, however, seen at once, the great loveliness of the mouth and lips, every line of which, spoke sweetness and gentleness, but not without firmness; tenderness, in short gaining rather than losing from resolution. These lips were altogether peculiar to the race and family to which she was, not very remotely, related; and it was to their peculiar form and expression that was owing that ineffable smile which is said to have borne no slight part in the charm that rendered her nearest male relative at that moment all-powerful over the hearts of men, made him, Henry of Guise, more a king in France than the sovereign of the land—at least as far as the affections of the people went—and which had added the crowning grace to the beauty of the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

## BEAU BRUMMEL.

It will be matter of news to many persons, to know that this once celebrated personage, the arbiter elegantiarum of the days of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, and "the glass in which the youth (that is, the fashionable youth of England, in those times) did dress themselves," is now in confinement in a place set apart for those who labor under mental derangement, in Caen, in Normandy. This admired of all admirers is existing on the almost extorted benevolence of relations, and the contributions of old friends. The whole amount of his income is scarcely one hundred pounds a year! Poor George! How different must his luxuries now be from what they once were! One hundred pounds a year for one who began his life with a good fortune, high expectations, great connexions and princely patronage. The ruling passion reigns triumphantly even within the walls of a mad house. Beau Brummel still imagines himself a fine gentleman, and assumes all the airs and importance of his by-gone popularity and good fortune. Among other feats, he

rings the bell of his solitary apartment continually. The old keeper, who with great humanity, humors his insanity, asks, "What commands?" "Order my carriage," says the light of other days, "I must go directly to Carlton House to see the Prince." Poor fellow! he little thinks his "fat friend" and "Carlton House" are now only things of history, and he himself is upon the verge of oblivion.

## LOVELINESS.

It is not the smiles of a pretty face, nor the tint of the complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of thy person, nor yet the costly robes and decorations that compose thy artificial beauty, nor that enchanting glance, which thou dardest with such lustre on the man thou deignest worthy thy affection. It is thy pleasing deportment, thy chaste conversation, the sensibility and the purity of thy thoughts, thy affable and open disposition, sympathising with those in adversity, comforting the afflicted, relieving the distressed, and above all, that humility of soul, that unfeigned and perfect regard of the precepts of Christianity. These virtues constitute thy loveliness. Adorned but with those of nature and simplicity, they shine like the refulgent sun, and display to man that the loveliness of thy person is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of the body, but in the reflection of the rectitude and serenity of a well-spent life, that soars above the transient varieties of this world. And when thy days are ended here upon earth, thy happy spirit shall be wafted to the regions of eternal bliss.

Old parson M—, of Worcester county used sometimes to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State—among other wonders he said he had seen monstrous *moschetoes*—so large that many of them would weigh a pound! The people were by this time wide awake.—"Yes," continued parson M, "moreover they are, known to climb up the trees and bark!"

The next day one of the Deacons called upon him telling him that many of the brethren were much scandalized at the big stories he told the day before. "What stories?" says parson M. "Why, sir you said that the *moschetoes* in York state were so large that many of them would weigh a pound?" "Well," rejoined the minister, "I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound." "But," continues the Deacon, "you also said they would climb up on the trees, and bark!" "Well sir," says parson M., "as to their climbing up on the trees, I have seen them do that—haven't you Deacon?" "O yes."—"Well, how could they climb up on the tree and not climb on the bark?"

The Deacon was of course nonplussed.

The woes of human life are relative.—The sailor springs from his warm couch to climb the icy top-mast at midnight without a murmur; while the rich merchant complains of the rattling

cart which disturbs his evening's repose. In the time of peace, we announce the breaking of a bone as a "melancholy event—but in war, when we read of the slaughter of our neighbors and thousands of the enemy, we clap our hands and shout "glorious victory."

A BON MOT.—Some thieves met a man, and, after robbing him, bound him, and laid him under a hedge. They presently after met another, whom they robbed, and also bound and laid him on the other side of the hedge. The first exclaiming "Oh! I'm undone! I'm undone!" the other bawled out, and desired that, if it were so, he should come and undo him."

LIFE.—When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

AN Irish physician, quarrelling with a neighbor swore, in a great rage, that some time or other he would be the death of him. "No, no," said the other, "you won't; I shall never send for you again."

A GENTLEMAN observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard—for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

L. B. Hitchcockville, Ct. \$1.00; M. W. Bantam Falls, Ct. \$1.00; J. O. S. Cardiff, N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. Utica, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. C. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. Thompson, Ct. \$1.00; S. L. P. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. M. Effingham, N. H. \$1.00; C. V. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. H. East Stockholm, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. Bradford, Vt. \$5.00; J. M'K. Livingston, N. Y. \$2.00; L. S. New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. W. Calais, Me. \$1.00; B. A. K. Darlen, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; G. H. I. Glen's Falls, N. Y. \$2.00.

FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.—The following is an extract from the Regulations of the Post Office department:

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—"A Post Master may enclose money in a letter to the publishers of a newspaper to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself."

NOTE.—Some subscribers may not be aware of the above regulation. It will be seen that by requesting the Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing subscription money, he will do so upon being satisfied that the letter contains nothing but what refers to the subscription.—*National Intelligencer.*

If the person who returned, some time since, to our office, a package of No. 7. of the Repository, wishing for some other number in exchange, will, through his Post Master, inform us what numbers are wanting, and give us his address, they shall be forwarded without delay.

## Arrived,

At Canaan, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. William H. Timby to Miss Ruth M. Benton, all of that place.

At Patterson, Putnam Co. on the 14th ult. by Benjamin Haviland, Esq. James W. Haviland, of Athens, Greene Co. to Miss Esther L. daughter of John Haviland, Esq. of the former place.

At Chatham, on the 14th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John T. Baker to Miss Lucy Ann Strever, both of Stillwater, Saratoga Co.

## Died,

In this city, on the 23d ult. Mrs. Pernelia, wife of Mr. Henry Seeley, aged 36 years.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## A WISH.

How full of hope is life, its fair beams cast  
Abroad their rays, and brighten all the past;  
While for the future, hope as purely bright  
Illumes the scene with gold-tinged rays of light.

There is a hope of happiness below,  
Which round the heart of man like life doth flow,  
And yet, I've found this calm and beautiful gleam,  
As evanescent as a summer's dream.

My friend, I have a wish, 'tis that your life be passed  
With hope still burning bright unto the last;  
And listen still, my constant prayer shall be,  
Your bark may not be wrecked upon life's stormy sea.

There are some hearts whose bark of hope is wrecked,  
And still with brighter smiles the brow is decked,  
And none would dare to think that evermore  
With them, life's brightest, sunniest dreams are o'er.  
But still 'tis true, and they're condemned to wear  
A constant smile above a heart of care;  
Then start not, that my prayer for you should be,  
Your bark should not be wrecked, that hope might flee.

CASSIOPEA.

Spencertown, January 14, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

## WE WISH THEE HERE.

We wish thee here, at morning's dawn,  
While bells are softly ringing,  
We wish thee here, when o'er the lawn,  
The birds are sweetly singing.

We wish thee here, when the blooming rose  
Sends fragrance on the evening air;  
Where the murmuring streamlet flows  
We miss thee—and at evening prayer.

We wish for thee, while round the hearth,  
From merry hearts the song is sung,  
And at that hour of careless mirth,  
Our thoughts are ever 'bout thee hung.

We wish for thee, when e'er we know  
Thy bark doth on the waters glide,—  
We wish thee near, where e'er we go,  
To ramble happy by our side.

We wish thee here—our thoughts are given  
To thee in every changing hour—  
We wish that we might meet in heaven,  
Beyond the reach of sorrow's power.

EMMA.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MRS. R. HATHEWAY,

On the Death of her Child.

DEAR Madam, why to grief a prey?  
Own you not God's sovereign power?  
Yes; he rules with righteous sway,  
Even in this trying hour.

Lent awhile for his good pleasure,  
He has claimed from thee his own;  
Give to him thy little treasure,  
Give to him the gracious loan.

Think how radiant, pure and holy,  
Now he shines in realms above:  
Far removed from guilt and folly,  
Drinking from the fount of love.

Now methinks I see thee doubting,  
How that God, so good and mild,  
Whose great name all heaven is shouting,  
Could bereave thee of thy child.

'Tis not, my friend, for us to know  
The purpose of his will,  
But to each providence to bow,  
And bid our sighs be still.

"Be still and know that I am God,"  
Our Sovereign Maker said;  
Thus let us meekly kiss the rod,  
And may he be obeyed.

Sometimes to save a valued plant,  
A twig or two is given;  
And this may be the great intent,  
To fit thy soul for Heaven.

I've felt each pang that you now feel,  
And every bitter smart;  
But God I know has power to heal,  
And love and peace impart.

May he the healing balm apply,  
To thy afflicted heart,  
And may you meet your child on high,  
To never, never part!

A.

From the Daily Advertiser.

## THE BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.

CLEAR shone the sky above them,  
And bright the mocking sun;  
When from her moorings loosened,  
Swept forth the Lexington.

The noble port behind her,  
The waters blue before;  
And heart-breathed prayers went with her,  
When parting from the shore.

A wealthy freight she carried—  
The spoils of earth and seas;  
But the human hearts there gathered,  
Were worth far more than these.

The father going homeward,  
The lover to his bride,  
And the widow, bearing sad  
Her dead one at her side.

Oh! came no wail of sorrow,  
No requiem on the breeze,  
For loved ones who were going  
To burial in the seas?

No; smiling was the billow,  
And smiling was the sun;  
No voice came kindly warning  
The fated Lexington!

Night gathered on the waters,  
O'er sail and floating bark;  
The shores about the billows,  
Looked gloomily and dark.

The stars above were watching,  
Below no light was nigh,  
Save what the sparks threw wildly  
As the Lexington went by.

Some, sleep fell gently over,  
And dreams came soft and still;  
The throbbing heart grew quiet,  
And forgot its human ill.

Light burst upon the waters,  
Not the moon's shadowy ray;  
Redder than breaking morning,  
What flashes o'er the bay?

Awake, arise ye sleepers,  
To struggle, and, to strife;  
With raging flame and billow,  
To battle for your life.

"Fire!" bursts the dreadful watchword,  
The streaming flames sweep on,  
O'er deck and stately bulwark  
Of the gallant Lexington.

'The boats, oh drop them swiftly,'  
How rush the fearful in;  
But the waters meet above them,  
And a mighty triumph win.

Mother and child why linger!  
Ye must choose between the twain;  
And the waves close o'er the prey  
They render not again.

Widow, weep now no more,  
Parted ye shall not be;  
And the dead and living sink  
Together in the sea.

One by one leaped strong and weak,  
From off the sinking bark;  
But the icy waters bore them  
To their rest 'neath billows dark.

Lower and lower, floated on  
The deck, till all was gone;  
And a hundred hearts went down the gulf,  
With the burning Lexington.

S.

From the New World.

## TEN YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Ten years ago! Ten years? it seems  
A very holiday of time  
Since romance wove such blissful dreams  
Around my merry girlhood's prime.

Ten years? How quick my pulses rush!  
They leap to joy—they thrill to woe—  
But hath my heart the mirthful gush,  
The gladsome tone of years ago?

Ten years! 'Thou say'st their viewless flight  
Upon my cheek hath left no trace—  
Mine eye still wears its curtained light  
My step, its own elastic grace.

But hath my mien no more of care  
Than when, adown the grassy slope,  
With foot as free as morning air,  
I bounded like the antelope?

Ten years have turned their daily page—  
My locks still wear their flowery crown!  
There twine no silver threads of age  
Amid these braids of raven down!

Unchanged to thee! Unchanging aye!  
Then what the lapse of time to us!  
Our feet have traced life's pleasant way,  
And found the well of Kanathus.

Oh, many a brow that beauty wears,  
Too constant, seeming, e'er to part;  
But ah! the darksome track of years  
That hidden lieth in the heart!

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

*A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;*

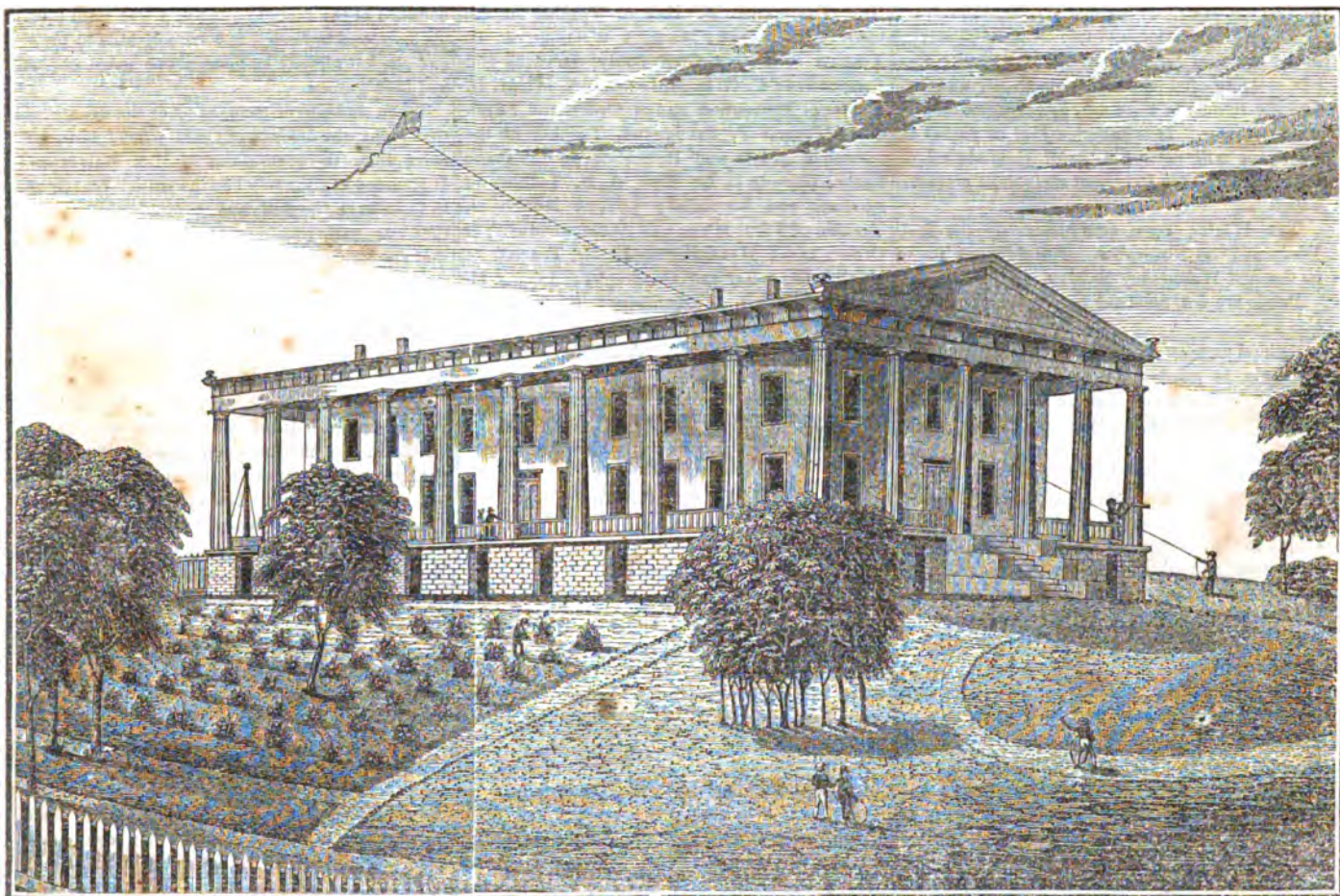
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1840.

NUMBER 18.

## POUGHKEEPSIE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.



POUGHKEEPSIE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL is situated on "College Hill," about half a mile north-east of the flourishing and beautiful village of Poughkeepsie. Its location is unrivaled in beauty and salubrity, and cannot fail to attract the attention and excite the admiration of every lover of rural scenery.

This school is conducted on philosophical principles. Reference is invariably had to the nature of the juvenile mind, and constant efforts are employed to develop its powers, in their natural order, and to preserve them in their relative strength. The domestic arrangements and modes of instruction are adapted to youth of every age, and they are instructed in such branches as may be requisite, either to qualify them for commercial life, or to prepare them for a collegiate course, and the attainment of a liberal education, according to the wishes of their parents or guardians.

Those who are designed for commercial life, are generally taught orthography, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, rhetoric, logic, mathematics, history, (in particular the history of our own country,) natural philosophy, political economy, civil polity, the French and Spanish languages.

Those who are designed for a collegiate course, in addition to most of the above studies, apply themselves to the study of the Latin and Greek languages.

The government of the school is supervisory and parental. Whilst the strictest order is enjoined, such discipline is employed, as may most effectually tend to call into action the moral sense of the scholar.

Persuaded that the instructions contained in the Scriptures are eminently conducive to the formation of moral character, select portions of them are daily read, their fundamental truths in-

culcated, and such familiar lectures occasionally delivered as may best serve to illustrate their moral and religious design and tendency, without having a direct bearing upon the peculiarities of any christian denomination. Sabbath mornings and evenings are devoted to the study of the Scriptures. Scholars attend church at such places as their parents or guardians may direct. No pupil is permitted to leave the premises without permission.

Rewards and punishments are of an intellectual and moral nature, addressed to the understanding and the heart. Rewards for good deportment and diligence in study, are the confidence and good will of instructors; approbation and love of friends and relations; self-government; rapid improvement in learning; advancement to a higher class; and an approving conscience.

Punishments for negligence and irregularity

of conduct are chiefly—disapprobation of instructors; private and public censure: studying during the hours of diversion; removal to a lower class; confinement; and finally, if incorrigible, dismissal from school.

Strict attention is paid to the health of the pupils, and they are attended by a skillful and experienced physician, when necessary.

To prevent confusion and loss, every article of clothing including boots, shoes, and slippers, should be distinctly marked with the full name.

Buying or selling, or bartering—also the use of tobacco, is strictly prohibited.

The year is divided into two terms of 23 weeks each, and two vacations of 3 weeks each. Pupils entering after the commencement, and before the middle of a quarter, are charged for the whole quarter. *It is expected that no parent or guardian will remove a pupil from the school without giving the Principal sixty days previous notice.*

The Winter Term commences on the first Wednesday in November. The Summer Term on the first Wednesday in May.

Pupils are not received for any time less than one term.

Annual expense per scholar is \$230, payable quarterly in *advance*. This sum includes all charges for Board and Tuition, Books, STATIONARY, BED, AND BEDDING, Washing, Room, Fuel, Light, &c.

There are in the Institution three Pianos which have been purchased new within the past year for the accommodation of those Pupils who attend to the science and practice of Music. A competent instructor has also been obtained, who devotes his time exclusively to the classes in Music. There are twenty-two students of the Institution now attending to this branch of education.

Particular attention is paid to the *science*, and several of the pupils are now able to write and arrange music accurately and with considerable facility. It was with some hesitation that this branch was introduced as a regular study; but the Principal has the concurrence, of many of esteemed judgment, in the opinion which he has formed of the propriety of studying the science, and of the salutary influence which the practice of music may be made to exert over the minds and morals of the young.

Another branch has been introduced the *present* term which is not commonly taught in schools of this character, and which perhaps might be deemed by some, better ranked among the accomplishments taught in a *genteel* female boarding school, than among the practical studies for young men. The study alluded to is "Drawing:" a study which is so often made a mere accomplishment. The drawing of flowers, landscapes, &c. is, usually, of no practical utility, and to such subjects it is not designed to direct the attention of the pupils any farther than may be necessary in accomplishing the more important objects of the study. The primary object is to teach the science and practice of Perspective and Architectural Drawing, and to lay the foundation of the accurate draughtsman. Taught with reference to this object the study becomes not only interesting but practically important.

The extra charge for lessons on the Piano Forte per quarter, is \$18.50. This sum includes all charges for the lessons given by the instructor, use of instrument and music. For lessons in Drawing and Perspective per quarter, \$6.00. This sum includes all charges for lessons, paper, and crayons.

TEACHERS.—CHARLES BARTLETT, A. M. Principal; WILLIAM MCGEORGE, A. M. Teacher of the Latin and Greek Languages; ALVIN LATHROP, A. M. Teacher of Mathematics; ADOLPHE AWANG, A. B. Teacher of the French Language; REV. FREDERICK W. HATCH, Teacher of the Spanish Language; MARCIUS WILLSON, A. B. Teacher of History, Civil Polity, Drawing and Perspective; C. H. P. McLELLAN, A. M., M. D. Master of Instruction and of Order, and Physician; THOMAS P. STOUTON, Teacher of the science of Music and Instructor on the Piano Forte; GEORGE L. LE ROW, A. B. Teacher of Rhetoric and Elocution; LUTHER NORTROP, Teacher of Vocal Music and Assistant Master of Order; ISAAC HARRINGTON, Junior, Teacher of English Grammar and Geography; ANSELM H. TOBEY, Teacher of Chemistry; R. McHELM, Teacher of Penmanship; H. J. NORTON, Assistant English Teacher and Assistant Master of Order.

### SELECTED TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

#### THE ORPHAN.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

[Concluded.]

At the door Clara parted with Merton; her self-confidence restored, and the guilty pangs in her bosom stilled, by the powerful opiates administered to her vanity. That evening Harry Sydenham came over; he and Isabel were in animated conversation when Mrs. Malverton entered the room.

"How can you reconcile it to your sense of duty, Miss Everett," she asked scornfully, "to desert your *dear* uncle? for really," she said, turning to Sydenham, "she shames us all by her excessive devotion to Mr. Malverton. However, I excuse her over anxiety, knowing the object she has in view." It was long since Isabel had received any marks of affection from her aunt, but she was quite unprepared for rebuke; she made an attempt to answer, but her heart was too deeply wounded; unable to command herself, she left the room. As she went out, Mrs. Malverton said, "The woman who would sacrifice her independence of mind, for the bread she eats, and the garments she wears, would sacrifice her integrity of character for as light a cause."

"Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Clara, "you are unkind! Poor Isabel! Consider how desolate, how dependant she is! You know how she dreads self-exertion; she has no one to look to but her uncle; blame her not if she is sometimes over anxious to secure his love!"

"These are poor excuses," said Mrs. Malverton, coldly, "I cannot tolerate a woman, who will cringe to abject meanness, for the advancement of her interests."

"No more, mamma! no more, I entreat!" Clara saw there had been enough said for the present. The face of Sydenham was very pale, and his hand trembled slightly as he passed it over his brow. Had he heard aright? Isabel—so lofty and generous in her sentiments—was *she* accused of conduct so utterly contemptible?—Never! he would not believe it! From his inmost soul he blessed Clara, for raising her voice in behalf of her absent cousin, and this feeling imparted a degree of warmth, and earnestness to his manner she had never perceived before. Her heart bounded at the thought—"Ay, I was right; let his love cool to Isabel, and he will turn to me," and she felt already as though one great object had been gained.

When Sydenham thought over the events of that night, the defence of Clara pained him, far more than the accusations of Mrs. Malverton. It sounded so strangely like the truth! He strove to force back the dull, leaden, and heavy weight that was gathering over his heart; for he felt that conviction of Isabel's unworthiness must unsettle his peace. His love had received a shock so rude, even yet he could scarce comprehend it. No suspicion of treachery ever crossed his mind; and through the wakeful hours of that night, he resolved to watch and judge for himself.

Alone in her chamber was Clara Malverton; rapidly she paced the room, strong excitement visible in her flushed countenance. Suddenly she approached the table—there lay the sealed letter from her uncle. Her eye rested long upon the direction—to her father. How did the white hairs of that old man rise up to reproach her! Her heart was full of bitterness; "The daughter of my father," she murmured, "should not do this unworthy act! but oh! I have none of his rectitude of character, his honor, or his truth—save me from myself!" and the big tears chased each other down her cheek. She turned away from the table, and walked to the window. The moon was looking forth from her lofty dwelling-place, touching all things with the spell of her soft and shadowy beauty. Within view stood the noble mansion of the Sydenhams, and their broad lands stretched farther than eye could scan. Clara looked, and lo! Isabel Everett rose up before her, mistress of that proud home, and wife to its lord. Remorse fled, and the rigid and iron-like determination that steeled the heart of Clara to persevere till her end was accomplished.

Reader—the first dark passion that entered the heart of Clara Malverton, was *envy*. Of all the passions that exist in the human mind, envy is the most debasing, the most demoralizing in its effect. Let it once acquire a strong hold, it will stir up the evil inherent within, until, like a stream that has burst its boundary, the mighty waters of crime, will wash away every landmark of honor, virtue, and truth! Ay—and wert thou fair, maiden, fair even as *her* who passed from under the hand of Almighty God, thy beauty would not protect thee from its desolating effects—line after line, it draws upon the brow of woman, despoiling her of that which constitutes her greatest charm—gentleness of expression. Believe it for thine own sake, fair reader—the eye grows cold with the heart—so God has willed it; and man will not take to his bosom,



in confidence and love, the woman who bears this Cain like mark upon her forehead.

Clara Malverton broke the seal, and read the letter. She was alone, save the shadow of the Omnipresent—silence. How terrible, to the guilty is profound stillness! For the first time in her life, Clara shuddered to look around; the cold arms of fear were folded over her! with a mighty effort she broke the spell that chained her spirit; and ere she retired for the night, thought over her plans, and resolved energetically to pursue them.

The system laid down by Clara was pursued by both mother and daughter, with a success that delighted them. So skillfully did they manage their game, that Sydenham became convinced of Isabel's unworthiness. She rarely attempted to answer the insolent language of Mrs. Malverton; until her uncle was well, she resolved to bear it, and bear silently. It would have broken that old man's heart, to have seen the child of his dead sister, go forth among strangers to earn her daily bread! And Isabel knew it. Not for any sacrifice would she have pained the kindly bosom, that had cherished her so tenderly! Well and nobly did that young girl bear on! But there was a yet heavier trial for that lone orphan; a change had come over Harry Sydenham! He, to whom she had given the rich treasure of her young heart seemed little to value the gift. So bitter had been Sydenham's disappointment, that it imparted to his manner a degree of coldness, almost amounting to asperity. Isabel knew no reason for this strange alteration of conduct. Oh! how deeply and bitterly she felt it! Ofttimes when there was no eye to see, save The Unresting, tears of anguish would moisten her pillow, and she would murmur, "How very, very desolate I am!"

The face of Isabel wore that touching expression of mournfulness, peculiar to the very young, when sorely smitten. She uttered no complaint; nay, she strove earnestly to cheer the spirits of her uncle with some portion of the gentle gaiety that had once distinguished her. Every day his health improved; and Isabel in pursuance of a determination long since formed, ventured to hint to a very estimable friend of her uncle's her desire to obtain a situation as governess in some family of her acquaintance. This lady, a Mrs. Stanley, promised to make the necessary inquiries—mentioning at the same time, her own wish to procure an instructress in her family, but having spoken to a young friend of her own, she must await her answer, before she offered the situation to Miss Everett. The situation in Mrs. Stanley's family was so very desirable, that Isabel begged her to defer, making any inquiries, until it was ascertained what the answer of her young friend would be. To this Mrs. Stanley readily consented, for Isabel had won her way to a heart, open and affectionate as her own.

"And if I should be so very fortunate, my dear Mrs. Stanley," said Isabel, in conclusion, "as to enter your family, would you make me the proposition as coming entirely from yourself. My uncle might think it so very strange that I should wish to leave him?" and Isabel colored deeply, for she had no desire to make known her actual situation in her uncle's family.

Mrs. Stanley who had long suspected the truth, consented to do so: and then she said, "Are you aware, my dear Miss Everett, that Mr. Malverton's situation as regards pecuniary matters is a very doubtful one? Clara mentioned to me that she believed her father's late attack, was almost wholly owing to anxiety of mind about some speculation in which he was deeply interested. I grieve to say, that speculation has failed. Mr. Sydenham advanced a very considerable sum to meet the demand, and the whole transaction has been kept secret from your uncle, until his health is sufficiently restored to admit of his hearing it without danger. Under those circumstances you cannot but feel your determination to seek support for yourself is a just one."

Isabel heard with great astonishment, this disclosure of her uncle's circumstances. And she rejoiced from her inmost heart, that she had not added to his anxiety by the recital of her own wrongs.

A few days after this conversation, in the evening, as Isabel watched by her uncle's side, he fell quietly asleep. She left the room, closing the door softly behind her; the family were dining out, and, fearing no interruption, she sought the drawing room. Opening the piano, she ran her fingers over the keys, the low, soft tones of her voice mingling mournfully with the music. An old and simple song it was, that she loved for her mother's sake. Ere she was half through, memory of that mother's tender love, contrasting with the coldheartedness that surrounded her, swept over her spirit, bowing it like a frail flower before the tempest. It is sad to see the young so stricken, "growing old before their time!" Her sobs died away, and something like peace stole into her heart, for she felt assured that mother's blessing was upon the faithful performance of her duty to her uncle.

Much earlier than they were expected, Mrs. Malverton and Clara returned, accompanied by Sydenham. Every fact detailed by Mrs. Stanley to Isabel was known to both mother and daughter, and the anxiety of Mrs. Malverton to secure Sydenham for Clara, had grown into a desire so intense, that it blinded her judgment. She looked very angry at seeing Isabel in the drawing room, on their return; it was unusual, as she confined herself very much to the sick room of her uncle. Mrs. Malverton could not avoid noticing the agitation of Sydenham, who rarely saw Isabel of late: traces there were of suffering, of recent tears, that made his heart ache to behold. "And yet she will bear all this," he thought, "rather than secure by exertion her own independence!"

"I need not ask if your uncle is asleep," said Mrs. Malverton; "your being here, is all sufficient evidence that he has not the use of his eyes, to note your dutiful and affectionate behaviour!"

"Dear mamma!" exclaimed Clara, deprecatingly, "may not Isabel be weary of that sick room as well as the rest of us?"

Mrs. Malverton took no notice of the interruption, neither did she notice the flashing eye of Sydenham; but she went on, with even more

than her wonted severity, to wound the feelings of Isabel.

"You promised to remain with Mr. Malverton, or I should not have left him. Will you allow me to ask, Miss Everett, why you are here?"

Isabel was tried too far, she lost all control over her feelings; almost with a cry of anguish she exclaimed.

"To weep!—yes! to weep the bitter tears of humiliation, wrung from the heart of a motherless child—am I here! Shame on the heads of those who have so cruelly used me!" and the bitter tears streamed over her face as she hurried from the room. She reached her own chamber, locked herself in, clasping her hands together, she sank down, and in tones of anguish cried unto her mother.

"My mother! you are in heaven, but you will not desert me! How could such love as yours pass away! Look upon me, mother, I have no friend but you!" she was silent for a time and then she murmured, "Before him to be so scorned, so insulted! Aunt—my aunt!" and Isabel shuddered at the dark thoughts arising within her. Then that low sweet voice rose up to the orphan's Father! in earnest and supplicating prayer. Few ever prayed as Isabel did, when the shadow of evil thoughts lay heavy upon her soul, and found their prayer unanswered! It was an hour that tried her faith, but strength was given her "till the evil days pass."

Mrs. Malverton was confounded at the unexpected burst of feeling that escaped from Isabel; to cover her own confusion, and leave the matter in abler hands, she instantly left the room.

Sydenham crossed over to where Clara was sitting, in tones that betokened the deepest distress he exclaimed:

"I cannot be deceived: in her voice there was hopeless misery—Clara, the heart of that young girl is breaking!"

Half kindly, half pityingly, Clara's eye dwelt upon Sydenham, and then in the familiar language of past time she addressed him:

"Sit down beside me, Harry Sydenham! I cannot bear you should waste so much feeling upon one so utterly unworthy—listen, and then judge if Isabel Everett be worthy of commiseration. This morning in crossing the hall, I met a servant of Mrs. Stanley's with a note directed to Miss Everett. As I was going to my father's room, I offered to take it. Isabel perused it, and without a word of comment, gave it into the hands of her uncle. It was an offer of the situation of governess in Mr. Stanley's family. I am certain my father would have felt it a relief to much anxiety he suffers on Isabel's account, had she closed with an offer in every way so unexceptionable. After reading the note he remained silent. Isabel saw at a glance his feelings, and with tears she exclaimed.

"Do not give me up to the cold charity of strangers, my dear uncle! I have no friend but you—do not desert me!"

"You know my father—he promised her that protection, that will never fail while he lives.

And now, Mr. Sydenham, after hearing this account, can you believe Isabel suffers so deeply? It grieves me to see the dislike my mother exhibits towards her; but I could not ask her to love one, whose fondness for the good things of this life gives her strength to endure ignominy and insult."

Sydenham made no reply: angry as he was at Isabel, the tones of her voice were ever sounding in his ear. Oh! how he wished to take her to his inmost heart and shield her from every ill. Clara saw that she had not produced the intended effect, but she thought, and rightly, that his excited feelings blinded his judgment. He soon rose to go.

"It is scarcely necessary, Mr. Sydenham," said Clara, "to caution you as to keeping this matter secret. You will understand it is a family affair."

Well might she caution him! She had indeed met the servant, and taken the note addressed to Isabel, had opened it, and saw at once the ruin it would bring upon her schemes. She told the servant, who had waited for an answer, that Miss Everett desired her to say, "a communication of that kind from Mrs. Stanley required no answer." She felt her situation a perilous one, but she had gone too far to recede. She hoped Mrs. Stanley would take offence at the message, and never renew the subject.

The morrow came, and Isabel Everett rose up with a heavy heart. She raised the chamber window. It was a glorious autumnal morning; the sun shone with a hazy and shaded light, peculiar to the season of Indian summer. The air was very mild—soft and balmy it touched her cheeks, like the south wind of early summer. It soothed the weary-hearted to hold communion with nature, to look upon her silent and everlasting repose—the far off mountains are the same, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; they are surety that in our Creator there is no change. Full of consolation to Isabel was that thought; and then, as oftentimes it had cheered her before came the consciousness of duty well performed. Peace was in her heart, and its sweet expression was upon her face. She sought the chamber of her uncle.

"Bless thee, Isabel, my child," he said fondly, "you are ever the first to bid your old uncle good morrow! I am better, Isabel, so much better that we will visit our friends the Stanleys, for I am going to ride out, and you must accompany me."

Isabel joyfully consented. When they reached Mrs. Stanley's, Isabel was struck with something very like coldness in that lady's reception of her; there was a total absence of the cordiality and kindness, with which she had ever before welcomed her. Observing her uncle much engaged with Mr. Stanley, she ventured to ask "if Mrs. Stanley had heard from her young friend?"

Mrs. Stanley regarded Isabel in surprise, and displeasure, as she answered, "You must have known I did, Miss Everett, from the communication I made you."

"This is very strange," said Isabel, "I never received any communication from you, whatever."

Mrs. Stanley looked for a single instant upon the face of Isabel and was convinced; she held out her hand.

"I see, my dear, there was a mistake; you will excuse my hastiness." Isabel warmly returned the pressure, while she waited with impatience to hear more. Smiling upon her, Mrs. Stanley drew her hand within her arm.

"You must come with me, Miss Everett, to see my little girls; I am sure Mr. Malverton will excuse us for a few moments."

Mr. Malverton shook his head smilingly.

"I cannot excuse a long absence of my gentle nurse; in very truth, but for her tenderness and care of me, I should not have been here to-day."

"I can well believe your praise of Isabel's nursing, having witnessed some of it myself," replied Mrs. Stanley as they left the room.

When they reached the nursery, Mrs. Stanley rang for the servant who had been the bearer of her note to Miss Everett. He gave an exact account of all that had occurred. Mrs. Stanley then dismissed him, and turning to Isabel said:

"I do not understand the motive that has induced Miss Malverton to be guilty of such dishonorable conduct; she would alienate your best friends from you, and the sooner you are from under her roof, the sooner your happiness will be secured. Will you then, my dear Miss Everett, assist me in the charge of these little girls?"

"I shall be most happy to do so!" exclaimed Isabel. "Oh! you know not what sacrifice I would make to secure an honorable independence. I will ask my uncle's permission—I must expect opposition, but, it is due to myself now to make exertion for my own support. But oh! Mrs. Stanley, if my uncle should insist, upon knowing my true reason for leaving his house—what can I say?"

"The truth!" said Mrs. Stanley, sternly; "Clara Malverton has brought shame upon her own head!"

"Ah!" thought Isabel, "but my uncle will feel it most." She said no more; and they joined Mr. Malverton, and, shortly after, left. Isabel had not in a long time seen her uncle so cheerful. As the carriage approached their home, they met Ned Merton. Mr. Malverton stopped the carriage to speak to him; but the beau seemed discomposed and out of humor, and passed on with a very slight salutation.

"Very odd!" said Mr. Malverton, and "very unlike Ned, it must be confessed."

When the carriage drove to the door, Clara was upon the steps equipped for walking. Her father asked her what ailed Merton, as it was the first time he had ever seen a frown upon his smooth forehead; and then he laughingly related their encounter. Clara was evidently agitated, but she said abruptly to her father,

"You are exposing yourself in a most needless manner; I would advise your going in immediately."

"So I am," was the reply; "but Isabel would have told me far more tenderly!" They walked into the house, at his door Isabel said,

"This morning's ride will fatigue you; if you feel quite rested this afternoon, will you give

me half an hour's time, this evening when tea is over?"

"Half a dozen, if you wish my dear girl;—and now I will release you from such close attendance upon your old uncle." When Isabel turned away from that kindly and happy smile, she felt her bosom glow with the consciousness that she had been instrumental in causing it.

From the day Clara had been compelled to bestow some portion of her confidence upon Merton, he had been a narrow observer of her conduct. And he knew almost as well as herself, the secret feelings that actuated her; yet he strove in vain to win from her own lips a confession of the whole or a part. She turned a deaf ear to every hint, and never in the most distant manner alluded to the letter, or what she had done with it. Angry creditors were at Merton's door at all hours of the day—he had far overruled his limited income—he had "everything to gain nothing to lose." Leave the country he must if unsuccessful; what matter then how much he offended Clara? On the morning of Mr. Malverton's ride to Mr. Stanley's, he called upon Clara, resolving to invite her to walk out that he might have an opportunity of conversing with her without interruption. He found her quite alone; she mentioned that her mother had gone that morning to spend some days with a friend. Never had Merton exerted himself so much to please, and Clara listened with a gracious ear, to the glittering compliments offered up, as incense to her vanity. Merton saw the favorable impression he had made, and he ventured yet farther—to woo her for his wife. That was quite a different affair—the pleased smile upon the lip faded away, and the corners of the mouth curved down; giving to her countenance an expression of haughtiness little favorable to the lover's hopes. It was no moment to hesitate, and although Clara clothed in honied words, it was a most unequivocal refusal of his suit. Merton, maddened by the disappointment, and dreading to face his hungry creditors, threatened her with exposure—that he would betray her to Sydenham. And then did he pour out his knowledge of all her secret plans, taunting her with her unavailing efforts to win the love of Harry. "Can you bear this exposure," he said, his whole manner changing suddenly. "No, you cannot. Be my wife, and you shall never have cause to complain of the devotion of your husband."

"I cannot be your wife; I would be willing to be your friend," she answered. Again Merton urged her; he painted in colors that chilled the blood in her veins, the consequences of her refusal; but she struggled with the fear that possessed her, and again she said:

"Do not urge me, you know me not! I will not be your wife; and I know you too well, to think you would make an unworthy use of the secret you possess."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Merton; "you know me, do you? my proud madam! then you know a man as reckless of consequences, and as unprincipled as yourself; and so he left her. Clara equipped for walking, encountered her father, and her hardly acquired composure nearly gave way before his recital of the meeting with

Ned. The fresh air did not restore her spirits as she hoped it would. All that weary day her mind was harassed and agitated. As it drew to a close, she could no longer bear to sit with her father and Isabel, lest her unwonted manner should attract attention. She sought her own room.

"If he should tell Harry!" the color left her cheek and brow, and her dark eyes actually dilated with the agony of the thought. "Oh! God, if he should tell Harry!" she clasped her hands tightly together, while her lips closed like a vice; and thus she sat, that fair girl in the sunny time of her youth! Guilt was in her heart and despair. Beauty was gone from her countenance—peace from her bosom—for *her* there was no solitude! The void around was peopled with the world of her imagination; and when *conscience* has filled that world with forms that make the blood to creep, and grow icy in the veins, then is a mental hell begun on earth. Dark thoughts, undefined and shadowy, cramped the heart of Clara. Exposure, shame, alienation from her father, stared her in the face. Well did she know that father—that he would never take to his heart and cherish there, a child whose conduct had been so dishonorable and base. And yet upon the head of that father there was condemnation: his child had been given him "to train up in the way she should go." The right principles of action were not instilled into her mind. She was *told* not to lie; but the strong hand of parental authority had not broken a vice which seems inherent in the minds of the very young. Full scope had been given to the indulgence of her vanity, by a frivolous and worldly mother. Could it be expected when the test came, she could bear it? No! Principles such as she possessed, like the flowers upon *Ætna's* side, are soon buried beneath the burning lava, of envy, ambition, and hate!

It was on the evening of the same day he had been refused, Ned Merton drove up to a small country inn, about three miles from the place of Clara's residence. It was kept by one of the oldest inhabitants of the county: a man respected for his honesty and integrity of character. When Merton entered he found him in conversation with a man, quite a stranger to him, but whose striking features and lofty bearing aroused his curiosity. He questioned the landlord as to who he was; the answer seemed greatly to excite him. He paced the room for some minutes apparently in earnest cogitation; then advancing, he addressed the stranger respectfully, and entered into conversation with him. It was long and absorbing; when over, the stranger rose, and inquired if his horse was ready, (it being in consequence of an accident to the animal he had stopped,) he drew a cloak around him, although the evening was unusually mild, mounted and rode off. Half an hour's time brought him to Sydenham's. He dismounted, fastening the horse himself, and with the step of one to whom the scene was familiar, entered the house. Lamps were lighted, the fire burned brightly upon the hearth, books were upon the table, and materials for writing; but the young master of that mansion, half sitting, half reclin-

ing upon the sofa, bore not the countenance of a happy or occupied mind. He was in the mood that likes not to be disturbed, and he turned half angrily as the door opened and the stranger entered. Sydenham rose from his seat, gazing in surprise at the immovable form before him; and he asked, coldly and haughtily, "Who it was he had the honor of receiving." Yet, even as he spoke, he felt regret for his ungracious behaviour. Who was he? That stranger with the lofty and eagle glance—with the ample and intellectual forehead, where thought had garnered the rich stores of a life-time—the thin pale lips that looked like carving upon marble—but around which hovered an expression like woman's when her youth is crowned with beauty! In low, clear, silver tones, slightly tremulous from emotion, the stranger said: "Your father would not have welcomed me thus, his earliest and oldest friend. Boy—I am Richard Malverton!"

Harry clasped the hand held out to him between his own, while his countenance testified strong emotion, as he bade him welcome again to his native land.

"Thou art very like thy father," was the answer; "and I will love thee, Harry Sydenham for that father's sake."

"But I came here to-night upon business. The old landlord at the inn recognized me;—upon hearing my name, a man accosted me, saying that he was about to leave the country, and he believed Providence had thrown me in his way, that he might bring the hand of justice upon the heads of the guilty. A strange story he told me, Harry Sydenham; and bade me come to you as a witness of its truth. 'Go to him,' he said, 'he has been there daily; he has seen—he has heard—ask if these things are true!' I have come, Harry Sydenham—now listen!"

Merton had told all; the secretion of the letter—the attempt to embitter the mind of Sydenham against Isabel—the foul wrong heaped upon the head of Isabel to lower her in his esteem:—and, in conclusion, he had declared his belief "that Isabel had borne all patiently, rather than distress her uncle by seeking the means of support." Word for word, Richard Malverton detailed the whole story. Harry Sydenham, the agony of that hour might have excused a heavier fault than thine! Aye—he saw it all now—oh! why had he not seen it before! Because, Harry Sydenham, in thine honorable and upright mind, there was no place for *suspicion*. In that of Ned Merton there was ample room, and he saw deeply into the crooked ways of the human heart, *when they are evil*.

One portion of Merton's information Mr. Malverton withheld—the deep distress of Sydenham convinced him it was no idle tale—his love for Isabel. "You have been so frequently at the house," said Mr. Malverton, "you probably know if my brother received my letter. I did write, continuing to Isabel the allowance settled upon her mother. I had then no idea of coming home; but I started very soon after the letter—a yearning to see my old home once more, came over me; I had no ties to bind me there."

"I am very sure your letter never was received by your brother," said Sydenham; "in-

deed, I see nothing to disbelieve in Merton's story."

"Let us walk over to the house; I would fain see and judge for myself." Sydenham consented, and during their walk, let us turn for a moment to Isabel. She was crossing the large hall of the mansion, on her way to her uncle's room; she had been detained later than she expected by company, Clara not leaving her chamber since the afternoon. As Isabel entered the hall, Clara opened a door on the other side. It was at this moment, Mr. Malverton and Sydenham reached the house. There was inside, venetian doors to the hall, which were closed, so both gentlemen could see, themselves unobserved. Sydenham attempted to open the door, but the strong grasp of Richard Malverton was upon his arm, his voice whispering in his ear—"Hist! I will listen and judge for myself—this is no common case!"

"Where are you going, Isabel?" said Clara; "that is, if I may ask."

"To my uncle's room," said Isabel, coldly.

"It is late," said Clara, (haunted by vague suspicions of evil,) "my father may be in bed."

"No," Isabel replied, "he promised to see me this evening."

"Promised! then it is an appointed interview—to what purpose?"

"Relative to my accepting the situation of governess in Mrs. Stanley's family."

"In Mrs. Stanley's family! said Clara, becoming very pale, "I never heard of this before?"

The glance from Isabel Everett's eye made Clara quail, under the detection of the falsehood she had uttered, and sternly Isabel said:

"Clara! when you took the note you knew to be mine, and answered it to suit your own purposes, how did you dare address disrespectful language to Mrs. Stanley in my name? Oh, it was most unkind, Clara, to induce her for one moment to suppose I could thus return her great kindness."

Isabel moved towards the door, but Clara, placed her hand upon it.

"Grant me one favor, Isabel—'tis the first I have ever asked; I will never forget it. Do not go to Mrs. Stanley's."

"Why should I stay?" exclaimed Isabel, "to be an object of scorn and contempt! For my dear uncle's sake, I have borne—oh! how much of the bitterness that fastens upon the life strings of the poor dependant! It will grieve him, but it cannot *harm* him now, to know that I must seek another home. Let me pass, Clara, if you please?"

"Is this my answer then?" said Clara; the passions slumbering in her bosom roused into fury, "and is it thus you refuse the first request I ever made you. This is your obliging disposition—your amiability of character—a very proverb in the mouth of my father. You have been a fit recipient for the counsels of your saintly mother!"

"Stop, Clara! you know not what you are saying. Do not take the name of my dead mother upon your lips, in words of mockery! Oh, if you had come to that mother, a lonely and desolate orphan, asking for protection and sympathy, she would have taken you to her heart,

and cherished you there forever!" The hidden founts of memory had been touched by a rude hand, and every fibre in the heart of Isabel vibrated to the touch: tears forced themselves down her pale cheek, which she would fain have checked; for the cold eye that was upon her, made her shrink from any betrayal of feeling. Gently she said, "Let me go to my uncle; of what avail is a protraction of this painful scene?"

"You shall not go," said Clara, while her eye flashed, and her thin nostril dilated with passion; "you shall not go, while I have power to prevent it!"

"Nor is it necessary," said the clear, stern tones of Richard Malverton, who entered the hall, followed by Sydenham—"Isabel Everett shall have a home, without seeking for it among strangers."

The sight of Sydenham made Clara recoil; but she rallied instantly, and asked in her haughty tone, "And who are you, sir?"

"One, whose handwriting is better known to you than his face—Richard Malverton!—Go to your father, and tell him his brother would see him!" Humbled in the dust, the guilty, but unrepentant girl left the room.

"Isabel! How that name brings back my youth! Can you love one whose heart yearns to be unto thee a father?" Isabel, who had sunk into a seat, made an effort to rise, but she had been tried beyond her strength, and with the exertion she would have fallen, had not her uncle caught her. He bore her to the hall door, seating her upon a chair, and supporting her head. "She has only fainted, she will soon revive," he said to Sydenham, who bent over the motionless girl, with a face almost as white as her own.

The fair, soft hand of Isabel hung lifeless by her side, Sydenham raised it suddenly to his lips, "Oh, Isabel! Isabel! how I have wronged thee!" burst from his full heart: and it was no shame to the manhood of Harry Sydenham, that the warm tears fell over that fairy hand; A faint tint came upon the cheek of Isabel, and returning consciousness to the dark and tender eyes.

"You are better, my dear girl," said her uncle, very gently, "calm yourself, my Isabel, you have now a friend to protect and love you."

"I cannot thank you, my dear uncle, now," said Isabel, tremulously.

Richard Malverton raised the hair that fell over the white forehead, and kissed her fondly.

"Thou art strangely like thy mother, Isabel—God bless thee for the likeness! Harry Sydenham will lead you to the drawing-room. I must seek my brother; it is very long since we have seen each other."

Sydenham offered his arm to Isabel, who walked feebly; he led her towards the fire, and she sat down upon the sofa, shading her face with her hand: for a few moments Sydenham stood by her side, and when he took the vacant place upon the sofa, he said:

"I know I am unworthy your forgiveness, Miss Everett, yet I would fain ask it. At least, hear me, though 'tis but a poor defence to acknowledge myself the dupe of a system of base deception. Will you hear me, Miss Everett?" he said, bending, slightly bending towards her,

and listening intently for the words that might fall from her lips. But Isabel dared not trust her voice: all too warmly her heart was pleading for Harry Sydenham. She bent her head assentingly, and her lover waited for no farther consent. He ran rapidly over the past, alluded to his own feelings towards her, and the unfavorable impression made upon his mind by the insinuations of Clara—owned he had never suspected the cause of her submission to the insolence of Mrs. Malverton, and that his worst suspicions were confirmed by the vile fabrication of her having refused the situation of governess in Mrs. Stanley's family.

"And now that you know all, Miss Everett will you forgive me? Oh! believe me, I shall not soon forgive myself." There was a deep, burning spot upon the cheek of Isabel, that rose and spread till it touched the snowy forehead—her lips parted with a smile, that came laden with the heart's unutterable happiness; playing like a ray of light upon her fair and youthful features. Beautiful was the smile of Isabel Everett, and so thought Harry Sydenham; he knelt down by her side, pouring out the love that filled his heart to overflowing: "Be mine oh, Isabel! change and evil cannot touch thee, for I will guard thee beloved—with the truth and tenderness of an undying love I will cherish thee forever; and if sorrow is sent by that all powerful hand, from which I cannot shield thee, dearest, I will share it with thee! Oh, Isabel, be mine—there is no joy our love will not increase—there is no grief it will not lessen! Be mine, oh Isabel, and I will pour out upon you a love, that will satisfy even you whose very nature is made up of love!" And anon, the low, sweet tones of Isabel, fell upon his ear.

"I will be thy wife, Harry Sydenham—can a lifetime repay such love as this?"

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Richard Malverton had finished his story;—upon the ear of that unhappy father it fell, like molten lead upon the condemned criminal. The uncorrected faults of his daughter's youth, rose up before him in giant magnitude. Like the High Priest of old, the dark fiend of an accusing conscience was whispering in his ear, "She did evil, and you restrained her not."

"I did not think to welcome you thus, to the old home of your childhood, my brother. I have been very ill, Richard, and this story has stricken me again to feebleness. Cherish Isabel Everett for my sake—it may be my last request." As he ceased speaking the door opened, and Clara entered—could she gain her father's ear, all might yet be well; and with such desperate purpose had she come.

"Believe him not, father!" she cried. "Richard Malverton has come back with little of a brother's love, to sow dissension in the bosom of your home. Father, the tale is false! listen to your daughter!" "She is my child—take her away," said her father, in a low, hoarse tone of emotion. He was obeyed. Richard Malverton led her forth without the door; she shook off his hold in fierce wrath, and words of passion were upon her lips; suddenly a low cry fell upon her ear; then came the

sound of an old man's sobs, wrung from the heart's agony—ah!

"How sharper than the serpent's tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child!"

The morrow came—Clara was alone in her chamber. Detected, and exposed, she was not humbled. To convince her father of her innocence, was her determined purpose; that accomplished, she might yet retain her good name. She opened his bed-room door; he had not risen. How still that chamber was! It seemed as though the breath of the sleeper was not there! Clara approached the bed—Yes! it was even so; in the calm, and immovable features there was no trace of life. Yet, upon the countenance, there lingered peace, and beauty!—it was as though all the kindly, and warm feelings that dwelt in his heart, had lingered in their upward flight! Good old man! in mercy, wert thou called so suddenly.

With features almost as cold, and rigid as the dead, Clara gazed on!—Oh! that long, fixed gaze of horror! Despair had clasped the heart in its icy folds! But the sense of her guilt was abiding—she laid her head in the dust! and out of that self-abasement she came a better and a wiser woman.

It was a room furnished with exceeding splendor—rich, and rare objects of art, from many lands, were scattered around, the gift of Richard Malverton; for the old man dwelt with his children! But the rarest object there—and the loveliest, by far!—was the gentle mistress of that mansion. Tears were in those eyes—those large, lustrous eyes! Yet, there was in them an expression of the heart's deep, deep happiness. Sydenham is speaking to her.

"Your Uncle Richard, my Isabel, has ordered a costly stone to be erected over your Mother's grave; and he has chosen an inscription, which, if it could be graven with truth upon the monument of every mother there would be few Clara Malvertons!"

"And her children shall rise up, and call her Blessed!"

"Oh, Isabel! I feel how deep a debt of gratitude is due to that faithful Mother, whose early teaching, and judicious counsel, have made you what you are. Thou art beautiful, my beloved!" and the young husband clasped her fondly to his heart—"and good, as thou art beautiful! Bless thee, Isabel! my own, and dearest!—bless thee in all things, even as thou hast blessed the life of thy husband!"

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### ON THE ADVANTAGES

#### Resulting from an Intercourse with Good Society.

THE advantages to be derived from freely mingling with good society, are many and important. By bringing the minds of others in contact with our own, our thoughts and feelings are drawn forth, they act as a load-stone bringing to light powers of mind which were perhaps strangers even to ourselves, which had lain dormant since our minds were first lighted up with the ethereal spark emanating from the mines of intellectual and moral knowledge, and which

might have continued thus concealed in the far off cells of the mind, if a new vigor and life-giving impulse had not been given us by a collision with the minds of others—thus may we impart and receive knowledge. Nor is this the only, or the greatest good resulting from a free interchange of our thoughts and feelings with our fellow men. By it, narrow feelings and selfish prejudices are destroyed, our minds become enlarged, our thoughts more elevated; we learn to think better of human nature, the pulses of our hearts throb with a warmer and kindlier impulse towards our fellow beings.—By it we are prevented from relapsing into that morose and unsocial state of mind from which the bright angel of happiness shrinks in affright.

Man was designed by his Creator to be a social being, and if he neglects to cultivate those powers of mind with which he is endowed, for the improvement of his fellow being and consequent happiness of himself—if he allow those energies to lie dormant, and shun intercourse of all, even of his best friends; the green eyed monsters, jealousy and envy, with their frightful host of lesser demons, will take possession of his mind, and he will sink into that most horrid and wretched state of mind, misanthropy; a state from which we start back aghast with horror. Let us then, as we would avoid this most unhappy condition, cultivate our minds, and what is of more consequence, our hearts. Let the incense of kindness and good will burn freely on the altars of our hearts, and we shall have the rich pleasure of feeling that we have been the means of imparting happiness to our fellow beings—of having, even though in a feeble way, accelerated the motion of the ball of intellectual and moral knowledge, which shall continue to roll and roll on through the countless years of the future, gathering and increasing in power and strength with each revolving motion, until the deep breathings of its voice shall be heard from pole to pole—until its burning rays shall light up with a heavenly radiance the dark and benighted corners of the earth, shedding a bright halo around every son and daughter of earth, and guiding them to a brighter inheritance beyond the shadow and vale of death. GERALD.

## MISCELLANY.

### TEACHING CHILDREN TO LIE.

My nearest neighbor when I resided in Connecticut, was a man moving in the ordinary walks of life, and was a prudent, careful, honest and industrious husbandman. Being at a certain time on some occasion at his son-in-law's, one of the boys of the family wished to go home with his grandfather; it not being convenient at that time, but added, "Next time grandpa comes he'll carry you home with him." The boy was pacified. The old gentleman not thinking any more, (as, alas! many careless and faulty parents do,) of what he said to the boy, was several times at the house without fulfilling his engagement; and, perhaps, without once having it come again into his mind. But the boy was not so forgetful. He recollected well the promise of his grandpa. In process of time the grandfather took the boy behind him on his horse, and was

conveying him to his parental abode. On the way the boy began to remonstrate with his grandfather on the subject, by saying, "When grandpa was at our house one time, he said the next time he came he would carry me home—and grandpa *did not*." "Why," said the old gentleman, "You don't think your grandpa would lie, do you?" "I don't know," says the boy, "What does grandpa call it?" This confounded the old gentleman, and he knew not what reply to make.—This anecdote has convinced me more than almost any thing I ever heard, of the importance of regarding strictly and conscientiously what we say to children. Especially it has shown me the evil of trifling with children, and making them unmeaning promises or declarations which have attached to them no truth or signification. And it is my deliberate and fixed opinion, that oftentimes parents, by disregarding, forgetting, and neglecting to fulfil what they declare unto children in promising or threatenings, are chargeable with the pernicious evil of teaching their children to lie, and then perhaps inflicting punishment upon them for the crime. This is hard—this is cruel—this is an evil of a monstrous size, prevalent and triumphant to an alarming degree, and which ought speedily and effectually to be corrected. Watch then, and remember to make good what you say to children. Do not threaten them with what you have no business to execute—such as cutting off ears, taking off skin, &c. In this way you weaken your own hands; render the truth doubtful, and train up your child for falsehood and crime. Whatever else you neglect, yet by no means neglect to teach them by precept and example, an inviolable regard for the truth.—*Youth's Journal.*

### SELFISHNESS.

WITHIN his house, in a great arm-chair before the fire, sat an old grey-headed man, ripe for the grave. 'Twas winter, and the cold wind whistled among the leafless branches of the trees, and the snow and sleet rattled against the windows. The old man chuckled, for he was warm and comfortable, and the biting blast touched him not. He said, "I have enough; I am rich; so blow ye winds, and drift ye snows; I am safe." A servant entered, and said, "Sir, a woman is at the door, trembling with cold; has no where to sleep, no home to go to; she begs for a corner of your kitchen to pass the night in." "Away, I've no room for thieving beggars; there is a tavern close by; tell her to go there." "She says she has no money, and begs you to give her enough to buy a meal and lodging." "Begone, drive her off; what I've got is my own, and I'll keep it too. I've none to squander on worthless mendicants."

The next morning the old man stepped out into the porch, and there upon one of the benches sat the poor beggar woman. His rage was kindled.

"Did I not tell you I have nothing for you, impudence? Come, come, tramp. Leave my house, I say, d'ye hear?" She heard him not. She was dead! The old man smote his breast and entered the house. He never left it again; for he also died, and died miserable, though rich.

**AN UNTIMELY DEMAND.**—A Provincial actress was performing the part of Lady Anne in Richard III. and on delivering the following passage, "When shall I have rest?" she was answered by her washerwoman from the pit, "Never till you pay me my three shillings and two pence."

**EXTREMELY POLITE.**—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired as usual about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He is dead, *I thank you.*"

**FONTENELLE** lived to be nearly one hundred years old. A lady, of nearly equal age, said to him one day in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long that I have a notion Death has forgotten us." "Speak as softly as you can, madam," replied Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us."

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

N. B. J. Furnace Village, \$1.00; R. R. Cuyahoga Falls, O. \$2.00; Z. W. G. Lewis, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. H. Ypsilanti, Mich. \$1.00; W. P. W. Hardwick, Vt. \$5.00; S. S. Hardwick, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Marengo, N. Y. \$2.00; C. R. Grangerville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; N. B. C. Colebrook, Ct. \$1.00; C. D. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; C. K. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. East Franklin, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Orange, Mass. \$1.00; S. B. New-York, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Dalton, Mass. \$5.00; S. P. H. Potter, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. S. Laneborough, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Hanover Center, N. H. \$5.00; S. A. S. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.00.

### Hudson Lunatic Asylum.

During the year 1839, eighty four patients have been under the care of Drs. S. & G. H. White, the proprietors of this institution—to wit:

Recent cases.....	23
Chronic do.....	58
Intemperate.....	3

Of the recent cases that were removed during the year, 15 recovered, 3 improved, 2 died.....30  
Of the chronic cases removed, 9 recovered, 11 much improved, 9 improved, 1 died.....30  
Of the intemperate removed, 2 reformed.....2  
Remaining under treatment, Jan. 1st 1840.....32

Four hundred and fifty-one cases have enjoyed the benefit of this institution since it was opened, a period of nine years and a half.

The quiet patients continue to enjoy family worship, as heretofore.

### MARRIED,

In this city, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. Donald P. Ross to Miss Margaret Aclay, both of this city.

At Canaan, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kent, Mr. Henry Benton, of Greenport, to Miss Sophronia Olmsted, of the former place.

At Canaan, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. William C. Nixon, of Glen, Montgomery Co. N. Y. to Miss Celia A. Knapp, of Tyringham, Ms.

At Smoky Hollow, Columbia Co., on the 1st inst. by Silvanus Smith, Esq. Mr. Norman Rockefeller to Miss Christina Blakeman, both of Taghanic.

### DIED,

In this city, on the 31st ult. Mrs. Maria Isabella, wife of Mr. James Burrough, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. Mr. John Leslie, in his 71st year.

On the 4th inst. Catharine, daughter of the Rev. George H. Fisher, in her 3d year.

On the 4th inst. Miss Jane E. Noyes, in her 20th year.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Agnes Nelson, in her 84th year.

On the 8th inst. Miss Polly Ross, in her 78th year.

At Hamilton, N. Y. on the 25th ult. in the 78th year of her age, Susan Payne, wife of Oliver Teal, formerly of this city.

At Pawtucket, R. I. on the 5th inst. Edward T. youngest son of Richard Carrique, jr. of that place, aged 17 months.

At Ghent, on the 29th ult. after a short but severe illness, Mr. Adam Gaul, an aged and respectable inhabitant of that town.

At Chatham, on the 2d inst. Samuel, youngest son of Edward G. and Louisa Wilbur, aged 6 months.





## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## LAMENT FOR SPRING.

HASTE, haste, oh lagging Time! and bring  
Those sweet and happy hours  
Of Spring—the ever-welcome Spring—  
With all its birds and flowers.  
Now, gray and lurid clouds obscure  
The day-god's kindly ray,  
And rushing winds, once soft and pure,  
Howl on the livelong day.

I long to hail in joy again  
The clear and amber sky,  
And see the greens on hill and plain,  
Where now the snow-flakes lie;—  
To list again the blue-bird's song  
From out the forest trees;  
And hear its music float along  
Upon the gentle breeze.

The robin, too, that built her nest  
Last year within the brake,  
Would greet her home here in the west,  
And woods with echoes wake.  
Though she may have another home,  
Upon a distant shore,  
She longs with Spring to hither roam,  
And leave her haunts no more.

The brooklet once so blithe and free,  
Would leap again to light;  
And with its gushing melody  
Make sweet the starry night:—  
And I would sit beside it, too,  
And muse on human ills;  
And, as I muse, within it view  
The shade of crowning hills.

The trees would shake their foliage out,  
And round their blossoms shower;  
The rose would fling its balm about—  
The vine creep o'er the bower.  
Along the air would steal the hum  
Of insects on the wing—  
The bee from out his cell would come,  
And sweets unnumbered bring.

Avaunt the thought! that I must lay  
My form within the tomb,  
When clouds obscure the sun's fair ray,  
And shroud the world in gloom.  
No! let it be in silence laid  
Within the green Earth's breast,  
Beneath some "spreading yew-tree's shade"—  
There let me take my rest.

Then warblers from the woodland near,  
Would pour their strains of glee;  
And reft ones drop the pearly tear  
To keep my memory.—  
And flowers as frail as him who sleeps  
Below the swelling mound,  
Would drink the dew-drop while it weeps,  
And breathe their incense round.

Oh, give the boon—'tis all I ask,  
Should early death be mine;  
Let Winter rest from his dread task,  
And Spring in glory shine.

She lights the hearts of sorrow's load  
Long hours of pain beguiles—  
Makes cheerful every lone abode,  
And greets all with her smiles.  
Utica, Jan. 1840.

J.

## CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

BEAUTIFUL the earliest flower of spring,  
Which rears its timid head,  
A fair, and frail, and helpless thing,  
Above its snowy bed.

To transient sense and passing sight,  
It may not hope to vie  
With those more fragrant and more bright,  
Which summer shall supply.

Yet memory fondly owns its worth,  
With gayer blossoms burst  
To light and life—for this came forth,  
The simplest, and the first!

Lovely the roseate scents of morn,  
When dews and vapor rise,  
Gemming with diamond drops each thorn,  
As incense to the skies.

Brightly may shine the noon-tide rays  
On rock, and lake, and hill;  
Yet memory, 'mid their cloudless blaze,  
Will turn to morning still.

There was a freshness in that hour,  
So misty, hushed and calm;  
That, like each opening leaf and flower,  
The spirit owned its balm.

And such, if we may rate the worth  
Of boon more rich than fair,  
By symbols borrowed from this earth;  
Is childhood's artless prayer.

It is a boon above all price,  
To earthly gems assigned;  
View'd as the earliest sacrifice  
Of an immortal mind;

When flowing from a guiltless heart,  
And breathed by guiltless lips,  
No after eloquence of art,  
Its beauty can eclipse.

Oh! thou for whom I frame this lay,  
If thou hast thus been taught  
At morn, at eventide, to pray  
— With feelings and with thought:—

Never thy privilege forego,  
But each returning day,  
In hope or fear, in joy or woe,  
Continue still to pray.

So shalt thou find, through faith and love,  
In toil, and grief, and care,  
Thou hast a Father throned above,  
Who hears, and answers prayer!

From the Rockton Enterprise.

## THE MOTHERLESS INFANT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Look up, my lonely one,  
Up to yon spreading tree,  
Whose green leaves in the sun  
Are waving free:

Fast by its root there swells  
A mossy hillock fair,  
Where the blue violet dwells  
With the young cowslip bells;  
Thy mother sleepeth there!

Hark gentle creature, hark!  
Heard'st thou a robin sing?  
See, from yon thicket dark  
He spreads his wing:

How sweet his chirping hum  
Announces Spring has come,  
With its gay blossoming!  
But she, who loved his voice,  
'Mid an eternal Spring  
Doth evermore rejoice!  
Perchance his house he'll rear  
On yonder verdant spray;  
And thou shalt see it, dear,  
Rock, when the breezes sway;  
Yes, thou shalt watch his nest  
Amid the curtaining tree:  
There his young brood shall rest,  
Caressing and caressed—  
But where's the tender breast  
Whose love should nurture thee?  
Oh, moan not thus, sweet love!  
Thy mother is not dead—  
There is a home above,  
Where her pure spirit fled!  
God was her changeless trust,  
And o'er the lifeless dust  
Her soul rose free;  
Lift up thine infant prayer—  
Ask for His guardian care:  
Her God shall succor thee!

## PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,  
Go, when the moon is bright,  
Go, when the eve declineth,  
Go, in the hush of night;  
Go, with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.  
Remember those who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
And pray for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then for thyself in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition,  
Thy great Redeemer's name.  
Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach his throne of glory,  
Who's Mercy, Truth and Love.  
Oh! not a joy or blessing,  
With this can we compare,  
The power that he hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer.  
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,  
Before His footstool fall,  
And remember in thy gladness,  
His grace who gave thee all.

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1840.

NUMBER 10.

## SHOOT TALKS.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

### CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider! Welcome to their roar!"

CHILD HAROLD.

### THE ALGERINES.

"I tell thee thou'rt defied!"—MARMION.

"TASTE the claret, Mr. Danforth," said Captain Drow, pushing the bottle toward me, as we sat together after dinner in his cabin, about a fortnight after our miraculous escape, "and now since we have discussed our late perils, let me tell an old story of mine, which, I believe you have never heard. Fill your glass—and don't forget the sherry."

I had long known my superior to be a brave and chivalrous officer, but it was only since the assumption of my new authority that I had become acquainted with the thousand gentler, but less apparent qualities of his character. He was a noble being. Firm in danger; fearless of consequences; the very soul of honor; kind, generous, and warm-hearted, he was alike fitted to rule his inferiors, and win the affections of his equals. He never, however, forgot a proper reserve toward his subordinates, for he well knew that discipline could not be kept up without it. It was only since the departure of Mr. Jones that he had waved it in my favor, and then only to its full extent in our moments of privacy. I looked upon him as an elder brother, and he treated me with equal frankness. Thank God he is yet living to read, perchance, this tribute to his kindness.

He was, as I have said, a Southerner, and gifted with all their high spirit and lofty tone of honor. Possessed of an ample fortune, as well by birthright as by marriage, he was free to follow his profession or not, without dread of penury from inaction. But he loved glory more than ease, and at the breaking out of the war, with a noble disregard of self, had left a fascinating and devoted wife to engage in the service of his country.—He was the true model of a naval officer. With a fine education an accurate knowledge of his profession into every detail; a thorough acquaintance with the world acquired by mingling with men of every nation; and an ease of manner resulting from his intercourse with the most refined society; he had yet a warmth of feeling, which, though in times of high excitement, it sometimes broke into passion, and formed, in truth, the secret of his daring, energy, and unconquerable bravery. It was this which had carried him through so many perils, and which obtained him a reputation for courage approaching to rashness. No man in the navy

could tell of so many extraordinary achievements. I had heard of most of these already, and some of them, as my readers know, had happened during our cruise. But there was an adventure of his early life which had never yet been told to me, and which I had casually heard, surpassed any of them in interest. I had no doubt, therefore, it was this to which he now alluded, and I was consequently on the "qui vive" for every syllable he uttered.

"When the troubles arose," he began, as he filled his glass, "between the French republic and the United States, I was but a bullying youngster in a public school; but no sooner did the prospect of a bloody war lead to an increase of our navy, than I was rated, nothing loth, a midshipman under Commodore Preble; and entering at once into the spirit of my profession, I soon acquired an enthusiasm for it which neither time, fortune, danger, nor the tenderest ties have since been able to subdue. But though a thorough sailor on board, I entered like all the rest with the eagerness of youth into the pleasures of the shore.—In fact I was in some danger of becoming a worthless debauchee, or worse than all a confirmed intemperate, when an event occurred which opened my eyes, saving me from present disgrace, and perhaps from ultimate ruin.

"The difficulties with France had scarcely been adjusted, when the outrages inflicted on our commerce by the Barbary powers, induced our government to send a squadron up the Mediterranean, in order to prevent such injuries by negotiation, or if necessary by force of arms. We had gone into one of the neutral ports to provision, and as it was a gay capital, our days were spent in a continued round of dissipation. One evening, however, I had been persuaded to attend a ball at the Ambassador's, and the first object that met my sight on entering the room, was a being so dazzlingly beautiful as instantly to chain my attention. I was lost in admiration, and hearing that she was an American, sought and obtained an introduction. I had seen many beauties before, and had always escaped fascination; but then there was a charm about Beatrice Vernon I found it in vain to resist. From the first moment we met, her witchery began to take hold on me, and every hour I spent with her only increased the spell. Beautiful as a cloudless night; with a voice like the music of a summer wind; a mind, whose every thought was pure as heaven; and a smile, sweeter than the first blush of sunlight after a storm, she soon obtained a power over me which was inexplicable to myself and such as no one had ever possessed before. She was not like the rest of her sex; her mind seemed of a purer, and sweeter nature: and yet she had a brilliancy in her conversational

moments which enchanted all. But it was not these I admired.—It was not her classic brow, and soft, melting blue eye: it was neither her faultless shape, nor her rich auburn tresses slumbering in gold. It was the gentle sweetness of her manners—the sure index of a pure, and innocent young heart. I never entered her presence without an awe falling upon me, checking my usual audacity, and almost chaining me in silence. The words I would have uttered died upon my tongue; my breath came quick and gaspingly; and I trembled before the being I adored. I could no longer conceal it from myself: I loved Beatrice; loved her with the ardor of a warm and generous heart; and loved her too in all the holiness of a first passion. I believe that that early affection, re-awakening as it did my purer, better nature, was the instrument of my salvation. I resolved, from that moment, to be no longer as I had been.

"From the day I saw Beatrice, therefore, I was an altered being. In her presence I seemed to breathe a holier atmosphere—and when away that innocent smile attended me like a guardian angel. We met daily, and at first freely. But after awhile an embarrassment came over Beatrice which puzzled and confounded me. I saw my danger, I feared that my sentiments might not be reciprocated, yet, like the poor wretch in the magic circle, I could not break away from her presence. Meanwhile the winter passed. Our acquaintance was ripening into intimacy, and I was blinding my eyes daily more and more, when Vernon announced his determination to return to America in a ship then in port. It fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I was startled from my dream. Beatrice was soon to depart, and I might, perhaps, see her no more, or only as the bride of another. The thought was madness; yet I trembled to speak out. I was in an agony of doubt. Beatrice too, seemed lately rather to shun my presence; her eye was ever longest in detecting, and her voice the last in welcoming me. There were other things in her conduct that puzzled me: but it was all because I could not understand her exquisite delicacy. The fear that a premature declaration might ruin all, withheld me; while I dreaded that absence should be even more injurious to my hopes. In these circumstances, tortured by doubts, uncertain how to act, with a mind little short of phrenzied, I determined to leave every thing to chance waited with beating heart some favorite opportunity, and at last saw Beatrice depart without daring to breathe my love. As she waved her handkerchief for an adieu, I seemed to awake as from a dream. Had I been able to speak to her at that moment, I would have ventured all in one burning avowal of my love. But she was gone. We might never meet again. Overcome

by my feelings, I leaned my head upon my hand, and wept like a very child. What boys does not love make of us!

"In a few days afterward we put to sea to resume our station. But I was a changed being. I strove to be gay:—I found it impossible. My companions rallied me, but none knew my secret. The old commodore, however, who was a father to us all, had been a close friend of Mr. Vernon, had met me daily at his house, and suspected, I once or twice thought, my feelings. If so he maintained an inviolable secrecy.

"We had been out but a few days when, one morning, amid the dim haze on the eastern horizon which the rising sun had not yet dissipated, the delicate tracery of a ship was seen with its thousand cob-web ropes, faintly marked upon the fast reddening back ground. She seemed to be either an American or English vessel, of an exquisite rig, and running free before the wind. As we drew nearer she presented a beautiful spectacle. The delicacy of her hamper; the fine undulating lines of her hull; the gracefulness with which occasionally she bowed toward us; and above all the deep, glowing tints of the morning sky, as the sun rolled majestically upward from the horizon, bursting from the clouds that envired him, and shooting his golden light flickering along the billows, formed a scene such as I had rarely witnessed. For an instant I gazed on in silent delight; but at this moment we came suddenly by the wind, and I noticed with surprise that the stranger was not unaccompanied, but that a long, felucca-looking vessel, was sticking close under her quarter, in such a position as to have been hitherto effectually concealed from us. The low, rakish appearance of her companion, and the instant change in the course of the stranger which followed our own, awoke my suspicions at once. I turned to the first lieutenant at the very moment the look-out hailed,

"A sail on the quarter of the stranger."

"Was she going free or in company?" shouted the officer; for by this time, the manœuvre of the stranger had again hidden the felucca on her opposite quarter.

"She seemed like a tender, sir—"

"Did you see her, Mr. Drew?" he said, perceiving my anxiety to speak.

"Yes, sir—and I think her an Algerine."

"Indeed!—and you're right," said he, adopting my suspicion, and then lifting his voice he shouted energetically, 'boatswain pipe all hands to crowd sail after the stranger.'

"In a few minutes the silence of our deck was broken by the rapid tread of the crew—the sails were loosened, the tacks boarded, and before five minutes every rag of canvass was bellying in the wind, and we were approaching the suspicious stranger with the velocity that made us hope we should soon overtake her. In this, however, we were disappointed. No sooner did she perceive our intentions, than throwing off all disguise, she went away dead before us, crowding on every rag of canvass to the trucks; while the felucca on her weather quarter, hauling up between us and her consort, daringly fired a gun as we set our ensign, and run up in defiance the Barbary flag. The insult aroused every man on

board, until nothing was heard but wishes to overtake the pirates. The consciousness, moreover, that the stranger was her prize; that in all likelihood she was an American; and that her whole crew would be condemned to the worst of slaveries, inflamed us with the most enthusiastic desire to avenge their wrongs, and chastise the arrogant Algerine. The men gathered forward in groups, scrutinizing the foe, or converging with eager gestures; while many a compressed lip, and muttered execration, told of the indignation burning in their bosoms.

"Our noble ship appeared to partake of their honest warmth, dashing along as gallantly as a corsair to the death, and scattering the spray in showers over her fore-castle. In less than half an hour we had gained so much upon the felucca, that a shot from our bow gun brought her huge lateen sail to the deck; and availing ourselves of our good fortune, we came up hand over hand, pouring in a broadside amid deafening huzzas, and rounding across her bows, swept her decks with a storm of grape, that left scarcely a man alive at his station. Still, however, she kept her ensign doggedly flying. It was only when we had riddled her sides with another discharge, and she was obviously sinking, that her commander consented to haul down his flag. How was I astonished when I mounted her deck as boarding officer, to see in advance of the pirates, hastily released, to officiate as interpreter, the gentlemanly captain of the ship in which Beatrice had sailed. The truth flashed like lightning upon me. Good God! and was she in the hands of lawless pirates. I shuddered at the thought: a sickness came over me; I reeled, would have fallen, and staggered against the mast; but momentarily recovering myself, I rapidly interrogated the captain, learned to my horror that Beatrice and her family were in the other vessel, and turning my eyes in that direction found, that in our eagerness to overhaul the felucca, we had totally neglected the captured ship, so that taking advantage of our carelessness, she had edged up to windward, and was already at an almost hopeless distance.—Years have passed since then; but the emotions of that moment are still fresh in my memory. A despair, bordering on madness, took possession of me, giving a vigor and energy to my faculties, they had never felt before. I saw all depended upon haste, and aware that the felucca was already sinking, instantly hurried our prisoners out of her, sprang into my boat, pulled wildly back to the frigate, rushed up to the commodore, and without pausing to breathe, informed him of what I had heard, concluding, by invoking him for the love of God, to rescue our countrymen. But the gray haired veteran needed no incentive. Snatching the trumpet in his hand, he thundered out, before my appeal had been half finished,

"All hands make sail—shake out every thing aloft and aloft—heartily, heartily—quarter master, up with her a point or two."

"Ay, ay, sir," growled the old sea-dog, as the gallant frigate danced to windward.

"By the God that is above us, I would give much that this had not happened," said the veteran feelingly, "poor Mr. and Mrs. Vernon,—and then sweet little Beatrice—but how go we?" he

continued as we dashed up toward the stranger with the renewed velocity, 'heave the log.'

"The answer was expected breathlessly; for all could see that the chase was making desperate exertions to escape.

"Ten knots an hour," answered the master, as he hauled in the line.

"This will never do!"

"The chase makes as much, sir," said the lieutenant in reply

"Loose out the mainsail—man the sheets," thundered the eager commodore.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the no less eager answer.

"Haul aft!" shouted the veteran; and the enormous sail, spreading with a jerk to the wind, urged us forward instantly with redoubled speed. He paused but an instant, and then again demanded,

"What does she make?"

"Twelve knots, sir!"

"A point more, quarter master!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"We are nearing her now, I think?"

"Rapidly, sir."

"Then keep her to it—and now, gentlemen, make up your minds for warm work. Away up here, where that haze hangs on the horizon, is the coast of Africa; and I know enough of these rascals to predict, that unless we overtake them before they reach it, they will fly to their boats, carry off their booty and prisoners, blow up their prize, and plunge our fellow countrymen into a lingering slavery.' And as he spoke, turning momentarily away, he took his solitary station on the weather quarter.

"The prediction of the aged commodore doubly inflamed our impatience. Not a man on board but, in the progress of the chase, became wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; and before the pursuit had been continued an hour, officers, landsmen, and weather-stained veterans vied with each other in the intensity of their feelings. It was still uncertain whether we should overtake the chase before she reached the coast; for though our velocity was almost incredible, it but little exceeded that of our opponent. She was beside already dangerously near to the land, and before we could hope to board her would be ashore.—What were my feelings during these moments of suspense? Words cannot describe, nor imagination picture them. Hope and fear alternated rapidly in my bosom—a thousand dreadful surmises followed each other in terrible succession. Now I trembled lest our approach should inflame the captors into desperation, and she, I loved so deeply, become the victim of their rage—and now I shuddered, as I saw how slowly we gained upon them, and that in all human probability, it would be in vain to hope for a rescue. These conflicting emotions, lacerating my bosom with anguish, presented a hopeless prospect upon either hand. But we were now approaching within range of shot, and at once a brisk, and well-aimed fire was opened upon the chase. My own feelings seemed to have taken possession of the crew; and not a shot but was sent with the precision of a rifle-ball. They burned to release their countrymen from a bondage worse than death. They knew, besides, that all depended upon disabling the

foe; and their efforts consequently displayed a skill that astonished me momentarily more and more. As they grew warmer in their work, the balls told with unerring certainty, splintering a spar, or perforating a sail at every discharge. Still, however, nothing of consequence had been shot away; but after some fifteen minutes firing, a wild huzza rung through the frigate as the main-topmast of the chase went crackling over the side, bearing with it the royal, sky-sail, and a web of hamper, that clinging to the other rigging, dragged a wreck beside her, and brought her at once sharp around with her stern at right angles to our broadside.

"'Pour it in, my lads—we have her now—rake her fore and aft,' shouted the commodore, on the instant springing on a gun to reconnoitre the chase. Our brave fellows needed no incentive. From the stern to bow, along the whole deck, the fiery torrent burst forth, making the old hull shiver to her keelson; and when the thick smoke had curled away, we saw the ill-fated chase with nothing standing but a fragment of her foremast, rolling a wreck upon the waters. Yet, her obstinate captors, though their ensign had been shot away, hoisted another on a temporary staff, defying us to the last. We were now, however, confident of success, as it was impossible for them to escape. Our only concern was, lest they should take vengeance on their captives, and in the recklessness of desperate men, immolate themselves sooner than surrender. Such deeds they had been known to do, and we trembled momentarily lest the chase should blow up. No sooner, therefore, had we gained a convenient distant from the foe, than the commodore ordered the frigate to be hove to, and turning to the crowd of officers upon the quarter-deck, exclaimed,

"'Now, gentlemen, the time has come for warm work. Much as I wish, if possible, to rescue our fellow countryman, a proper regard to the lives of my crew will not sanction a nearer approach of this frigate. But,' he continued, noticing the disappointment on every countenance, 'God forbid I should desert a fellow creature in his distress. We must rescue the prisoners. But it must be done with our boats, and by volunteers. They who are willing to peril their lives, shall have God speed, and all the aid an old man can give them. I need not tell you, gentleman, it is a service of life or death—you attack pirates, desperate from defeat, and ferocious as tigers.—They may only wait for you to board them, in order to fire their magazine. Think well of it—and now for volunteers.'

"He ceased. There was a death-like pause of an instant; but it was only the deep silence of awe. In a minute every officer had volunteered.

"'Just like you, my gallant friends,' said the old man, 'but I cannot risk too many of you.—Somers,' he continued, turning to his second lieutenant, 'you may take the first boat, and—and—'

"'For God's sake,' said I, unable to restrain myself, 'have I not hope—'

"'Yes, Mr. Drew, you have the best right—' said the captain mournfully, 'take the second boat get your crew, and now God be with you.'

"It took but a moment to obtain our volunteers, the boats were manned with inconceivable rapidity, we pushed from the frigate's side amid a roar of cheers, and, while an utter silence was maintained, our gallant crews bent to their oars, and we were urged through the water with the velocity of a falcon. The few moments of deep suspense, ensuing before we reached the chase, were spent in a hasty observation of our relative positions.

"The dismantled ship was lying nearly broadside on the shore, and not more than a mile and a half from the coast. At the distance of a few hundred yards from the land a ledge of rocks ran parallel with the continent, serving as a wall for the breakers to shiver upon, and affording a secure retreat within from their power. The land behind was unusually bold, rising into high, undulating, craggy bluffs. It seemed however, totally deserted; without either houses, or other signs of inhabitants; and presenting all the wild and savage grandeur of an African coast. The whole scene around was animating in a high degree. Behind, to the left, the frigate was falling off again before the wind, her tall masts, fine tracery, and exquisitely moulded hull showing gallantly against the morning sun. A few rods ahead the other boat was speeding swiftly along, rising on the seas with a graceful, gentle heave, while still further in the van, the shapeless wreck, rolled heavily about, her ensign streaming from the stern, but without a single being visible on board, or any sign that her late conquerors remained to await our attack. This utter desertion boded no good to us, and would at any other time have cooled our ardor. But when I reflected upon the danger to which Beatrice was exposed, when I remembered that even now she might be calling vainly for help from the insults of some brutal barbarian, I felt as if I could have dared even hell itself in her rescue, and cheering my men frantically on, I clutched my sword, and prayed fervently that I might not be too late.—Suddenly, however, I heard a piercing shriek—it was a voice that even in its agony I knew—and starting wildly up in the stern-sheets, I beheld a sight, which for a moment crushed all hope in my bosom.

"We were yet some distance from the dismantled ship, when its conquerors foresaw that if we reached them, our overpowering numbers would put an end to all successful resistance.—

"Their only hope, therefore, was in flight—they could yet ensure a fair start—the shore was little more than a mile and a half distant—desperation would add sinews to their arms—and at least they would possess nearly as many advantages for a combat, as if they should remain on board. By this means too, they could secure the richest of the booty. But though unwilling to incommode themselves with prisoners, the extreme loveliness of Beatrice, made her a prize too valuable to be lost—and her wild, heart-broken shrieks, as they tore her from her parents, were the sounds which had arrested my attention. I saw it all at a glance. My blood boiled like lava as I gazed, and I felt as if I could have dared heaven and earth in her behalf. Thundering to my brave fellows to pull like madmen, I shout-

ed to my consort what I beheld, and scarcely waiting for his expected order, dashed around the stern of the deserted wreck, at the same instant that the second lieutenant shot swiftly across her bow.

"'Oh! my child—my child—for the love of heaven save my child,' shrieked the agonized mother as we whirled past the quarter.

"'Quicker—quicker,' I shouted, rising and cheering on my men, 'a purse of gold if you overtake the fugitives—give way—give way.'

"And they did give way. I have seen men pulling for their lives from the battery, when the iron tempest fell around them like hail, but I never saw men, before or since, in danger, battle, or death, pull as did that noble crew. Their oars seemed as though they would snap in their hands, and the old barge trembled like palsied age at every jerk they gave her. Eager as they were to behold their foe, they never looked around, but steadily gazing astern, bent to their task, and drove on like a hurricane. We were already, despite the exertions of the fugitives, rapidly approaching them, and their only hope was in reaching a narrow inlet almost dead ahead, that opening between the rocks which guarded the coast, afforded them a chance of a defensive position. To trust to my companions would be useless for we had left them some rods behind on the other quarter of the boat; and their utmost exertions would not be able to bring them up in time for the struggle. As it was a much larger boat, my force was greatly inferior to that of our enemy—but there was a fire in the eyes, and a determination on the brows of my gallant fellows, which did not suffer me to hesitate a moment. I felt I was myself a match in my present state of wild excitement, for any three of the barbarians. Not a moment was to be lost. Dreading lest we should open a fire of musketry upon them the fellow in the stern-sheets of the fugitives had placed the insensible form of Beatrice in such a way as almost completely to shield himself and his crew. They were within a few strokes of the inlet—if they gained it they could make it good against ten times our number—a desperate effort was to be made or all would be in vain. Seizing a loaded musket, I pointed it toward the Turk at the bow oar, but my purpose was anticipated by the wretch behind, and I saw I could not fire without being the murderer of Beatrice. I took it from my shoulder with a half muttered execration. A desperation came over me: her death seemed inevitable on either hand: I resolved to venture all upon the cast. Again I lifted my musket; again I dropped it in despair. A taunting shout broke from the villain, for the bow was already within a few fathoms of the inlet, shooting like an arrow directly toward its mouth. I paused no longer, but raising my piece, aimed directly at the wretch himself. Self-preservation threw him an instant off his guard, and gave me the opportunity for which I had so ardently wished. The head of the foremost Turk was for an instant exposed. In that moment I was as cool, aye! cooler than I am now. My hand was like iron, as rapidly changing the direction of my piece I glanced along its glittering tube. I pulled the trigger, a flash leaped from the muzzle, and the bow-earman springing from his seat, fell dead across the

thwart. In the same instant the boat, losing his aid, fell off a little, missed the inlet, jammed in the rocks, and I remember a wild huzza, a momentary flashing of fire-arms, a crossing of blades in deadly strife, a fierce, wild struggle above the body of Beatrice, and a thrill of almost delirious joy, as the last fugitive leaped into the water, and I clasped the cold, inanimate, but yet breathing girl to my bosom. God knows! how grateful I was that we had come in time. A lifetime shall never efface that moment from my memory.

"The ardor of our men, however, had carried them along the rocks in pursuit of the enemy, and for a moment I found myself alone with Beatrice. She opened her eyes, and perceiving who it was that had preserved her, timidly gazed into my face with a look that might have saved a lost spirit, it was so tender, so grateful, and yet so delicately chaste. A gleam of hope shot through my mind. I could refrain no longer. The pent-up emotions of my heart broke from all control, and the torrent of wild, incoherent words rushed forth. She made me no answer, but her fair head rested heavily on my bosom. I pressed her hand: she did not withdraw it. It was scarcely a moment, and yet how delicious! Years were compressed into that instant; it contained the bliss of an existence. As she lay upon my breast, I impressed my first kiss upon her brow. Her cheek was crimsoned like fire, but she only lifted her eyes chidingly to mine. She uttered no vow; she did not speak but that silence, deep, holy, thrilling, was more eloquent than words. I felt from that moment that Beatrice was mine.

"All this however, had past like lightning, and long before the other boat came up, Beatrice had resumed her usual calm almost distant demeanor. But I felt no doubt. Her heart was mine. That heart was mine. That thought alone made me almost think the barren rocks a heaven.

"But why protract it? We returned to the wreck, took off the family of Beatrice, and regained the frigate. The ship was inspected, found to be little hulled, jury masts were rigged out, and she was carried into port with us to refit. As for the Algerines, they were treated as we treated all the rest.

"The night after we landed I enjoyed an interview alone with Beatrice; and won again from the blushing girl, a confession of her love. It was a rich moment. She acknowledged—her low voice trembling as she did—that she had loved me all along—but that my conduct had deceived her into the belief it was unrequited.—She resolved at once to conquer it, and avoided my presence as much as possible. Still, at times, she fancied she might be mistaken; and for a few days before they sailed, my conduct seemed to prove it. But then my silence—and cold, formal parting. She had vainly endeavored to overcome her passion, when they were captured by the Algerines, she was torn shrieking from her parents, and awoke from her insensibility to find that I had rescued her. The joyous surprise of that moment threw off all disguise, and my ardent declaration removed all necessity for it.—But you know the rest. We parted as betroth-

ed. She returned to America, whither I followed her at the end of our cruise, and enjoyed the happiest of days in calling her my bride. But I forget how I am talking; you would not have thought I was such an ardent lover, would you?"

I made no reply, but filling my glass, I drank it off in silence. He understood me, and with a smile imitated my example. Nor was it without cause. The matronly Beatrice still maintained in maturer life, all her surpassing beauty. When I first saw her after the peace at the levee in Washington, she was the star of the night.

### THE CONTRAST.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

It was a cold, stormy evening in December: the wind sighed mournfully and the hail-stones rattled upon the pavements. The streets of the great city of London, the Babel of sights and sounds, were slippery and cheerless but not deserted; for by the light of innumerable lamps you might behold the merchant hurrying to his home after a day of toil, the clerk seeking some haunt of pleasure, the houseless mendicant and the deserted child wandering slowly by; and the gambler, the thief, the drunkard, each bent on his own errand and pursuing his chosen course. Some, drew their cloaks closer around and shivered at the piercing blast came by; some forgot the present gloom in anticipating the comfort and joy of home; and to others the storm without seemed not so wild as that within their bosoms.

In a splendid apartment of a proud mansion in Regent Street sat its noble owner and his lady wife. It was a large and lofty room; the walls exquisitely painted in the Italian style, representing many classic scenes, such as Venus rising from the sea, Andromeda bound to a rock, the marriage of Theseus and Ariadne, and Phaeton rashly striving to guide the flying coursers of the sun. These were surmounted by an arched roof of light fret-work, and a cut-glass chandelier suspended from the centre made the whole brilliant with light. The curtains and couches were of rose-colored silk; the carpet of Turkey's finest looms and richest dyes; silver candelabra, marble statues, and alabaster urns of curious workmanship were dispersed around; and in an alcove was a collection of rare exotics which, though no fire was visible, bloomed bright in the summer heat. But a flower dearer and sweeter than them all now entered, the Lady Eva, the lovely daughter of that noble house. Though one of the fairest and most favored of England's maidens, pride and vanity had never made her heart their home. She was simply arrayed and without ornament, save a small chain of gold attached to some treasure which was concealed beneath the bosom of her dress, and a string of pearls that confined her long flaxen tresses. She gracefully curtsied as she entered, and passing her father with a smile of affection seated herself upon a velvet ottoman at her mother's feet.

"Sweet mother, must I be kept from the Opera to night by the storm! all the fashionable world will be there unmindful of its violence, and I also would fain defy it to hear the Signorina Garcia for the last time. I am sorrowful to think the unrivaled songstress is so soon to leave

England for the Continent, and shall often sigh to listen again to her entrancing strains. Shall I go to night? say me not nay, dear mother! but here is our cousin August to join in my petition."

"Yes, it was for that I came. My mother feared my aunt and uncle would be unwilling to attend, and knowing your passion for sweet sounds she requests permission to be your chaperone. I am sent to attend your ladyship to her residence, and the carriage waits. Dear uncle, sweet aunt let us not be disappointed. Eva will suffer no inconvenience from the storm. Come Eva, don your robes of state! for your noble father and lady mother by silence give consent; but what reward shall I, a lowly knight, obtain for having successfully interceded in behalf of my liege-lady?"

"Has Lord August of the Isles become a humble suitor for my poor bounty? he shall be rewarded according to his deserts."

She stood near the alcove, and plucking a fresh leaf of geranium offered it to him with a blush and a smile. He kissed the fair hand from which he received it and softly whispered "it is enough."

Eva hurried to her dressing room, and summoning her tirewoman, was soon arrayed for the Opera, in a style befitting her rank.

They had not proceeded far, when in passing through a narrow street the carriage stopped, and they heard the coachman questioning a miserable looking child who stood upon the walk weeping bitterly. Eva let down the glass and the light of a street lamp showed her pitying face to the poor child.

"Oh lady! help us I pray you! My mother is ill and my father is dying. We have no bread to eat and no fire to warm us. They have sent me forth for help, but I know not where to go: the pavements are slippery and I am very weak."

August and Eva hastily alighted, and taking the boy by the hand, he led them through a dark passage, and up a flight of tottering stairs, to the sole apartment occupied in a miserable ruinous dwelling. A solitary candle only made "darkness visible" when they first entered; but after becoming for a few moments accustomed to the faint light their eyes took in at a glance the whole scene of wretchedness. The floor and walls of the room were of bare, rough boards, and the wind entered through the cracks in all directions. The windows were broken in many places, and had been mended by the inmates to the best of their ability with bits of paper and worn out garments; but the hail beat in through the crevices, and every fresh gust of wind seemed likely to force them from the rattling and frail casements. The room contained one solitary table on which no signs of food were visible, two or three broken stools for seats, and not a spark of fire was seen on the cheerless hearth-stone. On a low bed in one corner, with a scant and ragged covering, lay the wretched father, wasted by disease and famine to a very skeleton; and his difficult respiration and tearing cough told that the sorrow of life would soon be over. One child younger than the boy who had guided them thither, lay calmly sleeping on the foot of the bed, and the pale, watch-worn mother sat by its side with a wailing infant upon her lap, vainly



pleading for the nourishment which starvation had dried up in her breast.

"Oh Augus!" said Eva, the large drops gathering in her eyes as she looked around, "I did not dream there was such misery in the wide world. What am I, that so much wealth should be lavished in adorning my person while those poor creatures who are perhaps more worthy, suffer for a morsel of bread? I cannot go till I see them relieved. Bid the coachman hasten home to bring food and blankets and medicines, and send a messenger for our own physician. I will tarry here till he returns."

She sat down on a low stool, and taking the boy, whose tears were hardly dry, upon her knee, she drew her velvet mantle around him and bending her head to whisper comfort, the tip of her snowy plume rested on his shoulder, and her veil of Mechlin lace fell over, and shaded his sad young brow. The mother, who had not wept for herself, was melted to tears by the tenderness shown her child. She drew near them saying, "Look up lady! let me behold your face, for surely it must be the face of an angel. The distress you see here is not the punishment of vice or intemperance; it is the hand of God, and we must not rebel, for whom he loveth he chasteneth. We have seen brighter days. Our lot was humble, but we knew not want, and the smiles of affection and content were ours; but misfortune and disease have thus reduced us. A lingering consumption has long prevented my beloved husband from providing for the wants of his family: I have sought to earn a pittance, but with so many around me claiming my care, I toil to but little purpose. We have parted with every thing but the bed on which the sufferer rests, and nothing now remains to buy us bread. I cannot leave my husband, to seek relief, for fear he should die during my absence. I have trusted in God through all, till to day, when despair came nigh my heart: but I said, let us pray to our Father in faith; and he will give his angels charge concerning us, and surely, surely, thou art no other than an angel sent from heaven in mortal guise."

A liveried servant now entered with fuel, and kindled a cheerful fire on the hearth, which soon diffused light and warmth around; and the coachman brought in blankets and provisions. The lady Eva spread the warm covering over the poor invalid with her own hands. She brought him a cordial with the finest wheaten bread, which seemed to revive him, and she thought he might recover; but when the physician came he shook his head in reply to her anxious inquiries, and Eva knew there was no hope. When every thing was provided for their comfort, she left them with a promise to return on the morrow, and the assurances that all their wants should be supplied.

It was late when they reached home, and Augus thought he had never seen his cousin look so happy and so beautiful, as when she bade him a kind "good night." She had forgotten the Opera with its attractions, the Garcia with her enchanting music; and her heart was glad and grateful, that instead of mingling with the fashionable world, she had that night been guided by Heaven to relieve the destitute.—*Universalist.*

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

## NATURE'S INFLUENCE.

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part  
Of me, and of my soul, as I of them?  
Is not the love of them deep in my heart  
With a pure passion?"—CHILDE HAROLD.

HOWEVER preposterous may seem the idea to those who have not weighed its importance, and become possessed of that knowledge which leads them to speak definitely of any subject; however puerile may seem the feeling to those who are merely superficial observers; Nature possesses influences over the human mind, to me, transcending all other earthly powers. It is true, men will sneer at the assertion, and ascribe more influence to the imbibing of some potentia, that has the effect to soothe for a moment the stronger passions, but leaves the faculties dormant, or a gracious smile from a pretty face, making the heart to leap into the throat, to the great danger of the suffocation of the individual, causing him to forget for a moment more harassing subjects. But these are cold and frivolous persons, and those who are led by their own headstrong impulses to pass from one thing to another for the gratification of the time, and stop not to investigate that which may have a tendency to lead them away from the groveling passions reigning predominant in their hearts.

I love to study Nature in all moods, "calm or convulsed"—whether it be the broad ocean, with its blue, upheaving waves, tossed by the winds, or calm and unruffled as a mirror's surface; the rushing river, or the gentle waterfall, with its trickling gush of melody, the brawny forest oaks with their embroidery of green leaves; the simple flower, opening its many-hued petals to the sun; the clear blue sky, spangled with stars;—everything, in short, relating to Nature, has an influence over me, at once softening and subduing every evil thought and action. Let him whose tide of life has never been ruffled by storm—who, by long contact with the world, its cares, its perplexities, and the sordid motives which actuate man to wrong his fellow-man—let him go forth into some lovely spot, a wood, for instance—where every thing wears the garniture of Spring, and let him listen to the carol of the bird from the branches of the trees—the music of the wind as it sways their green tops to and fro—and the murmur of the streamlet dashing onward—and he will feel the beauty of the scene stealing over his senses like the soothing influence of a dream. It will lead him to forget the world with which he has so long been connected—he will begin to find a pleasure in hiding to the shady spot, and giving himself up to the guidance of those spirits of Earth that are every where busy around him. He will begin to study the causes which led to the creation of so fair a scene; that they were intended, by the hand of Providence, to be the happy instruments to lead man in the path of right, and to work out His own mighty purposes. He will

"Pore upon the leaves, and on the flowers,  
And hear a voice in all the winds."

It will lead him to reflect—to throw off his previous petulance of temper, and look with a beaming

countenance upon these mouldings of the Almighty's hand with a sensation of pleasure he had never before known.

There is something in Nature, too, which, while it calls forth our admiration of its beauty, awes us to respect by its grandeur and sublimity.—I mean a thunder-storm. No one can look upon the sable heavens, and see the forked lightning play, and hear the thunder, peal on peal, resounding through the sky, without a sensation akin to silent wonder and awe. Such a storm as Byron describes, on the Alps, would have the effect upon a character who reviled nature and nature's God, of modifying his turpitude to a submissive disposition, or at least strike such a thrill of terror to his breast, as to preclude the idea of his again speaking in terms of reproach or blasphemy of that which is formed by the hand of Omnipotence, and directed by his fiat. What a description is given of the majesty of God as seen in his works!

"Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue."

Though such sights as these would naturally make the person thrill with terror, yet, to me, it would be "a pleasing fear," causing me more and more to consider that "the hand that made them is divine."

We all know the difference that takes place in our feelings on the return of Spring. When, Winter, "ruler of the inverted year," leaves us for a northern clime, and his successor steps in to assert her dominion, every countenance, even though it be that of the sufferer upon the bed of sickness—will wear a smile of happiness. We even forget our worldly affairs, and speak of the genial influence of the time with joy, at the same time expressing the hope that such days may cheer us often.

Nature is never capricious or fickle. She lavishes her sweets alike upon all—although every one does not appreciate them. She does not smile on this one, and frown on that, or bestow upon one a thorn, and another a flower; it lies in ourselves, how we consider them—whether we look upon them as gifts from Him, who "delighteth to give good gifts to His children," or as common trivial objects, that can be taken up or thrown down, at our own option.

What sweet and hallowed recollections, too, come into our minds as we roam o'er scenes touched by the wand of Spring? We may think, perhaps, of days past, when we traversed these fair hills and dales with those who have passed before us to the grave;—

"Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,  
Smiles, radiant long ago,  
And features, the great soul's apparent seat—"

all these start from their depths in Memory's urn, and atone for years of pain and sorrow, as we think them o'er. We look back through the dim vista of years, and trace each happy scene that beguiled the hours. The beauty and serenity of Nature brings these visions back to our imagination. We look around us and exclaim, "Here by the side of this babbling stream, have we sat with those who have passed off the stage of life—plucked the flowers that gemmed its margin—sat at the foot of this tree, 'knotty and moss-

grown,' and gazed upon the clear depths of space—saw the golden clouds float away, like airy messengers to heaven—and here we stand by their graves, with the fresh grass springing up on the gentle mounds;—may the scene impart such purity to our lives that we may be like those who rest here in peace and approach the tomb

' Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.' "

Utica, 1840.

J.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE FATHER, An Instructive Sketch.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to instruct their daughters to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as these have been to our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible is it, to see the mother desponding or helpless and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home.—"We can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. What we shall do for a living, I know not. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasury in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new frock bought, and I shall sell my great wax doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had so long been the mistress of the mansion shed no tear.—"Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife; and nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the

household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to merchants in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed their vegetables; they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was as happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place, as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, on a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now, we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us as happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### IMPRESSIONS OF WINTER.

He comes armed in his might, and clothed with all his terrors, effecting a revolution in appearances, customs and pleasures. He speaks from the north, and borrows the cold beams of the cynosure, whose rays sting as the crystalized pearls that stud his cynical forehead. He throws a robe of the purest white over the expanse of nature, and then blows upon it with his breath. He stops the meanderings of the hill-embosomed stream, and turns its water from its purposes, giving it a new character and other uses. He puts his foot upon the ground, and suspends the organic influences of the earth; vegetation ceases from the instant, and every plant becomes dead. He looks upon the trees, and their vitality shrinks from his gaze, and seeks refuge in the buried roots. He meets the weary and benighted trav-

eler upon the dubious road, and with a heart as dead as the destruction he scatters about, smites him to the ground, and lulling every sense of feeling, he places his fingers upon the pulsation, and stops the current of the blood. He binds his brow with a wreath of icicles, tinged with the hues of the rainbow, and wraps his cloak of furs from the northern bear, around his meagre and weather-beaten form, and then throwing himself into his chariot, he gives full rein to his ice-shod steeds, and shoots along like a meteor, only turning from his course to annihilate some weak and lonely vestige of beauty or of life. Or girding upon his feet, bound with thongs of iron, a pair of skates of glistening steel, whose spiral fronts almost rest upon his ankles, he skims over the frozen surface of the water, swifter than the herald of his own approach, or opposing that, he divides the resistless current, and grasping it in his hands, scatters it scornfully around.

The fire burns upon the hearth, and clustering thickly around, are the weather-bound votaries of the summer sports. The velvet lawn no more glitters in the sun, inviting to repose or to meditation. The flowers are no longer in their bloom, and their withered remains cannot reflect a particle of that beauty and sweetness which administered a pleasure to every sense, and awakened the adoration of the mind and the worship of the heart. There is no adumbration of the past in the present for the memory to dwell upon, and no real pleasure in the recollection, except what it still gives us to hope and to anticipate in our dreams. The heart is compelled to turn to other scenes, and to employ the other faculties of its nature, to find new pleasure. And we must take what learning or reflection supplies, or what affection and domestic peace bestow; a reciprocity of sympathy and a similarity of feeling, give and receive mutual benefit, and bless. The mind takes the character of the season, in aspect if not in action, because it is a piece of His creation, and is alike affected by His laws. As the tankard foams upon the table, and the apple mellow upon the stove—as the nut, yielding to the hammer, displays its curious mechanism, and surrenders its edible substance—the grave looks and graver conversation of the old—the smile of contentment and inactive happiness of the young, recall the heart from its giddy wanderings and overgilded thoughts—to contemplate its change and recount its deeds—and it stops in the midst of its enjoyments to wonder how it can be so gratified with itself, when those scenes which seemed so necessary to its pleasure, glisten no longer in the eye.

R. D.

### TRAVELS IN BURMAH.

Mr. MALCOLM states in his book of travels, that the standard of female beauty, as it regards complexion, seems to be a delicate yellow, which is the natural hue of the race, till deepened by long exposure to the sun. A delicate yellow powder is used, by ladies chiefly, to give the face the favorite tint, and also to impart to it a fragrant odor. This last point is of more importance among the Burmans than any where else, as they have a curious mode of kissing. Instead of a slight touch of the lips, as with us, they apply

the mouth and nose closely to the person's cheek, and draw in the breath strongly, as if smelling a delightful perfume. Hence, instead of saying "Give me a kiss," they say "Give me a smell." There is no word in the language which translates the word "kiss." This people have a custom of giving an indelible black tinge to their teeth, by means of lamp black and oil applied with a hot iron. When asked the reason of this fashion, they gave uniformly for answer, "What! should we have white teeth like a dog or a monkey!" Where the teeth are not blackened in this manner, they are usually tinted red in consequence of another custom nearly universal among them, of chewing a mixture called *coon* which is composed of a kind of nut, with tobacco and other ingredients, smeared over with a little tempered quick-lime. This colors the whole mouth a deep red. Smoking tobacco is still more prevalent among both sexes, and is commenced by children almost as soon as they are weaned. I have seen little creatures of two or three years, stark naked, tottering about with a lighted cigar in their mouth. It is not uncommon for them to become smokers, even before they are weaned, the mother often taking the cheroot from her mouth and putting it into that of the infant! The cheroot is seldom wholly made of tobacco. The wrapper is the leaf of the then-nat tree; fragrant wood rasped fine, the dried root of the tobacco, and some of the proper leaf, make the contents.

#### HOW TO GET RID OF A BORE.

An evening or two since an elderly gentleman was surveying a newspaper at one of our hotels through the medium of a pair of gold spectacles. No one was in the room but himself and the bar-keeper, who was standing, half asleep, behind the counter, and a profound silence reigned, only interrupted by the slight ticking of the mantel clock.

Directly the door opened, and in popped one of our city exquisites, whose tightly strapped pantaloons and cockney deportment gave him very much the air and appearance of a Paul Pry. "How do, old gentleman? Hot evening this, 'pon honor," said he, addressing the gentleman with gold specs, who appeared entirely absorbed in the paper before him, and did not deign to make an answer to the inquiry. "Unmannerly chap!" muttered our exquisite, drawing a chair alongside of the old gentleman, and surveying him from head to foot. His curiosity at what could so intently attract the attention of the "unmannerly chap" in the newspaper, became, however, soon excited, and he pushed and worked his chair with much precision and perseverance, inch by inch, until it came in contact with that of the reader. He then stuck his head over the shoulder of the old gentleman and commenced reading, paragraph after paragraph, half aloud. The spectacled man continued in his position some time apparently unconscious of the proximity of the dandy. Presently he pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, seized the dandy by the nose and gave it a squeeze with such force, that even had it been of iron, he certainly would have left the imprint of his fingers upon it. "Oh! oh!" shouted the exquisite, jumping and kicking like a mad bull. "I beg your pardon,

indeed, sir; it was quite unintentional on my part," interposed the old gentleman, after relaxing his hold—"but, sir I thought your nose was mine, you sat so close to me, I couldn't for the life of me distinguish them. Here the matter rested, and our Chestnutstreet exquisite went off bearing a memorandum on his proboscis which will undoubtedly teach him to refrain from such improper and unmannerly conduct hereafter.—*Philadelphia paper.*

#### THE HERMIT.

A FABLE.

A pious hermit, who lived in the solitude of the forest, far from the noise of men, was once wandering through the woods in search of a few wild fruits and berries to make up his frugal meal. He heard a moaning in the grass, and looking down saw a fox, both of whose fore legs were broken, writhing like a snake on the ground and apparently starving. The good hermit was about to seek some food for the helpless creature, when an eagle appeared soaring high over head, and let fall a fowl from his talons directly at the feet of the fox. The starving animal seized greedily on the prize, and soon made a hearty meal on it. "Ah," exclaimed the pious enthusiast, "this is the finger of God! Why did I distrust his providential care? He who brought food to the mouth of this helpless animal, will surely never forge this servant.—Henceforth I will take no more thought of my body's sustenance, but trust in his goodness, and devote all my time to meditation." True to his resolution he returned to his cell, and neither plucked the fruits that hung on the trees around, nor went down to the brook to quench his thirst. Three whole days he lived thus, and wasting away to a shadow, in the vain hope of a direct interference of Heaven. On the evening of the third day, just as he sunk into slumber, thunder rolled through the cave, he saw a form of angelic beauty, and heard a sweet but solemn voice that spoke thus: "Mortal, how feeble is thy understanding! Could'st thou thus misinterpret the lesson contained in the eagle's conduct? Thou art not lame and helpless as the fox, but art strong and active like the eagle that gave him food. Him thou wert to imitate in going about and doing good to others; for know that idleness, even if accompanied with constant prayer, is odious in the sight of the Almighty."—*New-York Mirror.*

#### A MISAPPREHENSION.

We recollect once being very much amused at the relation of the following anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable, and withal a very modest widow lady in New Jersey. Soon after her husband paid the debt of nature, leaving her his sole legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower, of middle age. Being unused, at that time, to the forms of law—though in the protracted lawsuit which followed, she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience—she was much alarmed, and meeting, just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed, with much agitation, "What do you think? Sheriff Perine has been after me!" "Well,"

said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man." "But he says he has an attachment for me," replies the widow. "Well, I have long suspected he was attached to you, my dear." "But you don't understand—he says I must go to court." "Oh that's quite another affair, my child: don't you go so far as that: it is his place to come to court you!"

#### GIpsy WIT.

A short time since, two young ladies near Camberwell were accosted by a gipsy woman who told them, that for a shilling each she would show them their husbands' faces in a pail of water which being brought, they exclaimed, "We only see our faces!"—"Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

A FAIR BARGAIN.—A Norman priest, many of whose parishioners had not made the most honorable exit of this world, insisted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, "Because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged."

LIFE consists not of a series of illustrious actions; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities—in the performance of daily duties—in the removal of small inconveniences—in the procurement of petty pleasures, and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides smoothly, or is ruffled by small and frequent interruptions.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. H. E. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$2.00; P. C. West Sand Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. S. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$2.00; H. E. D. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; E. C. E. South Corinth, N. Y. \$1.00; I. V. D. B. Sumpterville, S. C. \$1.00; C. J. M. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. Alna, Me. \$1.00; C. L. W. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; E. C. Manlius Centerville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Victor, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Carmi, Ill. \$3.00; W. J. G. Cuddebackville, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$2.00; S. S. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. Townsend Harbor, Me. \$1.00.

#### Noticed,

In this city, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. Walton Cable to Miss Susan Bullock, all of this city. At Gallatin, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vredor, Mr. Robert Euseletyne, of Claverack, to Miss Catharine, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Vredor, of the former place. At Spencerstown, on the 25th of December, 1859, by the Rev. L. H. Van Dyck, Mr. William Dickerman, of New Haven, to Miss C. E. Mayhew, of the former place.

#### Noticed,

In this city, on the 14th inst. Mr. Frederick Bunker, in his 64th year. On Thursday the 30th inst. Col. Henry Van Vleck, in the 59th year of his age. In Columbiaville, on the 7th inst. Widow Ellen Billsborough, aged 59 years. Her example is worthy of imitation, nor ought she to pass unnoticed to the grave. She was a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 31 years. During a lingering sickness of many months, even to the last hour, she never doubted the efficacy of that religion which for years she had openly and consistently professed. She has left her children and friends the pleasing evidences that her departed spirit is now in Heaven, at the right hand of Him that liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Also, on the 11th inst. Mr. John Eiding, son in law of the above Widow, who under long and severe affliction had so ordered his house, that he was prepared to depart and be with Christ. He has left a widow and 7 children to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate parent.



## SELECT POETRY.

## THE BURIED INFANT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

There's mourning where the cradle stood,  
Beside the quiet hearth;  
The mother's cheek hath lost its blood,  
Her carolled song its mirth.

The boy upon its nurse's knee,  
Uplifts a wistful eye,  
And for his baby sister dear  
Asks with a wondering cry.

Say, where is she, whose infant wile  
The admiring circle cheered?  
Alike by tear, and moan, and smile,  
Of helplessness endeared?

Al! where is she?—The place you know  
With tufted mound o'er spread;  
Down to that silent church-yard go,  
And ask the mouldering dead.

Yet question not His high decree,  
Who life's young fountain chills,  
Ere sin can drag its current free,  
With pains, and cares, and ills.

Who to the casket of the skies  
Remands the unblotted scroll—  
And numbers with cherubic bands  
Another spotless soul.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I HAVE read in some old, wondrous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Besieged the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldaw's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, land-ward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice or sound was there,  
No drum or sentry's pace;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley, fast and fur,  
The troubled army fled,  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead!

I have read in the wondrous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,  
Beleaguered the human soul.

Encamped beside life's rushing stream,  
In fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,

And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the river of life between.  
No other voice or sound is there,  
In the army of the grave—  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

But when the solemn and deep church bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell—  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of tears afar,  
The spectral camp has fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star—  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

## THE HOME BEYOND THE SKY.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

THERE is a home—a bright, pure home,  
A home beyond the sky,  
Where living waters gladly gush  
Forever to the eye.

A spot where angels congregate,  
A path by angels trod,  
A promised land, where those shall meet  
Who love and worship God.

'Tis placed above the burning stars,  
The far spread fields of heaven,  
Oh! what a glorious heritage  
To the pure hearted given.

The sick heart turneth from the earth;  
The yearning eager soul,  
Stretches afar in anxious thought  
To the eternal goal.

Yes—like a weary bark it comes,  
The plaything of the wave,  
Trusting its hopes to that one arm,  
That but alone can save.

There is a home—a bright, pure home,  
Unseen by mortal eye,  
Where the worn weary rest in peace,  
The home beyond the sky.

From the Knickerbocker.

## "TIME STILL MOVES ON."

TIME still moves on, with noiseless pace,  
And we are loiterers by the way;  
Few win and many lose the race,  
For which they struggle, day by day.  
And even when the goal is gained,  
How seldom worth the toil it seems!  
How lightly valued, when obtained,  
The prize that flattering Hope esteems!

Submissive to the winds of chance,  
We toss on Life's inconstant sea:  
This billow may our bark advance,  
And that may leave it on the lee:  
This coast, which rises fair in view,  
May thick be set with rocky mail,  
And that, which beetles o'er the blue,  
Be safest for the shattered sail.

The cloud that, like a little hand,  
Slow lingers when the morning shines,  
Expands its volume o'er the land,  
Dark as a forest-sea of pines;  
While that which casts a vapory screen  
Before the azure realm of day,  
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,  
And from the mountain tops away.

Oh, fond deceit! to think the flight  
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,  
And ever bring some new delight,  
To minds that strive and sigh for change.

Within ourselves the secret lies,  
Let seasons vary as they will,  
Our hearts would murmur, tho' our skies  
Were bright as those of Eden still!

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE Democratic Review some time since, alluded to George D. Prentice, as entitled to the front rank among American poets. The reviewer instanced some lines, written at the age of 14, as particularly remarkable, and breathing the very soul of sorrow. They will be found below, and are indeed beautiful. We are indebted for them to the Louisville Literary News Letter.

## WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew drops-fall  
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest  
The stars shine gloriously—and all,  
Save me, is blest.

Mother I love thy grave!—  
The violet, with its bosom blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave  
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow—  
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust  
Is on thy brow!—

And I could love to die—  
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,—  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear  
With bitter tears!

Ay—I must linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,  
Whose last frail leaf, untimely ere,  
Went down with thee!

Oft from life's withered bower,  
In still communion with the past I turn,  
And muse on thee, the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And, when the Evening pale  
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night-winds wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown!—  
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—  
I listen—and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

Oh come—whilst here I press  
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,  
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
Oh give his spirit undefiled  
To blend with thine.

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VOLUME XVI.

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NUMBER 20.

## SELECT TALES.

From Friendship's Offering.

### THE COUNTESS.

BY THE HON. ERSKINE NORTON.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

*As You Like it.*

THOMAS MIDDLETON was of lowly, but honest parentage; by his integrity and application he had arrived at, what he would have once considered, the summit of his ambition; he became chief and confidential clerk in a mercantile house of great wealth and respectability. A bachelor uncle in trade made him his heir; he then became a partner in the firm, and finally its sole representative, with a very large and rapidly increasing fortune. He had married one of the numerous daughters of a clergyman, whose sole dowry was a very slender *trousseau*; but she was well educated and well connected. Her health was delicate, and she died when their only child, a daughter, was but ten years of age.

In private life, Mr. Middleton was a frank, kind-hearted man, enjoying the fruits of his industry, in his own quiet unostentatious way. With the exception of the untimely death of his wife, he thought himself, and therefore he was the happiest man in the world; he neither envied rank, nor desired fame; he had health, character, occupation, money pouring in from all quarters, many valuable friends, and a very lovely and affectionate daughter.

Harriet Middleton, at the time our story opens, was sixteen; a light, delicately shaped girl, with a profusion of bright chestnut ringlets, her eyebrows and eye-lashes of a somewhat darker shade, the latter by their length softening the expression of a pair of very brilliant laughing dark blue eyes; add to these, teeth of a remarkable beauty, and a fine clear complexion, and I think that we have fairly made out that Harriet, independently of a hundred thousand charms of another kind, was a very attractive person.

She had been placed after her mother's death, at a school near the metropolis; had acquired a little French, a little drawing, a little music, a very little needle-work, and a good deal of pretty dancing, together with as competent a knowledge of geography and astronomy, as most other young ladies from boarding schools could boast of, some five-and twenty years ago. The best part of her education was that which she had imbibed from her mother, whose precepts she treasured up with veneration, and whose memory was as dear to her as the breath she drew.

Her father had but few female acquaintances; here and there a family in the city, with whom

he and his daughter dined and went to the play occasionally. Then there were the Thompsons at Brompton, with a large family of girls, with whom she spent, now and then, a right merry day; and then old Mrs. Johnston of Hampstead, with her comfortable house and neat equipage, who was always delighted to see her; together with the rich and hospitable Browns of Clapham and the two Misses Smith of Kensington, staid elderly ladies, who had come into possession of the large fortune of their brother, the stationer, and who took great notice of Harriet, because, as they said, she was a wild giddy girl without a mother, and would moreover have the additional misfortune of being very pretty and very rich.

On the final return of his daughter from school, Mr. Middleton decided upon taking a country house; but nothing could induce him to fix on any residence beyond a morning's ride from the metropolis. He had heard of two spacious and beautiful neighboring villas to be disposed of at Twickenham, and thither he and his daughter immediately repaired.—They made their choice, and Harriet soon found herself mistress of a splendidly furnished mansion, with greenhouses, and parterres, and shrubberies, and verdant lawns sloping down to the silver Thames, &c. &c. However, Twickenham is certainly a very pretty spot; moreover at the young lady's disposal was placed a plain but handsome equipage, with new liveries, an enlarged and carefully selected establishment, a well chosen library; in short, all that her indulgent father thought could contribute to her comfort and happiness.

Masters in the higher branches of education attended regularly from town; but Mr. Middleton would hear of no governess, no companion, no continued female resident in his house above the rank of house-keeper.

The neighboring villa did not remain long undisposed of; it was taken on lease by the Earl of Belmont, and a few week after the Middletons were settled in their new and delightful abode, his lordship and his family took possession of theirs.

"Harriet, my love," said her father on his return from the city one evening, "whom do you think I shall bring out to dinner to-morrow?"

"Whom, papa?"

"Your old friend and playmate and my quondam ward, Frank Heartly."

"Indeed! I am so glad!" cried Harriet, clapping her hands—"It is two whole years since we saw him—is he much improved by his foreign travel?"

"In his outward man he may be," replied her father; "his inward man, foreign travel might injure, but never could improve; he is now three-and-twenty, with a splendid fortune, and

for his age and his class of society, has seen a good deal of the world, and appears to have been touched with but little of its alloy; he is the same sensible, kind hearted, grateful Frank as ever. He inquired very particularly about you, and supposes he must no longer call you his little Harry, and rather *dreads*, I think, to find you sprung up into a finished boarding-school-miss;—(Harriet smiled)—but I told him that, in many respects, you were as little altered as he was. I hope he will be as great a favorite with you as ever, Harriet."

"I hope," she replied, with perfect simplicity, "I shall be a greater favorite than ever of his; and that he will find me so improved as not to need any more fault-finding, or scolding, or teaching: you know he was always very strict with me, and that I was much more afraid of him than ever I was of you, dear papa," passing her arm around her father's neck, and pressing her cheek to his.

"Then," said Mr. Middleton, hesitatingly, "you like him very well as a—as a brother?"—

"As an elder brother," replied Harriet, archly.

"Yes," a slight cloud passed over the brow of the father, but it was unobserved by his daughter.

The next day, having completed her toilet for dinner, she paused, with an emotion of girlish vanity, before her long dressing-glass; "I think Mr. Frank will find me very—*much grown* at least"—she whispered to herself, suppressing the real sentiment that was rising to her lips.

She was soon on the lawn, intending there to wait the expected arrival; but growing somewhat impatient, she proceeded along a gentle acclivity, commanding a view of the road. She was moving parallel with a hedge bordering a green secluded lane, which divided her father's ground from those of the earl, their newly arrived neighbor; her attention was attracted by the advance of a horseman, who suddenly reduced his rapid pace to a walk on observing her: their eyes met: he was a handsome, fashionable looking young man, and his gaze was fixed on her intently and admiringly; he slightly bowed, which act of courtesy she as slightly returned, and, moving on, gained the summit of the acclivity, whence she observed her father's carriage approaching. She returned immediately to her station on the lawn.

"Miss Middleton!—Harriet!" exclaimed Frank Heartly, as he advanced towards her.

"Frank! dear Frank!—how glad am I to see you!" cried Harriet, as she bounded along to meet him: her hands were soon in both his, and she presented her cheek for the kiss, which, at meeting or at parting he had always been accustomed to impress upon it; her cheek was kissed accordingly, but not with the usual



heartily, affectionate, brotherly snack. He drew her arm through his, and she placing her other on her father's, proceeded between them into the house, feeling so happy and light-hearted, that the remembrance of that moment never left her.

Frank paid her no compliments, but his looks and manner sufficiently evinced the pleasurable surprise he experienced, which, with the tact of her sex and age, she fully perceived and enjoyed; but she enjoyed it merely as a triumph.

The dinner passed in interesting and animated conversation, of which Frank's anecdotes and descriptions of his continental visit, formed not the least part. Frank was the orphan and only child of a wealthy London merchant, and had been consigned to the guardianship of Mr. Middleton. Notwithstanding his wealth, he did not choose for the present, to relinquish the mercantile profession, for which he had been educated, and his name still stood at the head of one of the first houses in London.

After dinner they repaired to a verandah, festooned with all the flowers of midsummer in front of which, numerous boats, both of business and pleasure, were gliding along on the river. It was a lovely evening, and the moon was just rising on a scene of much beauty.—“I congratulate you, Mr. Middleton,” said Frank, as he sipped the coffee; “on your choice of a villa: Twickenham is the most classical, and one of the most beautiful spots in our environs. Who is your next neighbor?”

“The Earl of Belmont has become so, since our arrival.”

“The Earl of Belmont!—to economise, I suppose,” observed Frank.

“I have heard as much,” said Mr. Middleton; “his ancestral residence, in the South, has been some years disposed of, on a short lease, and now, giving up his house in London, he retires, here, until his affairs can, in some degree, be arranged and retrieved; he has wisely avoided the watering-places, or a residence abroad. I am sorry for him; he is a man of talent and integrity, and has held situations of high trust in the country.”

“Lord Delville is his only son, I believe?”

“His only one; he has two daughters, and they and the countess have been much censured for their extravagance.”

“But all is not lost,” remarked Frank; “the earl has an only, and unmarried brother in the East, who, for many years, has held lucrative situations, and is supposed to have amassed immense wealth; and the brothers are on the best terms.”

“That is true,” replied Mr. Middleton; “the family have great expectations from that quarter, but yet those expectations are both distant and uncertain.”

“I suppose,” said Harriet, “it was Lord Delville, I saw riding along the lane, to-day; how handsome he is!”

“He is very handsome,” replied Frank: “I have met him several times, but our acquaintance has not even reached to a bow.”

“I have heard they are a very proud family,” said Harriet; “so I suppose there is no probability of their ever being acquainted with us.” She looked towards Frank, as she spoke, but a

fit of abstraction appeared to have come over him: and her father replied:

“There is certainly no probability of an acquaintance, unless they themselves make the first advances.”

During the evening, Harriet was proud to show Frank the proficiency she had made in music, and played and sang some of his old favorite airs, with much sweetness and expression.

Before breakfast, on the following morning, she accompanied him around her little domain, and introduced him to her garden and greenhouse plants; in all she did, she seemed to have an anxious wish to please him, and to obtain his approbation: “Ah!” thought Frank, with a sigh of mortification; “I see that with the total want of tact of a presumptuous boy, I have played the tutor and the brother too well ever to become a favored lover!”

The morning meal was not concluded, when a loud rap announced visitors; the doors of the breakfast parlor were thrown open, and, to the surprise of all, the Earl of Belmont and Lord Delville entered.

“Mr. Middleton,” said the courteous nobleman, “I am but too happy, that our new neighborhood presents me an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with a gentleman, whose name stands so high, both in his professional and private life: allow me to introduce my son, Lord Delville.” Mr. Middleton, after having expressed his high sense of the honor conferred upon him, introduced his daughter, and Mr. Heartly: Frank was merely noticed by a slight cool bow from each of the visitors, and feeling himself somewhat *de trop*, retreated with his newspaper to a window, apparently to read, but, in reality, with his whole thoughts fixed on the scene and personages before him. He perceived, at once, to what the unusual condescension of this visit tended; and, as his eyes glanced from time to time over the party, he shuddered, instinctively, at the power he felt they unconsciously possessed over his future fate. The two fathers were engaged in cheerful and well sustained conversation on general subjects, while the younger pair appeared still more pleased with their *tete-a-tete*. Frank was beginning to think that they were paying an unconscionably long first visit, when, to his relief, they rose to depart.

“Miss Middleton,” said the earl, “I am specially commissioned by the countess and my daughters, to express their hope of your permitting them to become as good friends, as they are near neighbors.”

Harriet remained standing in complete reverie until her father's return from attending his visitors to the front door: he expressed himself much gratified; but received no reply from either Frank or Harriet. “Come, Frank, we shall be late; the carriage has been waiting this half hour.”

Frank started up: “Good bye, Harriet—good morning, Miss Middleton.”

“Why Harry,” cried her father, “what's the matter?—are you so smitten with your new acquaintance, that you have not a word to throw at either of us, your old ones?”

Harriet blushed deeply: “Bless me! I beg your pardon!—are you going?—good bye, dear Frank—do you come back again to us to-day?”

Papa, let me wrap your throat up a little better, or you will get it sore again;—good bye—good bye!” and the carriage drove off.

At three o'clock the following afternoon, Mr. Middleton and his daughter paid their visit to the Countess of Belmont. They found a fashionable highly dressed woman, still retaining the traces of great beauty. She received them with the most condescending politeness; their reception by her daughters was marked with more of distance, though equally civil.—Harriet felt, and therefore appeared timid; and it was the display of this amiable defect, that alone engaged the favor of the ladies:—“The girl appeared modest and humble, and therefore might improve.”

The countess did not belong, by birth, to the high aristocracy of the country; she had been a beautiful, stylish girl, without fortune, but well connected. The earl was allured and secured, as many wiser men have been before, and since: her brilliant marriage was the talk and envy of her circle; her presentation at court was the most splendid of the season; her vanity and extravagance were unbounded: she was the queen of fashion! her very glance was courted, and her word was law. It is scarcely to be expected that such a person could bear with patience the two afflictions that now oppressed her—the privation of wealth, and the advance of age.

Lady Katharine, the eldest daughter, was selfish and haughty, but possessed considerably more power of mind than either her mother or sister. Lady Charlotte was pretty, thoughtless, and rather good natured than otherwise.

Within the next few days, all Harriet's friends were informed, by the delighted girl, of the grand acquaintance she had made. The Thompsons would scarcely believe it;—the Smiths shook their heads and prognosticated mischief—and old Mrs. Johnston put on her spectacles, that she might see into the matter more clearly, and, having done so, made the shrewdest guess of all, but wisely kept her discovery, for the present, to herself.

Matters proceeded rapidly at Twickenham. The ladies returned without delay the visit of the Middletons; this step was followed up by an invitation to dinner from the Belmonts, and it was almost immediately settled, that every disengaged evening, Harriet and her father should spend with them; but, in this arrangement, the Countess caused it to be clearly understood, that no visitor of the Middletons was to be included. The Earl's family dined once with their new friends, but it was under the proviso that no one should be invited to meet them.

But Lord Delville found excuses daily, to pay a visit to Miss Middleton; and Miss Middleton began to watch for the accustomed hour, to distinguish his approaching footstep, and while she did so, to feel her cheek flush, and her heart throb. Alas, poor Harriet! Lord Delville was so engaging, so gentle, so respectful, his person, so handsome, his manners so refined, his rank so high! he seemed to her some “bright peculiar star,” descending from his sphere to approach her: and the brightness dazzled her inexperienced eyes so much, that they could look no deeper than the surface.

The visits of Frank Heartly became less and

less frequent: a cloud was gathering over his mind and brow. He loved Harriet with all the manly and devoted tenderness of his nature; he had loved her from early youth, her idea had mixed with all the future schemes of happiness, with all his hopes in life:—her extreme youth had alone prevented him from declaring himself sooner, but her image had been so long, and so closely woven with every fibre of his heart, that to separate it seemed impossible, except with life itself. On his late return from the continent, it was his intention to have made his offer, but he was somewhat checked, by the merely sisterly kindness of her manner, and completely so, by her evident preference of Lord Delville. He complained to no one, for he felt that he had no right to complain; but his sunken eye and palid cheeks showed the severity of his disappointment.

At the end of a very few weeks from the commencement of their acquaintance, Lord Delville, the proud descendant and future representative of an ancient and illustrious family, made an offer of marriage to the daughter of Thomas Middleton, the rich trader.

On his return home one evening, Mr. Middleton found his daughter with traces of tears on a somewhat fevered cheek; her lips quivered with emotion; but her downcast eye beaming with hope and joy. She seated herself upon his knee, and throwing her arm about his neck, hid her face on his shoulder.

"Harriet, my child, you have something to tell me;—you seem agitated." And as he waited for an answer, he smoothed down her clustering and somewhat disordered tresses. Without raising her head, and scarcely knowing in what words she expressed herself, she told him of the offer Lord Delville had just made. The first feeling Mr. Middleton experienced, was one of mistrust; was it for her wealth, and that only, that the proud family of the Belmonts sought the hand of his daughter? But his paternal pride parried the thought, and as he looked upon his lovely and innocent child, he deemed that a prince might stoop from his throne and raise her up to share it, without incurring censure. Beyond his counting-house Mr. Middleton knew but little of the world, and, until deceived, he judged others by his own kindly nature. He thought, too, of Frank; and his strong good sense could not be silenced as it suggested the probability of Harriet's happiness being far more effectually secured by a well-assorted marriage with her equal.—He remained silent as these thoughts rapidly passed over his mind;—he then seated his daughter in a chair beside him, and taking her hand, said—"Harriet, my sole object is your happiness; tell me how you yourself feel with regard to Lord Delville's offer."

"I feel," replied Harriet, timidly, but firmly, "that, should you approve of it, you will make me very—very happy."

"That is enough," said the father, as he folded his daughter affectionately to his bosom; he then continued:—"The marriage has many advantages; Lord Delville himself is an amiable and highly educated young man, and his being a good son and brother, gives the best assurance of his making a good husband; the character of

the earl himself is not only unexceptionable but stands very high, then there is the *rank*—which although I should not have been inclined to make any essential sacrifice to it, I acknowledge to be an advantage, and a very great one—my Harriet a countess! one of the magnates of the land! the progenitress of a race of statemen and heroes! influencing by the example of her virtues, not only her own circle, but from her exalted sphere, society at large! The prospect is alluring. True, the family is poor, but they have well founded expectations, and we are rich." Mr. Middleton paused—something he would have said of Frank, but, although he felt assured that Frank loved Harriet, he had made no such declaration, and, on that account, Mr. Middleton perceived, just in time, the impropriety of mentioning his name at all under present circumstances. He therefore finished by raising his eyes to the portrait of his departed wife, while he said:—"I think, Harriet, if your mother were still living, she would not disapprove of our decision on this important topic. I have tried to act, in all things regarding you, as though she were constantly present with me; and have always reflected how far she would be likely to approve."

The next morning brought the earl, who was immediately closeted with Mr. Middleton. During the important conference, Harriet slipped from the breakfast room into the verandah, which adjoined it, pacing up and down, regardless, for once, of its beautiful shrubs and pendant wreaths. A quick foot was advancing and springing up the steps—she ran forward, and met *not* Lord Delville, but Frank Heartly: "O it's only you, Frank!" she exclaimed in a disappointed tone.

"It is *only* I—you expected, then, some one else."

"Yes, I—I expected—Lord Delville."

"Is it even so then, Harriet?" he exclaimed in a tone of earnest inquiry.

"It is even so—now Frank don't look so cross—so grave I mean—and I will whisper to you a little bit of news, which I am sure will both surprise and please you; so unruffle your brow and open your ears!" She then playfully advanced, and putting her hand before her mouth, whispered close to his ear; "Frank—I am going to be—married!"

"To Lord Delville?" inquired Frank, with a calmness that astonished even himself; Harriet nodded, while a blush and a smile and a tear, seemed all striving for mastery. Frank covered his face with his hands, and there was a pause. Harriet was surprised, but she almost shrieked when he withdrew them: he was ashy pale, his eyes seemed starting from his head, his lips were white and quivering: he snatched her to his bosom, and exclaimed with a hoarse and interrupted voice, "God bless you, Harriet—may you be happy!" then threw her from him, flew rather than walked along the verandah, and in rushing down the steps nearly overturned Lord Delville, and mounting his horse, rode off at full speed.

"Why, what's the matter with your friend this morning, Miss Middleton?" inquired Lord Delville; "he has just made an escape that

would do credit to a hero of romance!—and you, too, look so pale and so trembling!—something very interesting must surely have occurred—sit down," he continued, supporting rather than leading her to a seat; and, beginning to be alarmed, he hastened into the breakfast room for a glass of water; before his return, a sudden burst of tears had relieved the oppressive emotions of Harriet, and for a few moments she wept in silence; then took the water and struggled to regain her composure.

"You must be very much surprised at this scene, Lord Delville."

"I am not at all surprised, Harriet, if you will now permit me to call you so—that this young man, apparently such a favorite of your father, should make love to you; I am still less surprised," continued he archly, "that having accepted of me, you should refuse him, and that the gentleman should go off in a pet."

"The affair is not exactly as you guess it," replied Harriet, "but let us speak no more of it."

The conversation between the fathers was most satisfactory; no arrangements could be more liberal than those proposed by Mr. Middleton. When the conference broke up they joined the young couple, and the earl affectionately saluted his future daughter-in-law; the whole party then proceeded to his residence, for the remainder of the day, and Harriet was received by the ladies with the greatest apparent kindness.

It was agreed that the marriage should take place with as little delay as possible; that, in consequence of Harriet's youth and inexperience, she should reside with her husband's family, for a time at least; that a house should be taken in town, and splendidly furnished, ready for the ensuing season; that the young couple, immediately after the ceremony, should proceed on a little tour to the South, visit the watering places, &c. where Harriet had never been; and then return to the earl's villa at Twickenham to spend the remainder of the time until the London season opened.

To all these arrangements the happy Harriet assented, and in a fortnight after, she became the bride of Lord Delville; a flaming paragraph appeared in the newspapers, which was read with mixed feelings of astonishment, envy and pride, by all the Thompsons, the Smiths and the Browns.

We pass over the bridal tour, during which the husband was, of course, all tenderness, and the bride all smiles and loveliness. In the first letter she received from her father, he told her without any accompanying observation, that Frank Heartly had returned to the Continent.

The happiness of Harriet was even increased by her return to Twickenham, where she was again restored to the society of her father and her new relatives; she found the best apartments carefully fitted up for her in the earl's villa.

Although the characters of the countess and her daughters were precisely what have been described, the polish of good breeding was so high—the necessity of gaining a complete control over Harriet, and of preserving that they already possessed over Lord Delville, so important—that the unsuspecting simplicity of Harriet's character so perfect, and their acquaintance so short—that

she had as yet discovered nothing in them she could disapprove of, or dislike. She had no sister, no near female relative, and the current of affection that had been so painfully checked by the early death of her mother, was again warmed in her bosom towards the mother and sisters of her husband: a closer intimacy, however, gradually disclosed, even to the unwilling and inexperienced eyes of Harriet, the defects which threatened to blight her peace, and which were more to be dreaded from the art that concealed them. Several little circumstances soon occurred, which reminded Harriet that—to use a couple of trite similes—the flowery path she pressed was not without its thorns, and the bright prospect which lay before her not without its shadows.

Such of the coterie of the countess as were within reach—and they were very few—made it a point to call on Lady Delville; among these was a very fashionable and very lovely young woman, the Hon. Mrs. Clermont, who was for a time, residing with a bachelor uncle whose pet she was, at Richmond; while her old East India husband had gone to Cheltenham to cure his bile, and restore his complexion after a late season of dissipation in London. She had married the old gentleman for his wealth, and expected, in spite of all Cheltenham could do, that she should soon be the most enviable of woman-kind, a young, beautiful widow. On her introduction to this lady, Harriet could not help admiring the extreme beauty, and the exquisite taste of her dress; but there was a something in her countenance and her manner that did not please her, although she scarcely confessed the unfavorable impression to herself. Mrs. Clermont seemed to be a great favorite with the Belmont family, and the ladies were listening with much delight to a humorous and satirical description of some nobodies at Richmond, when a heavy coach was observed coming up the avenue: bonnets with cherry-colored ribbands were popping out of all the windows, and much noisy mirth was audible. As the coach drew up, Mrs. Clermont interrupted her story with an exclamation: "In the name of all that is comical, what have you here, my dear Lady Belmont? It surely must be some cockney party who have lost their way, and taken your ladyship's villa for the Bell of Edmonton!"

"What can they be?" cried Lady Katharine coloring violently, and casting a glance of doubtful inquiry at Harriet: who advancing to the window, beheld, to her consternation, the broad, upturned, shining face of Mrs. Thompson of Brompton, who, with her four girls, was come to pay their old friend and favorite a visit of congratulation.

"O," stammered Harriet, "I—I—know who they are—the Thompsons from Brompton."

"Thompsons from Brompton!" shrieked the ladies in a breath.

"Angels and ministers!" exclaimed Mrs. Clermont, "is there no hope—no way to escape?" and as the cherry-colored detachment from Brompton bounced in at one door, the fair aristocrats glided out at another, leaving the petrified Harriet to receive her company.

Mrs. Thompson was a complete specimen—probably no longer to be paralleled—of a city

dame of the old school; good-humored and good-hearted, illiterate, social, vulgar and purse-proud: her daughters were like a cluster of blooming peonies around her; fat—healthy, loud-talking and loud-laughing girls.

"Well, Harry, my lass!" cried Mrs. Thompson, giving her a hearty smack, "how are you?"

"Where are those ladies going to?" inquired one of the daughters.

"Stole away! stole away!" cried Mrs. Thompson as the last wave of Lady Charlotte's white drapery disappeared.

Harriet was affectionately kissed by her former companions, who then sat down, and taking off their bonnets, began to wipe and fan themselves with their pocket handkerchiefs; "What with heat, and dust, and laughing, we are all in a precious pickle," cried Mrs. Thompson; "Well, Harry, my dear—"

"O mamma! you must not call her Harry any more—she is Lady Delville now."

"Lady Devil!" retorted the mother, "Heaven forgive you child, for making me swear, with your ladies and your ladyships! I tell you she is our own Harry, and, if she had married a bankrupt snuff-dealer instead of a lord, she would have been our own Harry still."

"I am sure of that," said Harriet sweetly, as she pressed Mrs. Thompson's hand.

"And how do these grand folks treat you my love? and are you happy? and where's my young lord, eh?" While Harriet was answering or parrying Mrs. Thompson's broad questions, the girls were wondering at and touching every thing about the room, picking flowers without ceremony, and peeping through keyholes into the adjoining apartments.—Whether it was that she herself had become more fastidious, it is certain that the vulgarity of the Thompsons never appeared to her in so glaring a light before. She was just beginning to have hopes of their departure, when in the midst of a roar of laughter, occasioned by some ludicrous observation of Miss Clementina, Lord Delville appeared—he looked confounded: "Is this young gentlemen my lord?" asked Mrs. Thompson as she rose, and seizing both his hands, and shook them heartily; "I congratulate you, my lord, with all my heart, for having got hold of such a prize as our Harry! She's worth all your fine ladies in a heap."

"Lady Delville and myself are much indebted to you ma'am," replied Lord Delville; and, turning to his wife, "I thought Mrs. Clermont was here?"

"She is with the countess," replied Harriet; and his lordship, having bowed slightly to the now silent and gaping party, left the room by the door through which the ladies had taken their flight.

"Well, I can't say much for the civility of your great folks," said Mrs. Thompson somewhat disturbed; "you must send them to us to learn manners." The distressed Harriet was about offering some apology: "O no, don't say a word about it my dear! it's not your fault: come, girls, let's pack off! good bye, Harriet; come to us as soon as you can without any of your lords or your ladies—you shall have a hearty welcome, and a glass of wine, and slice of cake at the very least."

Harriet wished them good bye, with tears of mortification in her eyes; she saw them to the door, then made her escape to her own room. Soon after she heard Mrs. Clermont's carriage drive off, and Lord Delville entered the apartment.

"What in tears, Harriet?" cried he, "I do not wonder that you feel uncomfortable, but dry your eyes and think no more about it; we must take better care for the future, and contrive some means of ridding you of these plagues."

She was late for dinner, and only entered when the family was seated; her reception was cool, and the conversation constrained; when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, the countess began, with a preliminary hem:

"You must be aware, my dear Lady Delville, that in the station to which you have been elevated, the *convenances* of society are more rigid than among the class you have been accustomed to mix in; and the most essential of these observances is a decided separation, as a companion, from those whose inferior rank and education exclude them from the highest circles of society—hem!" (and she looked at Lady Katharine for her cue;) "The—the persons who visited you to-day, you must feel are not suitable acquaintances Lady Delville; and I am sure that you will not be offended by my issuing a general order of 'not at home' to strangers inquiring only for you. I have not ventured to make this proposal without the consent of Lord Delville, and he authorizes me to say that it has his entire approbation and consent."

Harriet sighed, "I am bound," she said, "to obey and to strive to please my husband; my first duty, I know, is to him—but I dread incurring the displeasure of my father; and the desertion of all my kind old friends cannot fail to wound him."

"My dear love," said the countess, kissing her forehead, "we are all called upon at times to make sacrifices in this life: we will *manage* your father; leave him to us. And now, Charlotte, tell Mrs. Millan to bring us those models of dresses which madame *la modiste* sent us to look at this morning."

Lady Katharine's eyes rested for a moment gloomily on Harriet, as her mother's words caught her ear: "Sacrifices in this life—yes—the heir of Belmont is *sacrificed* by his union with this merchant's daughter." Thus she *thought* but she merely *said*, that it was a pity the scene had not taken place before Mrs. Clermont, who, although an intimate friend, would be sure to retail it to all her acquaintance, and would probably think it quite allowable to season it with a few of her own clever and satirical additions. "Alas!" thought Harriet, "is it to such friends as Mrs. Clermont, that I am forced to resign mine?"

The following day, as the ladies, with Lord Delville, were taking their afternoon stroll round the little domain, a plain yellow chariot was observed approaching; they turned to reconnoitre; Harriet well knew the light brown beaver bonnets and feathers it contained: "They are the Misses Smith of Kensington," she said timidly.

Lord Delville instantly drew her arm, through

his, and walked quickly to the house. The chariot stopped—the servant received his orders.

"Lady Delville is at home, I believe?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Not at home, ma'am."

"You mistake, fellow," said Miss Priscilla; "she entered the house not a minute since."

"Not at home!"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed they.

"Not at home"—reiterated the impenetrable lacquey, making his retreat. The carriage drove off, passing close by the other ladies.—That day the Misses Smith visited the Thompsons, and learned from them the reception they had experienced; and, on the following day, they went to the Browns to warn them against subjecting themselves to the like treatment, and they wrote to Mrs. Johnston on the same subject.

Mrs. Johnston was one of those persons of real good sense and good breeding, who are to be found in every station; and before she received Mrs. Smith's note, she had herself written to Lady Delville, congratulating her upon her marriage, and expressing her regret that her increasing age (she was a remarkably healthy and active old lady) would prevent her extending her visits so far as Twickenham; but she was convinced it was unnecessary to say how honored she should consider herself by the acquaintance of Lady Delville—how happy she would feel by again receiving her beloved and highly valued Harriet.

Harriet kissed the note, and showed it to Lord Delville: the result was, that Mrs. Johnston was the only acquaintance out of those we have mentioned, and a few more in the city, that Harriet was permitted to retain, and occasionally she had the happiness of spending a day with her old friend.

[To be Continued.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### MY EARLY HOME.

THE ascent was long and toilsome. I cast my eye around, and scenery—such scenery as is only found in the region towards the setting sun—beautiful and mild, met my enraptured gaze.

I was standing on one of the high hills which overlook the western "prairies." The scene was beyond the extreme limits of United States Proper—in the vast and soundless wild, over which a score of years ago none but the blood-seeking Aborigines roamed.

It was the hour when the hum of day dies into the silence of night; when the dazzling splendor of noon wanes into the mellow and soothing twilight. On my right, a broad plain stretched to the muddy sea waters of the Arkansas, and far, far away to the Rocky mountains. The tall green grass bowed in wavy masses as the breeze flitted over it; here and there stood a solitary elm, which had braved a hundred fierce storms, its branches towering toward the clouds, its trunk bearing the marks which various kinds of birds had inflicted upon it.

The "prairie" was "rolling;" upon it were scattered herds of cattle and horses browsing on the short, sweet grass, or lying under the shelter of some friendly tree; ever and anon, a bounding

deer or "gang" of wild turkeys enlivened the scene, and sailing through its ethereal home you could descry the eagle or the great Prairie Hawk.

It was a scene of loveliness and peace even in that wild clime: Nought served to mar it, save when a prowling wolf, or savage panther was occasionally seen, or the form of some Indian returning from his frolic or "corndance" intoxicated, filling the echoing woods with his Bacchanal song.

The cloud chequered mantle of heaven dropped its folds, mingling its own blue with the carpet green of the plain, while the islands of vapor reflected the receding glory of the sun, catching its departing tints.

At my left and behind, lay a range of hills and a long continuous forest. Its shade, dark at noon-day, grew black. The birds and small animals had ceased their warblings and gambols to seek their rest.

The lone note of the owl or the still more melancholy whippowil, broke from some hollow, startled me, and the howl of the wolf chimed in unison.

My thoughts, driven abruptly from the beauties of the scenery, were of the strife and blood which would be shed to satiate the beasts of the forest that night. But, turn. Before, all was calm—the peaceful valley, the murmuring streamlet, the dashing "bayon," the wide field with its "girdled" trees stretching their long and bare limbs *tad sildera*, as if imploring the tyrant-man to cease his ruthless designs against their kind. In that vale lay, like a sleeping infant, a village, yes a village, beautiful but small, in the country of the red man. Among its buildings, a large white-washed hall was the most conspicuous, and well can I remember the pride I once took in knowing so grand and fine a house belonged to our village: it was built of hewn blocked logs. The church, which stood apart from the other buildings, with a few venerable oaks before it, was blocked, small and unassuming; a fit place to worship the God of the woods as well as town.

The village was divided into two streets by a range of buildings on each side of an ample "yard," adorned with rows of acacia, peach, plumb and mulberry; a few other houses were scattered about. Here was the home of my youth, a home far removed from the vice and toils of civilized life—a humble but peaceful and dear-loved home. Secluded, hid in the forest and by the "shade trees," yet we did not escape ill. The sound of crime had pierced our recesses vice tainted the eastern breeze at times. The untutored tenant of the wild had learned from the refined European, their vices, sins and heart-scorching iniquities.

My father's house was a large two story building, blocked, as all buildings of the better sort are in the extreme west, an upper and lower piazza faced the north, about the pillars the tendrils of the wild rose-vine clung as in the balmy days of June shed their fragrance abroad—before the piazza was a little mulberry gate, with a fence rather rustic in its look and composition; acacia, peach, plumb, maple, and the broad leaved patalpa trees filled the small enclosure with their fragrance, concealing the house in their dense, dark foliage, (the patalpa is a species of tree found only at the west, the leaf large—the flower

long and white, with a great share of fragrance.) A large garden lay before in which my father loved to work. He was a minister, who presided over the little church, and preached very often in the various districts around. But I have not descended from my station on the hill.

From my position on a high bluff, I could easily trace, as well as hear, the course of the roaring Salison, (the name of our stream,) by the glistening of the white bark of the giant-like aycamore, which lined its either bank, they bore the appearance of gray hairs scattered among locks of the deepest jet. Below the village in the "edge" of the prairie, I could see an Indian, but deserted cabin, situated in a most beautiful site where the prairie had boldly pushed into the forest. Indian taste had not discovered it yet.

On the further side of the stream, rose high hills covered with post oak and other timber, on the top of one of them was a small glade carpeted with the rose, sensitive plant and flowers of a thousand hues. Back, frowned steep precipices, at their bases the Brushy-fork, a stream noted for its game and wild fastnesses, wound its way, skirted by the ever green pines. Opposite frowned like bluffs, greatly adding to the sublimity of the scene; on these cliffs two large rocks were set up facing each other, one on one side of the Salison, and another on the opposite; they were painted red. From various flint-heads for arrows, pieces of marble, metal and mounds I have gathered, the idea some great battle has been fought there in olden time, and these trophies all that are left to tell the tale. The present Indians residing there know nothing of them; but a tribe, called Osages, have a tradition that another tribe once lived there, and were exterminated by the Spaniards who came from Mexico.

Rough, broken and craggy scenery was that near my home, contrasting strongly with level plains and lowlands to my right. In this wild secluded place I passed my early days, there I breathed the joy-inspiring breeze, and then I had a friend B——, who was my school mate, and though an Indian we had some similarity in tastes, he possessed good talents, was very studious and persevering for an Indian, was a good scholar and showed great taste for reading, often have I recounted passage after passage to his attentive ear, he was a great admirer of heroes, ancient and modern, chiefly Napoleon. During the strife between Poland and Russia, he was deeply interested in the fate of the former, coming daily to see the news, and when she was partitioned, he manifested great indignation. His was then the spirit free and untameable as the eagle. I can even now see the eagerness and admiration with which he devoured Cooper's fine novel, the *Last of the Mohicans*, the stirring scenes were all reacted in his eye, when finished he uttered the Indians expressive "good."

But alas! the tempter came, strong drink and evil counsel lured him from virtue, he left my home and my friendship. Since that I have never seen him. How different are our lots now, he is yet roaming the wild, his knowledge is decreasing, he is becoming more wild than his countrymen who "have never learned?" while his friend is in the midst of our enlightened community.

Such was my home, when last I saw it, since, the old hall has been lessened from two stories to one, and with other changes will render it strange should I ever revisit my home.

Readers, this little village was a station for the education and civilization of the savage, a station planted there by benevolence, whose occupants had done much to educate the heathen Indian, light him to "wisdom's ways," and turn his mind from its beloved wildness. CZAR.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### HENRY LEE.

HENRY LEE, a colonel in the American army was by birth a Virginian, and descended from the most distinguished branch of the Lees of that state. He possessed the lofty genius of his family, united to invincible courage and firmness, and all the noble enthusiasm of the warrior. Gen. Charles Lee, who was beyond question, a competent judge of the military talent, averred—"that Henry Lee came a soldier from his mother's womb." Gen. Greene pronounced him, "*The Eye*" of the southern army, and to his councils, gave the most implicit, constant and unbounded confidence. In the hour of difficulty, was danger to be averted, prompt exertion necessary to prevent revolt, crush insurrection, cut off supplies, harass the enemy, pursue him to destruction, to no one did he so often turn as Lee. "But his ardor, brilliancy, and daring resolution constituted but a part of his military worth. In him the fierce impetuosity of youth, was finely blended, with the higher and more temperate qualities of age. If he had, in his temperament, something of the electrical fire of Achilles, it was ennobled by the polished dignity of Hector, and repressed and moderated, by the wisdom of Nestor.

For vigilance, intelligence, decision of character, skill in arms, a spirit of enterprise, and powers of combination, he had but few equals, youthful as he was in the armies of his country.

As an officer of horse, and a partisan commander, perhaps he had no superior, on earth.

That he was justly entitled to this encomium, appears, as well from the extensive catalogue of his exploits, as from the high confidence, always reposed in him, by the commanding officer under whom he served. This is true, no less in relation to Washington, than Greene. He was an intimate friend and confidant of both. The sentiments of the latter, with regard to him, are forcibly expressed, in the following extract of a letter, dated February 18th, 1782.

"Lieutenant Colonel Lee retires, for a time, for the recovery of his health. I am more indebted to this officer, than to any other, for the advantages gained over the enemy, in the operations of the last campaign; and should be wanting in gratitude, not to acknowledge the importance of his services, a detail of which is his best panegyric."

## MISCELLANY.

### THE GHOST AND THE COUNTRY CLUB.

In all ages, persons of weak intellects have believed in apparitions; and in all relations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavor to

make the event as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount a story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the West of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco and talk politics. Like the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, while he was absent remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying or dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose and stalked towards the door—which he opened as if living—went out, and shut the door after him.—After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful subject which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home.—In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but now, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit from infidels: for in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed* laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unfixed*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind.—"Do you not remember Mr. — whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death I left his room for something he wanted. I am sure I had been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient*!

He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed, and died! considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room, (perhaps recollecting it was the night for meeting;) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

### A COWARD'S BRAVERY.

At the storming of Morné Fortune, in the West Indies, I knew of an Irish officer of the name of W. who had lately joined his corps. He led the forlorn hope and displayed a cool determination that surprised the oldest soldiers. Bearing the King's colors in one hand, and waving his sword with the other, he was the first to ascend the ladder, and plant our victorious standard in the breach. W. was thanked in public orders by his commanding officer, who congratulated him on his bravery, and informed him that he was recommended for immediate promotion. What was his surprise when the young soldier answered that all he wished to obtain was leave to return home and throw up his commission in favor of a younger brother, who ardently wished to embrace the profession of arms.—The Colonel, surprised at so singular a request, was naturally anxious to know to what he could attribute so strange a resolution in a young man with so bright a career before him.

"Is it a wish to see your father?"

"No sir," was the cold reply of W.

"You are perhaps in love, and perhaps fear the danger of absence?"

"No, sir; if absence could produce any alteration in the affection of one that we might love, it would be proof that her attachment was of a very frail nature."

"What then can be your motives? you have just distinguished yourself before the enemy. you are now a lieutenant, and in all likelihood another battle and you may obtain a company."

"That is exactly the reason why I wish to quit the service."

"What, the prospect of rapid promotion?"

The colonel thought him mad.

"No, sir, but the fear of degradation."

"You speak in riddles."

"Then, sir, I must be explicit; it is this very expectation of other conflicts in which you are kind enough to think I may again distinguish myself, that convinces me that the career of arms is not my destiny. Must I confess the painful truth? The sight of the first man that fell near me in the ranks struck me with that sense of danger, that innate feeling of self-preservation, that to my shame I own it, I was on the point of disgracing myself forever when the next man was killed, bespattering me with his brains; for a moment I was nearly struck blind, yet I moved on mechanically with our party. I was aroused from this apathetic state by the loud



cheers of my companions; it seemed to me a dream. I felt inspired with an unknown energy—I knew not where I was when I found myself on the breach, my colors planted in the ruin surrounded by the dead and dying. What may appear to you, sir, still more strange, I scarcely know myself, I gazed on my uniform, wondered at my transformation from the peaceable garb I wore in my father's office, (he was an attorney) to the trappings of a soldier. In short, all appeared to me a vision. The kind congratulations of my comrades soon restored me to my senses, which soon convinced me that the closet was more natural to me than the field."

This candid confession of what might be called natural feeling, did not defer his commanding officer from urging him to persevere in the profession; his resolution was unalterable. He returned to Ireland; his brother succeeded him in the regiment.

#### BEGGING.

THERE is a practice among newspapers which we reprobate. We like independence, whether it be in individuals or newspapers—in man or woman. Many people think there is no such thing as independence, excepting as it is the sequence or effect of worldly wealth. We think otherwise. We believe that independence is a quality of the mind, and cannot be separated from it by circumstances. These may modify it, perhaps, but can neither obliterate it, nor essentially change its nature, where it is an inborn possession. The practice of which we speak is any thing, rather than an independent one. Every body who is much in the habit of reading newspapers, has often observed it, no doubt, and as often condemned it. It is the custom of calling upon "PATRONS," as they are curiously enough called, to pay their subscription-bills.

The manner in which the appeal is made is generally in worse taste than the appeal itself. In a slavish and crouching spirit, the "PATRON" is informed that the expenses of the establishment which he "patronizes" are very heavy; that every thing purchased by the concern is a cash article; that its collectors have made the tour of the State without collecting five per cent, on the dollar; that the times are hard, and money is scarce; that the sums due from each "PATRON" are small in themselves, but big enough to make a large aggregate when concentrated in the printer's hand; and that the establishment must inevitably go to pieces, unless more punctuality is observed in making payments to it. That is the kind of stuff which we find addressed to "patrons" of newspapers all over the country. It seems to us to be an unaccountable perversion of language, to call those people "patrons" who require so much coaxing to be made to pay; while the mode of doing the coaxing is one that we would disdain to intimate. It looks too much like getting down on your knees, and begging your kind "patron" who never pays, to snatch you from starvation. It reminds us of a wayfaring beggar who is ever and anon poking his hat under your nose, and beseeching you to read his petition. If a paper cannot live without such cringing appeals, let it die. Ours shall die before it shall be suffered to beg its way along. Whoever likes our

paper, may buy it and read it, if he chooses to do so; if he doesn't choose, he may let it alone. We shall not consider him a "patron" for doing the first, nor blame him for doing the last. We thank every man for his custom, but nothing more. If he would be thought a "patron," he must give his custom to some other concern. Them's our sentiments.—*New Orleans Sun.*

#### THE RETURN HOME.

WHEN years on years have rolled over us in distant lands, let our feet press again the well-known haunts of early years, and O, how changed will all appear! The rugged hill seems but a small hillock, to our traveled and practised eyes. The deep, deep hollow, or gulf, seems a very small valley. The capacious school-house can this small cabin be the house? And the large meeting-house, where the young eye was strained to find its limits, is this shrunken building that venerable place?

And these are not the bitterest changes. The grey-haired and the middle-aged, they have departed; the generation in which they lived and died, has almost ceased to remember them; and the monuments erected to their memories are leaning over their graves, and gathering greenness and decay on the inscriptions. We pass our friends in the streets, without recognising by them, or being recognised by them in return. And when a recognition takes place, we gaze on each other in wondering strangeness, endeavoring in the rigid features, furrowed brow, in the dimmed eye, or the passion-altered countenance, to trace out a feeble resemblance to the image we have so long carried in our hearts. We speak, and mutually start at the changed sound of each other's voice, and the altered play and expression of each other's features. We converse of those we have mutually known and loved. One has become wealthy and selfish, another poor and misanthropic; one has grown bloated in vice and corruption, and gone down to his grave of degradation and shame; and another, as changed as he, still lives in successful but miserable villainy and crime; one is the tenant of a prison, another of a mad-house, and a third subsists on the bounty of his friends. Some have wandered to the ends of the earth, and been heard of no more; and others are still living in body, but dead, worse than dead, in all that constitutes them men; besotted with drink, their minds debased and enfeebled, and their mouths filled with cursing and bitterness! How few, how very few, still survive, as we knew them in early youth!

#### HOW TO SAVE SHOES.

In these days of reform and retrenchment, it is not uncommon or strange that people should be thinking themselves of lessening expenses in a domestic way and discuss the modes as ardently as our congressmen. Not long since, these were the topics of discussion by some half dozen rubicund visaged politicians, assembled at a country bar-room. Each one told his story of saving spun out to an inordinate length, and many were the wonderments of the assembly, that they met with such good success in their experiment. At length it came to the turn of a quizzical, funny

old genius, who had hitherto remained silent, to tell his tale. "Two years since," said he, "I bought me a new pair of *cowhide* shoes; put them on, gave them a thorough greasing, placed them away, and let them remain six months. I then put them on again, and have not purchased a pair of shoes since, and they are now nearly as good as new." "Wondrous!" said one of the group; "how did you make them last so long?" "Why I wore *boots*."

#### GRATITUDE.

A PHILADELPHIA merchant many years ago, whose wealth and importance was only equaled by the goodness of his heart and the purity of his principles, rescued a mechanic from the clutches of poverty, and what was worse in those days the hands of the Sheriff. The son of the mechanic was young, but old enough to know his father's benefactor. Many years after this, the merchant fell into difficulties, and at a most trying moment when all his former friends had forsaken him, the mechanic's son stepped forward to his relief.

"I am much indebted to you," said the other, "I have only paid the debt which my father contracted at the corner of Chesnut street, 30 years ago, when I was just old enough to understand the cause of poor mother's tears." The merchant grasped his hand, but his feelings were too big for utterance.

JEFFRIES.—Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane, who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "Which end my lord?"

DEATH.—There is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than time for dying. We should, therefore, be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, and must come at one time or another. We shall not hasten our death by being always ready, but sweeten it. It makes us not die the sooner but the better.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. E. Warsaw, N. Y. \$1.00; M. B. Johnsonburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Y. Union Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; L. E. H. Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; J. E. H. White Plains, Ga. \$5.00; R. W. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. I. S. New-York, \$1.00; G. H. P. New-York, \$2.00; J. B. R. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; L. C. S. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; E. J. M. Sumperville, S. C. \$1.00; S. H. F. East Rupert, Vt. \$1.00; F. M. J. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### MARRIED,

In this city, on Sunday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. William H. Jessup to Miss Emma, daughter of David Rogers, Esq. all of this city.

At Gallatin, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vedder, Mr. John M. Best, of Milan, Dutchess Co. to Miss Harriet, daughter of Job Tanner, Esq. of the former place.

At Valatie, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. R. Dederick, Mr. Isaac Secor to Miss Jane Tator, all of that place.

At Schoodack, by the Rev. E. P. Stimpson, Mr. Simon Whitbeck to Miss Sarah M. King.

At Coxsackie, on the 30th ult. Mr. Samuel T. Fowdick, of Hudson, to Miss Elizabeth A. daughter of Peter C. Conine, of the former place.

#### DECEASED,

In this city, on the 7th inst. Sarah, daughter of Mr. John Slocum, aged 16 years.

In Copake, on the 24th ult. Elizabeth, daughter of Isaac and Jane Griffin, aged 3 years and 6 months.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO T. H.—

THIS earth is not thy home! a better land  
Awaits thee still, and an adoring band  
Shall shout thy welcome, on the blissful shore,  
Where happy spirits meet to part no more.

THIS earth is not thy home! Oh, meekly then pre-  
pare

Thy part immortal, for the dwelling fair;  
So then at last thou shalt with angels raise  
Thy song all joyous to the Saviour's praise.

THIS earth is not thy home! and shall its joy  
Allure thy soul, from the heavenward way?  
Oh! cast its charm aside; ere it shall chain  
Thy heart to earth, aye! not to rise again!

THIS earth is not thy home! Oh, blissful light,  
To cheer thy soul, amid the darkest night  
Of sunless woe! to bid thee live,  
And thy best love to God, thy Father, give.

Spencertown, Feb. 24, 1840. CASSIOPÆA.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MISS A. E. C. OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY JOHN C. LOWRY.

SWEET, sweet where the dreams of my youth,  
Its sunlight, its scenes, and its flowers;  
Yet sweeter to me is by far  
The friendship that hallowed those hours.

The charms that enlightened life's spring,  
Calm childhood's wild innocent mirth;  
Like the rose colored tints of its skies,  
Have withered, alas! from the earth.

The heart that was light as its airs,  
When feeling's pure tide circled warm;  
Has felt the chill touch of time's cares,  
And shrunk 'neath adversity's storm.

Like buds 'neath the weight of night's dew,  
The hopes of those halcyon years,  
Though fled like the pale flower's hue,  
Are cherished with memory's tears.

The moon, the stars and the skies  
Of infancy, yet are the same;  
But the genius that hung round them then,  
Has left but a passionless name.

I gaze on them now but as lights,  
That sicken the gloom of my breast,  
Like the taper that wanes o'er the urn,  
Where spiritless ashes may rest.

There are times when they mirror the past,  
On the bosom of memory's stream;  
But the shadows seem swift in their flight,  
As the visions that sweetened youth's dream.

Wild music oft steals on my sleep,  
With the soul and the pathos of years;  
But it fades when the fantasy's part,  
And leads me to night and to tears,

The spirit and light of the past,  
I feel, have departed forever;  
Yet hearts that were dear in those hours,  
No blow of misfortune will sever.

Like ivy that mantles the tree,  
The fires of Heaven have shivered;  
The ties of affection shall bind  
The souls that affliction has withered.

Though sorrow may darken my sky,  
Nor the moonlight of memory be seen;  
Yet the star of thy friendship shall rise,  
And shed o'er its aspect a sheen.

I care not how dreary may be  
My wanderings o'er life's desert waste;  
If the Oasis flower of youth,  
But welcome my soul to its rest.

## TO MY ANGEL SISTER.

DEAR one! thy home is far away,  
In heaven the place of rest;  
Soon finished, was thy earthly stay;  
Thine was a high behest.

In mercy did thy father call  
Thy spirit bright and pure—  
Ere sin, and care, and sorrow's thrall  
Had made thee to endure.

Yes—'twas a God of love that claimed  
Thy young soul for the sky,  
When thy bright cheek had never shamed,  
And tearless was thine eye.

But oh! I gaze on yonder hill  
Where lies thy little form,  
And shrink, forgetful thou canst feel  
No more, the pelting storm.

I know, sweet child, thou art not there,  
Thou dwelt'st not in the tomb—  
But yet, thy fragile form so fair  
Is mouldering 'mid its gloom.

To me that little frame was dear,  
Though 'twas but of the earth—  
It served to clothe thy spirit here,  
That spark of so much worth.

That spark—the soul—'twas that alone  
Which gave thy form its grace;  
'Twas that which purely, brightly shone  
Throughout thy lovely face.

Anon it pined for freer air,  
And for its "Home" did mourn,  
It left the body bright and fair,  
And now to heaven has gone.

My Sister! would that you might'st be  
A ministering angel sent,  
To keep my spirit pure and free  
While in the clay 'tis pent.

Within the palace of our God,  
Thou stand'st with wondering eye,  
While I bend 'neath the chastening rod,  
And mourn, and weep, and sigh!

Dear one! I will restrain my tears,  
For thee they shall not flow,  
When thou art safe from earth-born fears,  
From sin and every woe.

## \* SUNSHINE AND STORM.

Look upon those clouds that lie  
Pillowed on the far-off sky,  
So resplendant and serene,  
That they hardly dim its sheen;  
Look upon the sparkling deep,  
Where the golden sunbeams sleep,  
And across the waters bright,  
Braid their quivering forms of light.

Yet the spirit of the storm,  
Masks his elemental form,  
Under all this silent rest,  
Which is over Nature's breast:  
And a day may hardly pass  
Ere a dark and heavy mass  
Will beneath the sunshine spread,  
Like a canopy of lead:

And the shrieking gale will fly,  
Trailing vapors through the sky:  
And the waves will crowd and roar,  
On the rock-engirdled shore;  
And the rustling forest swing  
To the tempest's mighty wing;  
And the ocean and the land,  
Feel the fury of his hand.

Is not this alternate strife  
Like the changes of our life?  
And may not the storm arise  
In the quiet of our skies?  
And the clouds of darkness roll  
O'er the radiance of the soul?  
And the gladness of the heart,  
Like a flash of light, depart?

Far above the shifting clouds,  
Nought the perfect lustre shrouds,  
And the sheeting sunlight there,  
Fills the blue untroubled air;  
So, when we may once be clear  
Of the mist around us here—  
Shadows from the realms of night,  
Will not cross our path of light.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

## WHAT IS HOPE?

Know'st thou a star of brighter ray  
Than all that gem the brow of night,  
That kindly lights the pilgrim's way,  
In clouds or darkness ever bright?  
That star is Hope.

Know'st thou a flower, the garden's pride,  
When all in fragrant beauty bloom,  
When all have withered by its side,  
Still lifts its head and yields perfume?  
That flower is Hope.

The only star that never sets,  
Though all its sister fires may fly,  
The only flower that never droops,  
Though all its fair companions die,  
Is fadeless Hope. ANNA.

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## SPRING.



Thou hast come again, bright and beautiful Spring; thou hast come again. Thou hast come from the land of the far south, where thou reignest in perpetual glory. Thou hast come to deliver Nature from her stern bondage, and wake her slumbering powers to life and happiness; to touch the landscape with thy soft pencil, and make it as a picture of Paradise; to breathe upon the silent harp of earth, and send forth strains of inspiring music. A wreath of flowers is upon thy brow—garments of loveliness clothe thee—a silver sceptre is in thy hand—sunshine brightens thy path, and thy step is firm and free. Clouds hang their rich drapery over thee; day and night participate in thy pleasures, and rejoice in thy return. We welcome thee. The groves resound with thy welcome, and the solitary places are glad because of thee. Poetry lays her tribute before thee; inconnescris from hill and mountain to thy name, and every hand extends to crown thee Queen of the Seasons.

Eden was thy first home. There, amid the new beauties of creation, thou didst shine in splendor. Earth had then no other sovereign, but thou wert all in all. The crystal streams leaped to the music of thy voice; the flowers derived from thee their beauty, and the air its perfume; the bowers were adorned with thy gifts, and every object reflected thy image. Sin disturbed thee. It robbed thee of thy honors, and darkened thy glory. Thou art no more what thou wert then. Thou art now but a temporary visitant, abiding with us for a time, and then departing. Rivals dispute thy territory with thee. Songs cannot charm thee to remain—prayers cannot keep thee; thou art forced to leave us, and resign the throne to thy successors.

Short as are thy visits, they are always pleasant. Melancholy never shades thy brow—sadne-ness never gives its mournful tones to thy voice. Nature does not indulge in lamentation while

thou art with her. Winter brings sorrow and sighing, but thou doth bring all smiles and joy. Inanimate creation testifies its love for thee, and blesses thee as its kindest friend. Man doth praise thee. The husbandman sees the bow of promise bent o'er thee, and cheers his heart with the hopes of an abundant harvest. The invalid rejoices in thy coming; his languid eye looks bright, and his feeble pulses quicken, when from his chamber-window he watches thy gentle progress. The poet hastens to greet thee; it is for thee that the unearthly fire is kindled upon the altar of his bosom; it is for thee that his imagination wanders in quest of the beautiful; it is for

thee that he invokes inspiration, and touches the silver strings of his enchanting lyre. Do not the "morning-stars" still shout over thee as they did at thy birth? Do they not, in their distant stations, respond to the voices that reach them from earth—the voices that tell of thy glory? As the messengers of peace pass over the land, have they no eyes to read the glowing inscriptions thou doth write on Nature's page, and have they no ears to hear thy rapturous melodies?

Months have fled since thy last departure, fair Spring. How doth thou find us now? As thou lovest us? Ah, no. Changes, eventful changes have happened to us; new seals have been added to the oft-told truth, that life is uncertain. We have seen the lines that Hope drew along our horizon, fade away. We have seen our sun obscured; our day has been turned into night; the garlands that our hands made, have withered; plans have been defeated; unexpected trials have visited us; friends have forsaken us; relations have died; enemies have almost triumphed over us; spears have pierced us. Through all, Providence has safely led us. The storm has beat, and wildly beat, but our rock has not been moved. We have had a fierce warfare, but our shield is not broken. There was a kind wing over us—there were guardian spirits around us—our foes were restrained—succor was ever at hand, and hence, our feet have not faltered, and our souls have not been overwhelmed. Amid afflictions, blessings have crowned us, and therefore, in the night of our sorrow, the voice of our thanksgiving, like the voice of the nightingale, has ascended to Heaven.

And what may happen to us before thy next return? We cannot tell—we hardly dare imagine. The future is yet unformed; Providence must give it a character. How it shall be disposed into realities—whether it shall be blessed

or wretched—whether hope shall illumine it, or despair spread its thick curtain over it, we know not. Thou hast to note changes every season, beautiful Spring, and so it will be at thy next coming. We—what may we be—where may we be? We are now in full life and bliss, but ere thy return, sorrow may come as the midsummer tempest comes to the ripe harvest. Other friends may be gone hence and we left "to finish our journey alone." The treasures of the heart may "make to themselves wings and fly away," and the bitterness of we may be more fully tasted. Or, perhaps, others may be mourning for us; we may be no more, and thou mayest have to pause at our tombs and adorn them with thy simple beauties.

But should we be separated from earth, we know, that if we are prepared, we shall dwell in "the better land" through the merits of the Redeemer. "The better land!" Call it such, for it is a land where all that is beautiful and perfect exists, and where Imagination will find its most glowing pictures infinitely surpassed. Call it such, for it is so far above every thing here, that each one will be compelled to exclaim as he first beholds its glories, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive of the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"There, everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow stream, divides  
This heavenly land from ours" L.

## SELBORN TALES.

From Friendship's Offering.

THE COUNTESS.

BY THE HON. ERSKINE NORTON.

[Continued.]

THE season so much looked forward to and desired by the earl's family, rapidly advanced: it was thought better to remove early, in order that they might more conveniently superintend the finishing arrangements of their splendid mansion in Park Lane; an increase of establishment and equipage was also to be decided upon; therefore, early in February they left Twickenham for their new residence.

Although accustomed to every comfort, Harriet was not prepared for the degree of tasteful magnificence that presides over the town-residences of our nobility. At that time the appearance of London was very inferior to what it is now; and certainly no foreigner, from the outside of its houses, even in its most fashionable parts, could form an idea of the luxury that reigned within. A suit of apartments were assigned to Lord and Lady Delville's separate use; they had their own servants and their own carriage.

As London began to fill, a complete new scene

of life, of which before she had no idea, opened to Harriet; the throng of visitors, the variety of amusements, the number of morning and evening engagements, the drawing-room, the opera, (Almack's did not exist at that period;) the near approach to all that was illustrious in rank, talent and renown; to all that was distinguished in beauty and wealth. She often asked herself if it were possible that this was the same city in which she had lived all her life, so quietly and so regularly, where going to the theatre was an incident, and a band at the mansion-house a great event. So true is some sage's observation, that "the one half of mankind knows not how the other half exists."

Lady Delville, the heiress of the wealthy Middleton, the future Countess of Belmont, the wife of a very leader of the *ton*, beautiful, and in the bloom of youth, might at once be pronounced, without much risk of error, a star of first rate brilliancy and attraction; but they who thus pronounced her, found themselves, to their surprise, decidedly in error; for in spite of all the seemingly overpowering advantages, Lady Delville was *not* the fashion. The causes that contributed to her want of *eclat* were the following;—Lady Delville held but a secondary station in the Belmont family; she was completely under their rule and governance, and they had no intention whatever that she should play the leading card; they affected to treat her as a good-natured, pretty, simple creature, and congratulated themselves on being hampered with nothing worse, when forced by necessity to receive wealth and low birth into the family. It was soon perceived that to pay court to Lady Delville was not the way to secure the good will of her noble relatives, and it was known that she had no vote in the invitations to the countess' parties. She was wondering and shy; wanted *manner* sadly; was difficult to *draw out*, and when *drawn out*, was not considered worth the pains, for her education had been very superficial, and in no one accomplishment did she excel.

As the period for her becoming a mother was not far distant, she was obliged to decline dancing, and the same cause contributed materially to dim the lustre of her beauty. But the greatest sin of Harriet was, her deficiency in *tact*; she had only that sort of tact that prevented her from wounding the feelings of others, and from doing or saying any thing that could expose her to censure; but there is another kind of tact, which she had not—she was constantly noticing the people whom she ought not to have noticed. Any neglected country bumpkin, male or female, whom wealth or connexion had temporarily drawn within her orbit, was sure to meet with attention from Lady Delville; dependent authors or artists, not yet celebrated, always met with respect and courtesy from Lady Delville: if a chapron was wanted, the young Lady Delville was never known to refuse, and many a scrape did she get into by taking to her party some queer staring girl, whom nobody knew. Another instance of the want of tact of society was her never paying court to any one, and especially avoiding all leading characters of every kind. It is not to be supposed that none appreciated Harriet; there were a few—a few certainly—who thought they

perceived in this young and timid girl, a mind capable of the highest cultivation, with a purity of heart, and a noble simplicity of thought and feeling, which uniformly compose the grand work of characters of rare superiority.

It cannot be said that Lord Delville was ever passionately fond of his wife, he had regarded her too much from the first as a *bargain*, and was only pleased to find that his bargain had turned out so well, and that no greater incumbrance was attached to a splendid fortune, than a young, pretty, sweet-tempered, and affectionate girl. His own mind was not sufficiently acute to judge of hers; he mistook her simplicity for want of sense, her defective education for lack of talent; he was neither surprised nor mortified that she made no *sensation*; it was not what he or his family expected or desired. When he united himself to the merchant's daughter, he had made up his mind to treat her with kindness, and perfect attention to her wishes; this he considered as sufficient to secure to her all the happiness she was capable of enjoying; and having so resolved, he thought himself at liberty to pursue his own schemes of pleasure, unquestioned and uncontrolled.

He was one of those willing slaves whom the seductive Mrs. Clermont bound to her triumphant chariot: he had before followed and admired her, because it was the fashion to do so; but since his marriage, she seemed more than ever resolved to entangle him. Mrs. Clermont was, in her little way, a perfect Cleopatra: she piqued him with her ralleries, vexed him with her caprices, and tormented him with her flirtations; but then a single glance, a bewitching smile, a marked, though momentary preference, would re-attract him.

The elder brother of her husband was a baron, in possession of the family estate; but his younger brother was a needy half-pay officer with a numerous family, who were all much chagrined at the marriage of the rich old Bachelor! Colonel Clermont watched narrowly the conduct of his brother's young wife; for he was convinced that Mr. Clermont was the dupe of an artful and unprincipled woman; and he was not particular in the means which he employed to obtain such evidence of the criminal extent of her levities as would be received in a court of law.

Lady Delville's confinement was expected at the end of May; and from the commencement of that month, she had declined all invitations; her evenings were generally passed in her own apartments in the society of her father. The good man observed with pain that his daughter was not happy, but he wisely forbore to force her confidence: she made no complaint, but he could perceive the eagerness with which she listened for her husband's step and the sigh of disappointment which usually succeeded her expectation. He could not help feeling with bitterness that she was neglected, and that at a period when the sensibilities are the most acute, and when the approaching crisis, especially towards so young and inexperienced a creature, peculiarly called for sympathy, tenderness, and support. He often saw the traces of tears on her cheeks, and could sometimes scarcely recognize, in the pale and dejected countenance before him, his

own gay and happy Harriet; he saw, too, that in his presence, she strove to appear cheerful, but, from the artlessness of her disposition and manners, the struggle was painfully obvious.

One evening she seemed more than usually oppressed, and when her father rose to depart, her hand lingered in his, and at last she found courage to say: "I do not feel very well—I am unwilling to let you go—will you allow me to have this sofa made up for you as a bed to-night?" "Certainly, my love—" and the arrangement was made.

Mr. Middleton could not sleep, and in about an hour a slight stir and bustle fixed his attention. At length Harriet's maid entered the room, and begged him to proceed to his daughter's chamber; he did so, and found her firm and composed. "I wish you, my dear father, to despatch one of my servants for Lord Delville." She then informed him of three places—Mrs. Clermont's was one—where, he had left word, he might be found. "The earl is at the House of Lords; when he returns, give him the information."

"And the ladies?" inquired her father.

"They are out—I do not want—I do not wish for them—and, if possible, let no servants but my own, know what is going forward."

The agitated father kissed the brow of his child, and breathed a prayer for her safety; then left the room to execute her wishes. He despatched Lord Delville's valet, who at the expiration of two hours, returned with the information that his master was no where to be found; beside the three places mentioned, he had inquired at several others, but he could get no trace of him.

At two in the morning, a presumptive heir to the earldom was born. In half-an-hour afterwards, the earl returned, and was led by Mr. Middleton to the chamber, where he kindly saluted the young mother and her child, and expressed his displeasure at the absence of the rest of the family; desiring that the ladies should not be informed of the circumstance at all, but left to find it out as they might, the following day.

Mr. Middleton returned to his sofa, and Mrs. Nurse, having watched both her charges safely asleep, lay down for an hour or two, leaving Harriet's maid on duty, by the bed-side. The valet yet waited up to let his master in. At four o'clock the well-known signal was given, and he opened the door; "O, my lord!" said the man, "I have been looking for you everywhere; my lady—" he stopped, terrified at the wild and haggard looks of his master.

"Speak, fellow!" exclaimed Lord Delville, sternly.

"Your lady—" the poor valet forgot, in his fright, the fine French phrases he intended to have made use of, and shortly replied:—"I am brought to bed of a boy."

Lord Delville struck his forehead with his clenched hands, and rushed up stairs.

A single lamp was burning in the chamber, and Harriet's maid had ensconced herself in an easy chair, behind a curtain, on the side of the bed farthest from the door. She saw the door softly open, and Lord Delville, with a counte-

nance which she declared would haunt her all her life, enter; he approached the bed, and gazed for a few moments on his wife and child. Harriet's extreme paleness, and a slight contraction of the brow, gave proof of recent suffering; but there was a smile of heavenly calm around her mouth, which struck like a dagger to the heart of her husband. The infant, round which both arms of the new-made mother were fondly clasped, lay on her bosom.

A sigh, almost a groan, burst from Lord Delville; he stooped down and kissed both Harriet and her babe; and averting his eyes, turned slowly away, proceeding to the door, which stood ajar; he leaned his head against it for a minute; then, with an effort almost convulsive, and without looking back, rushed forward, and the waiting woman heard no more, except the distant sound of the closing of the front door.

It is only necessary to explain, that Colonel Clermont had on that night succeeded, to the utmost in the scheme he had laid, and that the injured husband had been fatally and fully convinced of the dishonor of his wife. "Do not desert me!" were the only words the unhappy woman spoke, as, on bending knees, and with streaming eyes, she clung to her companion in guilt; and, at the moment when the scene just detailed, was passing in the apartment of his wife, Mrs. Clermont was waiting for Lord Delville, in a post-chaise, a few rods from the door of the earl's house. Before noon the next day, they were well on over their way to the Straits of Dover.

"Has Lord Delville yet returned home?"—whispered Harriet.

The young woman, with much presence of mind, replied: "He has been in your room, my lady, and has kissed both you and the child."

"Thank God," she ejaculated, and, with a lightened heart, passed her hand fondly over her infant, and again composed herself to rest.

It is impossible to describe the astonishment and consternation into which the earl and his family were thrown, on the following morning, when Colonel Clermont called, and informed them of what had taken place. After some consultation, it was agreed upon, that the earl should communicate the painful intelligence to Mr. Middleton, in order that he might break it to his daughter. This was done: the earl, with symptoms of unfeigned distress, and with no paternal shielding or softening of the conduct of his son, revealed to Mr. Middleton this public desertion of his innocent daughter.—The unhappy father seemed struck to the heart; he leaned his head upon the table, and, for a few minutes, neither spoke nor moved; at length he raised his eyes, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed:

"My child! my child!—would to God we had been content to remain in the condition of life in which it pleased him to place us! My lord, I have no reproach to make to you, and I forbear making any to your wife and daughters, altho' they have not behaved well to the poor girl. The blow it pleases heaven to inflict, falls almost as heavily on your heads, as it does upon ours; may God grant strength to bear it, to her who needs it most!"

He left the room, and, having given orders

that after her medical attendant had visited Lady Delville, he should be requested to speak to him, shut himself up.

It was the opinion of the doctor, that no delay should take place in informing Lady Delville of the whole truth; her inquiries for her husband had already become very anxious, and he thought that the blow, which could not be long parried, should be permitted to fall, before her mind became too much harrassed by her own conjectures, doubts, and fears.

At eight o'clock on the evening of that eventful day, as Mrs. Johnson, seated by the latticed windows opening towards her neat lawn, gemmed and perfumed by all the welcome flowers of spring, *en attendant* the preparation of the tea-equipage, and the renewal of the not yet discarded fire, was enjoying with a few friends, the beautiful moon-light scenery around her, a carriage, which she knew to be Lady Delville's, drove rapidly by, and, sweeping round, drew up at the gate: a note was immediately delivered to her by the footman; it was from Mr. Middleton, and contained but these words, in a hand very different from his usual neat and legible writing; "We are in great distress; pray come to my poor Harriet!" and in a quarter of an hour Mrs. Johnson was on her road to town.

She found the earl's mansion dark and shut up, with the knocker muffled; she was conducted to lady Delville's drawing room, and was there met by Mr. Middleton, whose neglected dress, and grief-marked countenance, made her fear that the worst was impending, for she thought only of the death of Harriet. It was therefore, with the utmost astonishment, indignation, and grief, that she listened to Mr. Middleton's hasty recital of what had really occurred, and which was indeed, to all appearance, bringing his daughter rapidly to the grave; a succession of long fainting fits had taken place during the day; she now however, slept.

Mrs. Johnson entered the room; she slept, indeed, but the burning cheek, parched lip, half-opened eye, and convulsive movements terrified Mrs. Johnson. She took her place by the bedside, and during her long and dangerous illness, never quitted her.

At the end of six weeks the patient expressed an anxious wish to return to her father's villa at Twickenham; it was complied with, and arrangements were immediately made for that purpose. She took an affectionate leave of the earl, and a civil one of the ladies, who had been regular in their daily inquiry and visit.

And as she approached Twickenham, the vivid recollection of the happy months she had passed there, as a daughter and as a bride, rushed forcibly on the mind of Harriet, and violently affected her shattered nerves and weakened frame; while folded like an infant in the arms of Mrs. Johnson, she wept long and silently. The air was balmy and refreshing; the household met her at the gate, half in sorrow; she shook hands with them all and begged to be carried around the gardens, before being taken into the house. She was pleased to observe, that, in spite of her father's absence, her gardens and green houses were in the most exact order, and looked more beautiful than ever; "I have to

thank you, James," she said to the gardener, "for your great attention to your charge during our absence."

"Why, my lady," replied James, "if I had been inclined to be careless—which I am sure I was not—Mr. Frank, who has been backwards and forwards this last month, would not have allowed me; and, indeed, since he heard, ten days ago, that you were coming here, he has been working with his own hands, inside of the house and out, to have every thing in order for you." Poor Harriet felt her heart swell, and her eyes again fill, at this speech; but she was fortunately not observed, for every body was busy admiring and talking to the baby, which had just opened a pair of laughing eyes, and was crowing at all around him.

On the following evening, Mr. Middleton had promised to be at Twickenham; and Harriet and the baby, after having been drawn around the garden in a garden-chair, were installed by Mrs. Johnson in the drawing-room, on a sofa, opposite the trellised window opened to the lawn while she returned to meet Mr. Middleton, and to report progress. It was twilight, and all around were still, serene, and beautiful; Harriet was alone, with the exception of the sleeping infant in her arms. "I wonder whether Mr. Heartly will accompany my father?" and then she sighed, and the recollection of the scene in the breakfast-room veranda strongly occurred to her; its meaning, she had of course never doubted, followed, as it immediately was by the departure of Mr. Heartly to the Continent, and she had never seen him since: "Alas! how unconscious I was of his affection! and how ill, at that time, I should probably have requited it, even had I known of it!" And then the image of the handsome, the fascinating, the beloved Lord Delville, rushed over her heart and brain, and pressing her infant closer to her; "O! how could he desert us my child!" she exclaimed passionately. At that moment, a step approaching attracted her attention; it was Frank himself, slowly walking up the path. He looked thinner and paler, than when she last saw him; his countenance was thoughtful, and even gloomy; he advanced, without raising his eyes from the ground, until he was near the house, when he cast an anxious look at the upper windows, as though he thought the object of his cares must be in those apartments. All his mental preparations for the interview were overthrown, on finding her so close to him when he entered: the rosy tranquil infant, the pale, emaciated, and miserable-looking young mother!—could this be Harriet—the happy, lovely, innocent Harriet—at seventeen? "Do you know me Frank?" she said, as she extended her hand:—he took it, knelt, and pressed it to his lips; he could not quell his deep emotion—a burning drop fell on the hand he held—he looked up and strove to speak, but the silent tears were coursing each other down the cheeks of Harriet, and, angry with himself, he turned away and left the room. Harriet struggled to regain her composure, for she knew her father must be near; he soon entered, accompanied by Mrs. Johnston, and followed by Mr. Heartly.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Middleton communicated to his daughter, that Lord Del-



ville had directed that the deeds of settlement should be returned; thus giving up all claims upon his wife's fortune: he had also desired that the child should remain under the sole charge of Lady Delville. Mr. Clermont and his brother were occupied in arrangements for bringing the cause before a court of law, and the Belmont family, in their impoverished state, were in great consternation as to the result. They were about leaving their mansion in town, and returning on a more reduced income than ever, to Twickenham.

It was decided by Harriet's physician, that, as soon as she had gained a little more strength, she should be removed to the coast for the benefit of the sea-air, bathing, and a change of scene; and, Hastings, that salubrious, quiet, and cheerful spot, was fixed upon. Frank was despatched by Mr. Middleton to choose a residence; and he succeeded in securing a charming marine villa, near the town, splendidly fitted up, surrounded by a little domain tastefully laid out, in the most perfect order, and commanding a beautiful view. Harriet was anxious to leave Twickenham before the Belmonts returned to their residence there; and, within a month, with feelings of the most sincere gratitude and affection, she took leave of the kind and excellent Mrs. Johnston, who promised soon to pay her a long visit, and, accompanied by her father, Lady Delville proceeded to Hastings. She was so satisfied with her new residence, that she took it for a term of three years, scarcely aware at that time, but pleased afterwards to recollect that Belmont Castle, the hereditary seat of the earl's family, was situated on the coast of Sussex, a few hours journey from her present abode.—Having seen her comfortably settled, her father and Mr. Hearty returned to town.

It was not Harriet's wish, under her peculiar circumstances, and in her present delicate state of health, to form any new acquaintances; she had, besides, taken a distaste to society, and only thought of that in which she had moved for one season in London, with feelings almost amounting to aversion. She had, however, promised Mrs. Johnston to allow her to introduce her by letter, to a valued friend of hers, as soon as she found her spirits equal to such an effort.

A few days after her arrival she entered the library on the marine parade, in order to make her subscription, and to select some books and drawing materials. She sent on her carriage with her child and maid for a short airing, while so employed; and waiting for their return, she was attracted by a table covered with newspapers: it was sometime since she had seen one, for, in fact, they were purposely kept from her. Two ladies entered the library and took their seats near her, but she did not even look at them, for her eyes were rivetted by the following paragraph; "*On dit*—that Lord Delville is about receiving a diplomatic appointment at one of the minor courts of Germany, where it is expected he will reside for some time with his frail and lovely friend. It is averred, also that he has relinquished all claim to share in the wealth of his deserted wife: this is as it should be; but where are the ten thousand pounds damages to come from?" With a trembling hand, Harriet

laid down the newspaper, and took up another, merely to sustain the appearance of reading.

"How the papers ring with the Delville business!" said one of the ladies, affectedly.—Harriet raised her eyes, and recognised in the speaker a person who had been much indebted to her in London; and for chaperoning whose dowdy daughter, she had once or twice got into a scrape. She was one of those hangers on who spoil society, English society especially;—kissing the feet of those who were a step above her in the scale of fashion, and striving unmercifully to kick down those who were a step below her. Without birth, wealth or education, she yet succeeded in planting herself in certain circles, where she had no pretension to be; she was callous to all affronts, and received smilingly the broadest hints, while acting in direct opposition to them.

"You know," she continued, "I was very intimate with the Belmonts last season."

"I have heard you say so, very often indeed," replied the other lady, a middle-aged, well-dressed woman, with a benevolent but penetrating countenance.

"And of course," continued the first speaker, "I knew something of this Lady Delville."

"I have heard her very well spoken of, and much pitied."

"Why, poor thing! one can't help pitying her to be sure; but she certainly was not a match for Lord Delville: I have heard Lady Katharine say, that had he married an accomplished and fashionable woman in his own sphere of life, this affair would not have happened."

"Why did he not then marry in his own sphere of life, as you call it?"

"Because the family wanted money, you know."

"Then I am very sorry they did not catch a Tartar, who with her money would have kept the family in order. Lady Delville I am informed has arrived here. I suppose as you are so intimate, you intend calling on her?"

"Hem!—it is said that the Belmonts mean to take no farther notice of her; her money is no longer useful to them, for her husband has, foolishly enough, resigned all claim to it, and she will probably die off, her health being very bad, or sink back among her own set!"

"Well—mind what you are about, Mrs. Crumpley! Recollect that she is very rich, is the mother of the presumptive heir, and that in the usual course of things, nothing can prevent her becoming Countess of Belmont: these are weighty considerations for a person like you." This was said in a tone of strong and contemptuous sarcasm, but taken with a civil smile and approving nod.

At this moment Harriet's carriage drew up; the footman putting his head into the library door, inquired if her ladyship were still there. The coronetted carriage instantly attracted the attention of Mrs. Crumpley; but on the question being asked, her eyes were turned with surprise on the hitherto unregarded figure that had sat near her, in a plain white morning dress, warm shawl, and straw bonnet, but she could not catch a glimpse of the face, as Harriet rose and, somewhat feebly, proceeded to the carriage, assisted into it by the bowing and officious shopman.

"Pray, sir," inquired Mrs. Crumpley, who is that—is she a late arrival?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the man, as he reseated himself at his desk, "she has just written her name down."

Mrs. Crumpley flew to the book; the other lady, who had watched the scene, stepped up lightly behind her, and their eyes caught Lady Delville's name at the same instant.

"Ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon for laughing, Mrs. Crumpley, but I can't help it—ha! ha! ha! good morning to you Mrs. Crumpley."

Such incidents as those, so young as Harriet was, and so very lately accustomed to see the world on its worse side, could only contribute to render her the more disgusted with it; and her friends regretted the love of solitude, and the gloomy and misanthropic turn her mind seemed about to settle in. It was only at the most earnest entreaty of her father, that she at length consented to the introduction of Mrs. Johnston's friend.

Mrs. Wilmot was a widow without children, with a large fortune, and considerable landed property near Hastings. She had been foolish enough, or wise enough—as the reader may choose to settle it—thus circumstanced, to enter into no second matrimonial alliance. Her father had been under important obligations to the late Mr. Johnston, and, strange to say, his daughter had remained sincerely grateful for them, and had attached herself warmly to old Mrs. Johnston. She was perfectly *au fait* at Harriet's history and character, and was resolved to devote to her the whole resources of her powerful mind, her excellent heart, her tact and knowledge of the world. On her entrance, Harriet immediately recognised the lady who had spoken with Mrs. Crumpley in the library.

Nothing could be more advantageous to Harriet than the formation of this acquaintance, which soon ripened into the sincerest and most lasting friendship on both sides;—marked on that of Mrs. Wilmot, by zeal and devotion, on that of Harriet, by gratitude and respect.—The fine taste, and cultivated intellect of Mrs. Wilmot, developed those mental capacities in Harriet, which had hitherto lain dormant. Besides a most efficient course of reading in her own language, the treasures of the French and Italian were thrown open to her; the beauties of poetry, that highest, most veiled, and therefore least relished of the arts, she now began to comprehend and enjoy; music and painting relieved her more serious studies; of the latter especially, she was very fond, and became, at length, quite a proficient in it.

But there was an alteration in Harriet's mind that surprised even her; a calm and dignified submission to her lot, took place of those inward repinings, in which she had unsparingly indulged; if the heart-felt laugh of youth and joy had fled for ever, the tear of heart-wriving woe had also ceased. Without losing one atom of its peculiarly feminine and delicate texture, her mind was gradually acquiring firmness and solidity. In the indulgence of her best affections towards her father and her child, and towards her small, but well-selected circle of friends; in the acts of benevolence to the afflicted and poor; in the full employment of her time, and in the constant

heart-exercise of the purest, meekest, and most trusting devotion, Harriet found that peace, which bitter experience had taught her, "the world cannot give." Sea-air, bathing, exercise, and an excellent constitution, all contributed to restore to Harriet her former health, and even more than her former beauty, although its style and expression were altered.

By degrees, Harriet became more sought after than she had any idea of, and more the subject of conversation than she would have wished. Among the strangers who visited Hastings, many a manoeuvre was put in practice, and many a solicitation made to Mrs. Wilmot to obtain a peep at Lady Delville; and those who had been acquainted with her in London, and also those who had overlooked her acquaintance there, all anxiously renewed it, as far as they could.

Her father frequently came down, and so did Mrs. Johnston; Mr. Heartly more seldom, and when he did so, was usually Mrs. Wilmot's guest, with whom he had been long acquainted. He had been returned to Parliament, as one of the city-members, and was expected to run a brilliant career; his talents were of the highest order, and he was universally courted and esteemed. "I shall hear of his marriage next," thought Harriet.

In the course of the first winter of Harriet's residence at Hastings, Mr. Clermont's cause came on. The damages were laid at ten thousand pounds; they were awarded at five thousand; which sum, before the court broke up, was paid by Mr. Middleton's attorney into the hands of Lord Delville's, who immediately passed it into those of Mr. Clermont's agent. Lord Delville instructed his attorney to thank Mr. Middleton, and to acknowledge his having become his debtor to that amount.

Three years glided away; during this time, no written communication was received from Lord Delville to his wife and, of course, none was made by her. She occasionally received a kind note of inquiry from the earl, in which the names of none of his family were ever mentioned, and consequently, they were excluded from her answers.

Harriet had now reached her twenty-first year, and affairs stood in the position just described, when Mr. Middleton, while waiting one morning for his carriage, to take him down to Hastings, glanced his eye over a newspaper, and was struck by the following paragraph: "The Earl of Belmont was taken seriously ill, in the House of Peers, last evening; he was conveyed to his friend Lord ———'s residence without delay, and medical aid procured; we are sorry to learn that his lordship is considered in great danger; his family were sent for, from Twickenham." Mr. Middleton stepped into his carriage, and ordered it to Lord ———'s: he sent up his card, and was instantly admitted into the earl's bed-chamber, who was gasping under a rapid and violent inflammation of the lungs: the room had been cleared by his order, and no one remained but the physician and the valet. The earl held out his hand to Mr. Middleton, and with difficulty said, "I am dying." He then turned to his valet, and by signs ordered him to draw out his desk, which stood near, in its packing case; the man opened it. and at the top lay a sealed letter, directed to Lord Delville. The

earl gave this to Mr. Middleton: "Deliver it speedily:—my love to your dear daughter;—good bye, good bye!" he waved his hand impatiently, and Mr. Middleton was hurried from the apartment.

He consulted with Mr. Heartly, and it was decided that, after the earl's funeral had taken place, Mr. Heartly should himself set off for the continent, and be the bearer of the letter to Lord Delville.

The death of the good earl took place on the following day, and intelligence of it was immediately conveyed to Lady Delville. After the funeral Mr. Middleton went down to Hastings, and Mr. Heartly set out on his mission.

[Concluded in our next.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### WILLIAM WASHINGTON.

WILLIAM WASHINGTON, Colonel in the American army, was the eldest son of Baily Washington. Esq. of Stafford county, in the state of Virginia; and belonged to a younger branch of the original Washington family.

In the commencement of the war, and at an early period of life, he had entered the army, as captain of a company of infantry, under the command of General Mercer. In this corps, he had acquired, from actual service, a practical knowledge of the profession of arms.

He fought in the battle of Long Island; and, in his retreat through New-Jersey, accompanied his great kinsman, cheerful under the gloom, coolly confronting the danger, and bearing, with exemplary fortitude and firmness, the heavy misfortunes, and privations, of the time.

In the successful attack, on the British post at Trenton, Captain Washington acted a brilliant, and most important part. Perceiving the enemy, about to form a battery, and point it in a narrow street, against the advancing American column, he charged them, at the head of his company, drove them from their guns, and thus prevented certainly, the effusion of much blood, perhaps, the repulse of the assailing party. In this act of heroism, he received a severe wound in the wrist. It is but justice to add, that on this occasion, Captain Washington was ably and most gallantly supported by Lieutenant Monroe, late president of the United States, who also sustained a wound in the hand.

Shortly after this adventure, Washington was promoted to a majority in a regiment of horse. In this command he was very actively engaged in the northern and middle states, with various success, until the year 1780. Advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and placed at the head of a regiment of cavalry, composed of the remains of three that had been reduced, by sickness and battle, he was then attached to the army under General Lincoln, engaged in the defence of South Carolina.

Here his service was various, and his course eventful; marked by a few brilliant strokes of fortune, but checkered with two severe disasters. The first of these reverses, was at Monk's Corner, where he himself commanded; the other, at Leneau's Ferry, where he was second in command to Colonel White.

Inured to an uncommon extent and variety of hard service, and sufficiently disciplined in the school of adversity, Colonel Washington, although a young man, was now a veteran in military experience. Added to this, he was somewhat accustomed to a warm climate, and had acquired from actual observation, considerable knowledge of that tract of country, which was to constitute, in future, the theatre of war.

Such was this officer, when at the head of a regiment of cavalry, he was attached to the army of General Greene.

One of his partisan exploits, however, the result of a well conceived stratagem, must be succinctly narrated.

Having learnt, during a scouting excursion, that a large body of loyalists commanded by Col. Rudgley, was posted at Rudgley's mill, twelve miles from Camden, he determined on attacking them.

Approaching the enemy, he found them so secured in a large log barn, surrounded by abattis, as to be perfectly safe from the operations of cavalry.

Forbidden thus, to attempt his object by direct attack, his usual and favorite mode of warfare, he determined for once to have recourse to policy.

Shaping therefore, a pine log in imitation of a field-piece, mounting it on wheels, and staining it with mud to make it look like iron, he brought it up in military style, and affected to make arrangements to batter down the barn.

To give the stratagem solemnity and effect, he despatched a flag, warning the garrison of the impending destruction, and to prevent bloodshed, summoned them to submission.

Not prepared to resist artillery, Colonel Rudgley obeyed the summons: and with a garrison of one hundred and three rank and file, surrendered at discretion.

In the spring of 1782, Colonel Washington married Miss Elliot, of Charleston, and established himself at Sandy Hill, her ancestral seat.

After the conclusion of peace, he took no other concern in public affairs, than to appear occasionally in the legislature of South Carolina.

When General Washington accepted the command in chief of the armies of the United States, under the presidency of Mr. Adams, he selected as one of his staff, his kinsman Colonel William Washington, with the rank of Brigadier-general. Had other proof been wanting, this alone was sufficient to decide his military worth.

In private life, he was a man of unsullied honor, united to an amiable temper, lively manners, a hospitable disposition, and a benevolent heart.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Garland.

### "DON'T GO THERE."

THE scenes of our boyhood are often remembered, and as the stripling rises into manhood, the lessons of his youth become the light of his after pilgrimage. No one, perhaps, ever lived, who has not felt the indescribable sensations of a full heart, when with the tender yet overwhelming parental reproof for some youthful aberration.

Parental authority never exercises a nobler or more beneficent prerogative, than when to the correction of youthful error, it brings its hallowed affection and unshaken justice. The youthful offender melts into contrition, and can only dry up his tears in the sunshine of forgiveness. When he beholds the smile of justice satisfied, or benevolence kindly extended to his faults, he endeavors to do better, and deserve the kindness he receives. In the fulfilment of the many duties of a parental character, there is a high accountability to which many are altogether insensible. The habits of the parent are too often the sole inheritance of the child; and his tastes, principles and pursuits are often fashioned by the most trivial attentions or neglects of the parent.

When a mere youth, the curiosity natural to children frequently led me beyond the limits of parental license. One afternoon, as I wandered into a neighboring church-yard, to scan the monuments that told the brief story of its silent inhabitants; the sun had cast his last declining rays upon the tall trees beside me, ere I thought of returning home, or of the command I received at my departure. The sense of disobedience confused me: and I sat down, silent as the marble at my feet. From this reverie I was aroused by a shrill call from the nursery of weeping willows on the side of the grave-yard; and had not time to answer before she stood at my side, an aged domestic of my father's dwelling, clad in an unusual garb. She led me hastily towards home, betraying at every step, evident fear of the ghosts and spirits, the most marvellous stories of which she had been wont to pour into my ear. She led me by the hand, now wondering at my temerity, now chiding me for disobedience to my parents, and now pitying me for the punishment I so richly deserved for having frightened her almost out of her little wits. She wound off her lamentations with an emphatic charge, "never to go there again."

"Don't go there!" said she, as we passed a gang of wrestlers: "there will be broken limbs and bruises—don't go there." We passed successively the retreats of the idle, the haunts of the dissipated, the assemblies of the profane—and my guide, as we hurried onward, earnestly repeated the injunction; "Don't go there!"

In the course of a long life, I have witnessed the various characters of men, and wondered at the facility with which passion and folly lead them astray—and I have a thousand times thought of the simple warning of my guide, and longed to whisper it in their ears. When youthful companions urged to the wayward chase, to some evening route or revel; the withered form of the old enchantress stood before my young eyes, and I could no longer yield to their solicitations.

And now, when I see a young man about to enter the gay assembly of the thoughtless and vicious, perhaps to join in riotous excesses, debauchery and gaming—I could wish to avert the evil, and tell him, "never to go there."

When I see a young mechanic, dependent on his daily earnings, the merchant's clerk, whose salary will scarcely keep him in decent clothes, nightly wending his way to the theatres, I could wish to whisper in his ear, "Don't go there."

When I see the young entering the gin palaces, or the rum shops, the illuminated billiard rooms, and dark bowling alleys of the metropolis—I could wish some spirit would put the thought into their minds—"Never to go there."

And the fair, too; when I see them, apparently with no pursuit but pleasure, wasting the golden hours of morning in sleep, and the live-long days in gadding about the streets, wasting the earnings of their fathers on feathers and frippery, and becoming the pets of gallants and whiskered coxcombs—methinks they had better "not go there," for as age creeps on, and they perchance get no husbands, they may need those friendships which prudence and industry never fail to secure, and without which old maids are miserable creatures.

Finally, old maids and young maidens; bachelors and married men; wives and children; when flattery allures, or vice or passion calls them to forbidden pleasures; when the customs of the gay world entice them to join the circle of extravagance, and swell the crowd of dissipation; all should be taught this salutary lesson, "Don't go there."

#### REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

The following anecdote is quoted from the new Philadelphia Quarterly Review:

When the British army held possession of Philadelphia, Gen. Howe's head-quarters were in Second street, the fourth door below Spruce, in a house which was before occupied by Gen. Cadwallader. Directly opposite resided William and Lydia Darrah, members of the society of Friends. A superior officer of the British army, believed to be the adjutant general, fixed upon one of their chambers, a back room, for private conference: and two of them frequently met there, with fire and candles, in close consultation. About the 2d of December, the adjutant-general told Lydia that they would be in the room at 7 o'clock, and remain late; and that they wished the family to retire early to bed; adding, that when they were going away they would call her to let them out, and extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but as the officer had been so particular, her curiosity was excited. She took off her shoes and put her ear to the key-hole of the conclave, and overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out late in the evening of the 4th and attack Gen. Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh. On hearing this she returned to her chamber and laid down. Soon after, the officer knocked at the door, but she rose only at the third summons, having feigned herself asleep. Her mind was so much agitated, that she could neither eat nor sleep; supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of thousands of her fellow-countrymen, but not knowing how she was to convey the information to Gen. Washington, not daring to confide it to her husband. The time left, however, was short. She quickly determined to make her way as soon as possible to the American outposts. She informed her family that, as she was in want of flour, she would go to Frankfort for some; her husband insisted she should take her servant-maid with her, but to his

surprise she positively refused. She got access to Gen. Howe, and solicited what he readily granted, a pass through the British troops, on the lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened towards the American lines, and encountered on her way an American lieutenant colonel (Craig) of the light horse, who, with some of his men, was on the lookout for information. He knew her and inquired where she was going? She answered, in quest of her son an officer in the American army, and prayed the colonel to alight and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troops to keep in sight. To him she disclosed her secret, after having obtained from him a solemn promise never to betray her individually, as her life might be at stake with the British.

He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed something for her to eat, and hastened to head-quarters, when he brought Gen. Washington acquainted with what he had heard. Washington made, of course, all preparation for baffling the meditated surprise. Lydia returned home with her flour; sat up alone to watch the movements of the British troops; heard their footsteps; but when they returned in a few days after, did not dare to ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event.—The next evening the Adjutant-general came in, and requested her to walk up to his room as he wished to put some questions. She followed him in terror; and when he locked the door and begged her, with an air of mystery, to be seated, she was sure that she was either suspected or betrayed. He enquired earnestly whether any of her family was up the last night when he and the other officer met: she told him they all retired at eight o'clock. He observed, "I know you were asleep, for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me: I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave Gen. Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of the house could speak. When we arrived near White Marsh we found all their cannon mounted, and the troops prepared to receive us, and we have marched back like a parcel of fools."

#### THE SABBATH.

BUT blessing, and ten thousand blessings, be upon that day! and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God, for this divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week day, I have thought of the millions of immortal creatures, toiling for their daily life in factories and shops amid the whirl of machinery, and the greedy craving of mercantile gain; and, suddenly, that golden interval of time has lain before me in all its brightness—a time, and a perpetual recurring time, in which the iron grasp of earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the Angels of God, come down and walk once more among men! Ten thousand blessings on this day—the friend of man and beast!—The bigot would rob it of its healthy freedom, on the one hand, and coop man up in his work-day dungeons, and cause him to walk with downcast eyes and demure steps; and the libertine would desecrate all its sober decorum on the other. God, and the sound heart and sterling sense of Englishmen, preserve it from

both these evils!—Let us still avoid Puritan rigidity and French dissipation. Let our children, and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, and shops, and factories, between the intervals of solemn worship, have freedom to walk in the face of Heaven and the beauty of earth, for, in the great temple of Nature, stand together Health and Piety.—For myself I speak from experience, it has always been my delight to go out on a Sunday, and like Isaac, meditate in the fields; and especially, in the sweet tranquillity, and amid the gathering shadows of evening; and never, in temple or closet, did more hallowed influences fall upon my heart.—With the twilight and the hush of earth, a tenderness has stolen upon me—a desire for every thing pure and holy—a love for every creature on which God has stamped the wonder of his handywork—but, especially, for every child of humanity; and then I have been made to feel, that there is no orator, like that which has Heaven itself for its roof, and no teaching like the teaching of the spirit, which created, and still over-shadows, the world with its infinite wing.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

THE following letter from the late Lord Colingwood to Mrs. Hall contains some valuable advice to mothers: "I had great pleasure," writes his lordship, "in the receipt of your very kind letter a few days since and give you joy, my dear Maria, on the increase of your family. You have now three boys, and I hope they will live to make you happy when you are an old woman. I am truly sensible of the kind regard you have shown to me in giving my name to your infant; he will bring me to your remembrance often, and then you will think of a friend who loves you and your family very much. With a kind and affectionate husband and three small children, all boys, you are happy and I hope you will ever be so. But three boys!—let me tell you the chance is very much against you, unless you are forever on your guard. The temper and disposition of most people are formed before they are seven years old; and the common cause of bad ones is the great indulgence and mistaken fondness which the affection of a parent finds it difficult to veil, although the happiness of a child depends upon it.—Your measures must be systematic; when ever they do wrong, never, omit to reprove them firmly, but with gentleness. Always speak to them in a style and language superior to their years. Proper words are as easily learned as improper ones; and when they do well—when they deserve commendation—bestow it lavishly.

"Let the feelings of your heart flow from your eyes and tongue; and they will never forget the effect which their good behavior has upon their mother, and this at an earlier time of life than is thought. I am very much interested in their prosperity, and that they may become good and virtuous men. I am glad that you think my daughters are well behaved girls. I took much pains with them the little time I was at home. I endeavored to give them a contempt for the nonsense and frivolity of fashion, and to establish in its stead a conduct founded on reason. They could admire thunder and lightning as well

as any other of God's stupendous works, and walk through a churchyard at midnight without apprehensions of meeting any thing worse than themselves. I brought them up not to make griefs of trifles, nor suffer any but what were inevitable."

#### ABERNETHY AND LISTON.

WITH all his power of creating mirth and provoking laughter in others, Liston was, when at home, the dullest man imaginable, and a prey to low spirits, which frequently threatened his reason. By the persuasion of his wife, he went to the celebrated Abernethy, so well known for the *brusquerie* of his manner. Liston was ushered into the surgeon's room, and was received with a slight bow by the old cur, who was unacquainted with the name or person of his visitor.

"Sit down, sir—what ails you?" said the doctor.

Liston stated his complaint with gravity and deliberation.

"Is that all?" inquired Abernethy. "There's nothing the matter with you; low spirits! Pooh! pooh!—go to Covent Garden to-night and see Liston perform—if that has no effect, go again to-morrow—that will do it; two doses of Liston will restore a melancholy madman—there—go—go."

Liston was taken aback—tipped his guinea—and made a most theatrical exit.

#### ON ONE CONDITION.

SOME years ago, when the Legislature of one of the middle States were framing a new Constitution, the discussion of its various provisions was warm and obstinate. Many days had been spent in fiery debate, and the vote was at length about to be taken. Just at this moment, a country member, who had been absent for some days previously, entered the House and took his seat. Another member, who was in favor of the amended Constitution, went to him and endeavored to make a convert of him.

"You must vote for the Constitution, by all means," said he.

"I'll think of it," said the country member.

"But you must make up your mind at once, man, for the vote is about to be taken."

The country member scratched his head, and seemed puzzled.

"Come, why do you hesitate? Will you promise me to vote for the Constitution? I am sure it will give general satisfaction."

"I'll vote for it on one condition," said the country member. "What is that?"

"And on no other, by gracious!"

"But what condition is it?"

"Why, that they let it run by my farm."

#### THE LEARNED YOUTH.

A COUNTRY youth, the son of a prosperous farmer, had spent some time at an academy, "fitting for college," and one of the vacations which he spent at home, he was one day in a brick-yard where his industrious father with hired men were making brick. The father, desirous of knowing something of his son's progress in learning, asked him what was the Latin for brick?

"Brickabus," replied the candidate for literary honors.

Very well," observed the father, "now tell us the Latin for coat."

"Coatabus," was the reply.

"Very like—very like," said the father, who though not skilled in Latin, was not lacking in good sense and shrewdness—"and now the Latin for frock—eh?"

"Frockabus," was the answer.

"Ay, ay," said the old gentleman, "now go home, take off your *coatabus*, put on your *frockabus*, and go to making *brickabus*, for you don't go to the academy at my expense any longer, I can tell you."

#### CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

OLD parson W. of Bristol county, Mass. related the following anecdote of himself; He wished to address every portion of his flock in such a manner as to impress them most deeply, and accordingly gave notice that he would preach separate sermons, to the old, to young men, to young women, and to sinners. At the first sermon his house was full; but one aged person was there. At the second, to young men, every lady of the parish was present, and but few of those for whom it was intended. At the third, few young ladies attended, but the aisles were crowded with young men. And, at the fourth, addressed to sinners, not a solitary individual was there except the sexton and the organist. "So," said the old parson, "I found that every body came to church to hear his neighbors scolded, but no one cared to be spoken of himself."

DELICATE COMPLIMENTS.—A young lady being addressed by a gentleman, much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection which she had to a union with him, was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood: to which he made the following ingenious reply: "Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."—*Eccl. xxxi. 1.*

WIFE AND DOCTOR.—A lady who presumed to make some observation, while a physician was recommending her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor, "That if some women were admitted there, their tongues would make Paradise a purgatory." "And if some physicians," replied the lady, "were to be admitted there, they would make it a desert."

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

D. H. Bradford, Vt. \$1.00; W. W. C. Randolph, Vt. \$1.00; W. I. M. Montrose, Pa. \$1.00; C. W. F. Burlington, Vt. \$1.00; I. A. Cowlesville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. Y. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; Z. S. Winchester, Ct. \$1.00; D. C. Moretown, Vt. \$1.00; G. B. R. Port Henry, N. Y. \$2.00.

#### Arrived,

In Catskill, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Joseph F. Phillips, Mr. Caleb Crosswell, editor of the Catskill Recorder, to Miss Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Horace Willard, Esq. all of that place.

#### Dead,

In this city, on the 11th inst. Ann Maria, consort of Captain Franklin Taylor, and daughter of Isaac Hanson, Esq. of Albany, in her 35th year.

On the 19th inst. Mr. Joseph Stalker, in his 85th year.



## SELECT POETRY.

From the Columbia Spy.

## THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

"Come tell me thou old grey haired man  
What weary days thou'st seen  
Since thou wert like myself, a boy,  
And life's glad path was green?  
I know that hoary head of thine,  
In many a tempest hour,  
Hath bowed before the sudden stroke,  
Of fate's relentless power."

"It would be but a heavy tale,"  
The aged one began,  
"To tell to thee, thou bright-eyed child,  
Of such a worn old man;  
I was not wont in other years  
Fair boy, to be so poor,  
I never thought in those bright days,  
To beg from door to door.  
I never thought these palsied hands  
Would grasp the beggar's staff,  
Or that these ears, were made to hear  
The loud, un pitying laugh.  
I had a gentle Mother once  
To part my sunny hair,  
A doting sire—whose hoard of love,  
My heart alone did share.  
I was a little, bright-eyed child,  
When, far from all he loved,  
To the church-yard solemnly,  
My Father was removed.  
The widow reared her orphaned boy  
'Till childhood's days were o'er,  
And when my manhood's days were fresh,  
My mother smiled no more.  
Her strugglings with my infancy,  
Her long, long watchful care,  
Met no return on earth—for she  
Was called God's home to share.  
I sought for other joys—and bound  
A dear one to my side,  
And in my flush of manhood's dawn,  
I won a beauteous bride.  
Like blossoms from a blushing tree,  
The fruit whereof is good,  
Beside me in the bloom of joy,  
Two twin-born roses stood.  
But Oh! the goodly tree was felled—  
She paled—and day by day,  
The life grew weaker at the heart,  
That on mine own heart lay;  
She left me when those little doves  
Lay nestling on her breast,  
She left them in that widowed home,  
A sad—but sweet bequest.  
Thou wilt not blame the poor old man  
That he must weep awhile,  
When he recalls his wife's last look,  
Her angel parting smile.  
They grew in beauty—and my boy  
Had dark locks such as thine;  
My girl's were golden threads, that seemed  
With sunny gleams to twine.  
My boy—a bold and daring one,  
Had heard of other lands,

And fashioned in his infancy,  
Ships, with his tiny hands.  
And when he grew a stripling tall,  
A manly boy, and brave,  
He left his father's house, to rove,  
Across the foaming wave.  
He never came to tell us aught,  
That he had looked upon,  
For the dark, wild, and swelling sea,  
Had swallowed up my son!—  
All things went wrong—the sunny brow  
Of my home darling, grew  
To deadly-pale—her rosy cheek  
Lost its bright crimson hue.  
More like that angel in the sky  
Each day she seemed to grow,  
"Till the young ruddy lips grew white,  
And the heart ceased to flow.  
Childless, widowed, parentless  
Beside her coffin'd form,  
I knelt—and all this silver hair  
Came in that night of storm.  
I pressed her cherub brow—and sent  
That dove of beauty fair  
Back to its parent bird, to take  
My last fond, lone kiss there.  
And there they met, a blessed band,  
A sire and mother dear,  
A tender, fond, and doting wife,  
With two loved children near.  
And here am I—the last sole link  
Of that uniting chain,  
Left through a long, long lapse of years,  
Of misery and pain.  
Hard poverty hath born me down—  
But one sweet hope is nigh,  
He who bears crosses meekly here,  
Hath his reward on high.  
To that vast storehouse of my joys,  
All hope and thought is given,  
Earth may not hold me long, for all  
My treasures are in Heaven.  
I said 'twould be a heavy one  
When first my tale began,  
Thy young heart will not soon forget  
The grey haired beggar man."

Philadelphia, December, 1839.

## THE BROKEN LYRE.

"Thus sighed the broken music  
That in gladness had no part!  
How like art thou, neglected lyre,  
To many a human heart!"—MRS. HEWANS.

In a lone, deserted hall  
A broken lyre was lying,  
And through the ancient casements  
The sullen wind was sighing;  
And all the strings of that gentle harp,  
Save one, were snapped in twain,  
And it answered the gusts of the fitful wind  
With a sad and mournful strain.

"O Where," it sighed, "is the hand that swept  
My chords in the days of yore?  
It lieth cold, in the silent grave—  
It will waken my voice no more:  
I remember well the low, soft voice  
And step as the light wind free,  
And the silvery laugh of that lovely girl  
As she touched the strings in glee.

"But the spoiler came and sapped the flower  
That was too bright for earth,  
And the bounding step grew feebly slow,  
And hushed the voice of mirth;

And when she struck the lyre again,  
And sung of by gone years  
In tones of saddened tenderness,  
Her eyes were filled with tears.

"At length, one glowing summer's eve,  
She closed her eyes and slept,  
And strangers entered silently,  
And gathered round and wept;  
And many a sigh burst from their lips,  
And mournful words were spoken,  
As, whispering low among themselves,  
They said 'her heart was broken!'  
And ever from that saddened hour  
Neglected I decay;  
Thou canst not wake my voice again,  
Wild, fitful, and away!"  
The plaintive voice was hushed and still,  
The mighty wind rushed by  
And snapped in twain that sorrowing chord,  
With a sound like the lone dove's cry.

'Tis ever thus with memory  
That round the fond heart clings,  
When stern misfortune's withering blast  
Has snapped all other strings:  
Recalling things once loved, now lost,  
By many a treasured token,  
Till one great power asserts its sway,  
And life's last link is broken!

From the Token for 1840.

## TO A WILD VIOLET, IN MARCH.

BY HON. S. G. GOODRICH.

My pretty flower, how cam'st thou here?  
Around thee all is sad and sore—  
The brown leaves tell of winter's breath  
And all but thee of doom and death.  
The naked forest shivering sighs—  
On yonder hill the snow-wreath lies,  
And all is bleak;—then say, sweet flower,  
How cam'st thou here in such an hour?

No tree unfolds its timid bud,  
Chill pours the hill-side's lurid flood,  
The tuneless forest all is dumb;  
How then, fair violet, didst thou come?

Spring hath not scattered yet her flowers,  
But lingers still in southern bowers;  
No gardener's art hath cherished thee—  
For wild and lone thou springest free.

Thou springest here to man unknown,  
Waked into life by God alone;  
Sweet flower, thou tellest well thy birth—  
Thou cam'st from Heaven, though soiled in earth.

Thou tell'st of Him whose boundless power,  
Speaks into birth a world or flower;  
And dost a God as clearly prove,  
As all the orbs in Heaven that move.

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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## SELECT TALES.

From Friendship's Offering.

### THE COUNTESS.

BY THE HON. ERSKINE NORTON.

[Concluded.]

ON Mr. Heartly's arrival at Baden, he went to the house of a friend of his, an English merchant, resident there; from that gentleman, he learned every particular that he was desirous to know concerning Lord Delville, which may thus be compressed: That, on his lordship's first arrival, he was dissipated and extravagant, keeping open house for gentlemen, living in a constant routine of company, and playing high; but all this was an unnatural effort, his spirits were forced, and he was evidently but ill at ease. Mrs. Clermont was very expensive, and, in spite of all his handsome salary, he soon found himself involved in difficulties. He suddenly changed his mode, and ran at once into the opposite extreme; reduced his establishment, shut himself up, was never to be seen out on business, or at court, or when he was met, unattended, on his long solitary rides, while his health seemed to become every day more precarious. All this did not suit Mrs. Clermont, and, in a very short time after the new system was established, she placed herself under the protection of a German prince, and disappeared. Two months since, Lord Delville had, by the advice of his physician, applied for a short leave of absence, and was now at Spa for the benefit of his health. The account of the earl's death had already reached Baden, and, no doubt, letters from his family, directed to Spa, had, before this, informed Lord Delville of the melancholy event. On receiving this information, Mr. Heartly made no delay in continuing his route to Spa.

It was late in the evening when he arrived there at the principal hotel, and, the following morning, after breakfast, he proceeded, accompanied by a guide, to the house of Lord Delville, now Earl of Belmont: it was very small and retired; a servant, in new mourning livery, opened the door; he gave in his card: the servant returned, and said, that he was desired to ask whether Mr. Heartly's visit was on business, as the earl, as yet, received no visits of ceremony. Mr. Heartly replied, that his visit was on business, and he was then shown up into a small sitting room, scantily furnished; a gentleman, *en robe de chambre*, half rose from a sofa, on which he was reclining, surrounded by magazines and newspapers. Mr. Heartly advanced, bowed, and took a seat, and then for a moment, fixing his eyes earnestly on the invalid, he could scarcely believe that he saw before him the gallant, gay, handsome young nobleman, he had met

under such peculiar circumstances, but four years since; "I am sorry to see your lordship looking so unwell."

A cool bow, and, "I think, sir, you said you had business with me?" were the only reply.

"I am, my lord, a friend of Mr. Middleton, and am commissioned to put into your hands this note from him, and this letter from your father, the late earl." Lord Belmont's countenance changed—a vivid, but transient flush passed over it, and his hand trembled as he received the papers. He opened the note from Mr. Middleton;—it merely contained these words: "Should the Earl of Belmont have any communication to make on the subject of the accompanying letter, he may make it freely and safely to the bearer, Mr. Heartly."

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

The earl then, in his turn, fixed a scrutinizing look on Mr. Heartly:—"Your name is familiar to me, and I—I believe we have met before?"

"I had the honor of meeting your lordship at Twickenham."

"Yes—yes—I recollect:—excuse me for a few minutes:—and he left the room with his father's letter.

He was absent fully half an hour, and on his return traces of deep agitation were yet visible in his countenance. "Mr. Heartly, this letter is an earnest request from my late father, to do all in my power to effect a reconciliation with my wife, the daughter of your friend."

"Mr. Middleton and myself both presumed that it was so; and providence has willed that it should be your father's last—his dying request."

"Even so," replied Lord Belmont, tremulously, and paused.

"Perhaps your lordship would wish for time to make your decision; if so, I am quite at your orders—I am here without any other object in view."

"You are very good—very considerate: have you seen Lady Delville—the Countess I should now say—lately?"

"About a month since I had the honor."

"Her health has been long re-established, I believe?"

"Quite so—no one even recollects her ladyship looking so beautiful—so well, as she does at present."

Lord Belmont sighed: "And my little son?"

"O, he is quite a picture of health, and beauty, and happiness! He resembles your lordship very much, but his eyes are his mother's."

Another pause, during which the earl strove, unsuccessfully, to repress his emotion. "The countess appears fond of Hastings; I suppose she finds it gay and agreeable?"

"She is fond of it: but in its gayeties she takes no share, she leads a very secluded life."

"Who are her most intimate friends?"

"She has but one at Hastings—Mrs. Wilmot."

"Ha, Mrs. Wilmot! I have met her, and heard of her—she is a very superior woman!"

"She is in all respects worthy of the confidence and friendship of your countess."

"Well, Mr. Heartly! I will not ask you to an invalid's dinner; but, if you will call early in the evening, I shall be most happy to see you." They shook hands, and Mr. Heartly took his leave.

"Mr. Heartly," said the earl, when the conversation was renewed in the evening, "I am aware that no man has sacrificed his happiness more completely than I have done; domestic comfort, health, competency, reputation, have all been destroyed or greatly injured. To talk of my regret would be folly; it is written, like the mark of Cain, upon my brow: to talk of my desire to have any of those blessings restored would be equal folly. It seems that a glimpse of hope is opened to me by your mission, but it is so obscured by such deep shadows, and surrounded by so many difficulties, that I almost despair."

"How so, my lord?"

"This letter comes from my father; his request at any time, especially his last one, would be sacred to me—but I have no intimation from my wife, and I may say indeed, none from Mr. Middleton; I shall, therefore, probably ask and be refused."

"My Lord, I do not pretend to know any thing whatever of the sentiments of your countess on the subject; I have never heard your name mentioned in her presence, and I believe that it has been never, or very rarely alluded to in her most intimate conversations with her father, since your departure: but there is one point on which I am very clear—that it is you not your wife, who are bound to make the first advance."

"It may be so—but still, years have elapsed without the most trifling inquiry or mark of interest, without even any communication—from her at least—concerning our child; without the slightest effort to redeem her husband from his errors; not a word of comfort, while oppressed by absence from all he loved, by unavailing regrets, by poverty and ill-health!—Women are not usually made of such stern stuff, and least of all did I expect to find it in Harriot, so gentle and humble as she was."

"Gentle and humble she is now, my Lord—but she is no longer what you first beheld her, the inexperienced, happy girl; not the young and timid bride, with a new world opening to her—such a world! and without a friend or a guide to

advise or direct her. Experience and suffering have taught their usual bitter lesson, with more than their usual effect; they have taught her to know and to appreciate *herself*; they have left untouched the beautiful simplicity, purity and tenderness of heart, while they have unfolded the treasures of a mind of the first rate order. The Countess of Belmont knows what is due to her feelings as an injured wife, and to her dignity as a virtuous one; and I venture to say that if your lordship wait for her first advance—much as it may cost her—your reunion will never take place on this side of the grave."

Lord Belmont made no reply, but sat for some minutes with his hand over his face; at length he said: "Well, sir, supposing that I yield this point, yet in what view will my conduct appear to the world? Bankrupt in the heart of all others, I turn again to sue for that of my wife; and oppressed with poverty, I kneel to ask her for her wealth, and for all the comforts and benefits it will bestow!"

"My Lord, you confound the opinion of the world with the fact itself; you and we know well that the fact will *not* be as you state it; your disinterested conduct in refusing to avail yourself of the settlement made on you from the time you separated from your wife, is well known, and has been smiled at by the world you dread, as rather too chivalric for this money-grasping and money-spending age. My lord, I do not mean to affect to undervalue the opinion of the world; nay, I will do it the justice to say, that when the whole facts of the case are before it, its opinion is almost always correct; the misfortune is, that, collectively as well as individually, it is apt to judge of the whole from a part only. The first object of a first-rate mind, is to do what it believes to be right; the first object of a second-rate mind, is to do what it believes to be right in the opinion of the world."

"Then I suppose you place me among the second rates?" said the earl smilingly.

"My Lord," replied Mr. Heartly, evading an answer to this delicate question, "I do not see what the world can say against an erring husband seeking the forgiveness of his wife; and surely no time can be more proper than the present; the recent death of your father, and his late injunction may be reasonably supposed sufficient to soften the hearts of his family, and to lead them all to reconciliation and peace. In point of rank and wealth you stand as you have always stood; upon her you have bestowed your coronet with all its dignities and advantages; she, on you has bestowed her wealth; in these mere worldly exchanges: I conceive you to be equal, and in all probability, the balance will ultimately be in your favor, when your expectations from the East are realized. I believe, too, that Belmont Castle is now vacant."

"Yes; its ten years' lease expired three months since: it is now inhabited only by two or three grey-headed domestics, who keep the old place clean and aired, and its venerable avenues free from fallen leaves—but this is all."

A few days passed over, during which the earl seemed to take a great partiality for his new acquaintance, each day brought them more and more together, until at length they scarcely

separated. Mr. Heartly had ample opportunity of forming a just estimate of the husband of Harriet, and he deeply regretted, that a heart so well disposed and affectionate, and a mind capable of better things, should have been so warped and misled. He had great hopes that both might be redeemed, but he could not conceal from himself that Lord Belmont's health was in the most precarious and even dangerous state; by it, an unfavorable re-action was produced on the mind; his judgment was weakened, his temper rendered irritable, his opinion indecisive, and his schemes wavering. The earl had requested Mr. Heartly to stay with him for a fortnight, and at the end of that time he promised to make up his mind on the delicate subject of his mission, which therefore ceased to be reverted to in the course of their conversations.

The fortnight was near its close, when, very early one morning, Mr. Heartly was roused from his bed by a note from his lordship:—"Events of importance seldom come singly; I have great news to tell you—do not waste a minute."

On Mr. Heartly's arrival, he found the earl in bed; he held up a large packet.

"Read it!" he exclaimed, and sunk back on his pillow, apparently exhausted with the force of his emotions. Mr. Heartly stepped from the bed-room into the little sitting-room, and anxiously removed an envelope; it contained two letters; one from his mother, the dowager, and the other from his agent; they informed the earl that his uncle had died on his passage to Calcutta, but that the ship had brought on his effects and documents—among the latter his will, (a copy was stated to have been left at Calcutta,) by which he made his nephew sole heir to his vast wealth.

"I congratulate you, my lord," said Mr. Heartly, returning and taking his hand.

Lord Belmont grasped his, and said, "Now my friend, I will do all that you wish; I will even throw myself on my knees to my injured, my deserted Harriet." Then suddenly changing his tone, clasped his hands, and raising his eyes exclaimed; "God grant me but life to receive her forgiveness, and to bless my child!"

Mr. Heartly was deeply affected, for this was the first time Lord Belmont had alluded to the state of his health; he had always seemed absolutely ignorant of, or extremely careless about it.

An application was forwarded by that day's post to Downing street, requesting permission to return to England without delay, on the plea of extreme ill health, accompanied by certificates signed by the principal medical practitioners of the Spa. Letters were written to the two countesses, and an order to the old steward of Belmont Castle; a communication was also made to Baden.

Mr. Heartly despatched the official letters, and in every way assisted, soothed, and cheered his friend. The surprise, although, with the exception of his uncle's death, a most pleasurable one, was evidently too much for Lord Belmont's shattered nerves, and he seemed apprehensive that he should never reach England.

Harriet was seated at breakfast with her father, at Hastings, when the servant who had been sent

to the post office returned. He brought three or four business-like looking letters, which he delivered to Mr. Middleton; he then presented one to the countess. The superscription was written in a hasty, trembling, crooked hand, which she did not immediately recognize: she turned it, and looked at the seal—the blood rushed to her face, then left it as white as marble—a film seemed to float before her eyes, and it was some minutes before she could collect power to open the letter; observing that her father was quite absorbed with his communications, she broke the seal and read:—

"Harriet! my wife! Can you forgive me? Can you believe, that, from the fatal moment in which I tore myself away, I have never known an instant's peace?—that the images of my wife and child, as I then beheld them, sleeping in their innocence, have never ceased to haunt and reproach me? I have suffered, Harriet, in mind and body, not perhaps more than I have deserved, but enough I trust to entitle me to your pity and forgiveness.—Mourning over the yet warm ashes of my father—I beseech you, for the sake of your child—for your own sake—my Harriet, I beseech you not to reject my prayer! for the time will come, and shortly, when your kind and affectionate heart will grieve at the thought of having inflicted an additional, and unnecessary wound. In a few days I shall be at Belmont Castle; dare I hope that I may meet you there—you and your little one!—God bless you both!"

BELMONT."

A struggling sigh and a slight rustling movement attracted the attention of Mr. Middleton, and he rose just in time to receive in his arms the pale and insensible Harriet. Assistance was instantly procured, and the usual remedies soon restored her; she embraced her father fervently, and calling for her child, shed tears of rapture over him, while Mr. Middleton perused the letter.

That afternoon beheld them, with a small suite, on their road to Belmont Castle. They reached it at nightfall, and, in consequence of the order received by the steward from Lord Belmont, found fires lit, beds made, and as much preparation as could be expected on so short a notice. With what feelings of gratitude, veneration and hope, did the young countess pass through the massive gateways, and along the magnificent avenues leading to her husband's lordly residence. She shook hands with the old servants, and spoke to them so kindly, looked so happy and yet so tearful, that their hearts were hers as soon as they beheld her. The following day was employed in making every possible arrangement, for the comfort of the expected invalid: "He is, I am sure!" said Harriet, with that buoyancy of hope peculiar to the young, "more depressed in spirits than in actual health; peace and rest and affection will soon restore him." The medical gentleman, who had been accustomed to attend the Belmont family, while residing in that neighborhood, was engaged; and a physician of great celebrity at Hastings had promised to attend as frequently as possible.

The dowager countess had received a note from her son, to say that he should be in England in a few days, and that when arrived there she

would hear again from him. It was evidently his wish, that she and his sisters should not move from Twickenham, until farther notice; however they assembled in council on the subject, and decided on establishing themselves in Belmont Castle to receive him.—They never once thought of Harriet and her rights, and of course knew nothing of the communication made to her.

It was with some surprise and consternation, that, on the second morning after her arrival, Harriet was apprised of the approach of an *avant courier*, who, on being introduced, announced that the dowager and her two daughters would be at the castle in two or three hours, and that dinner was to be prepared for them. Harriet, with the concurrence of her father soon made up her mind as to the line of conduct necessary to be pursued on this occasion.

On the approach of the carriage, she stationed herself in the hall, attended by her father and the servants, and as soon as the ladies had alighted, she went forward to receive them: they appeared struck with amazement at perceiving her.

"Madam," she said to the dowager, "I am most happy to have the honor of seeing you and my sisters-in-law at Belmont Castle: I only regret that you did not give me somewhat longer notice, that your apartments might have been better prepared."

The dowager looked much perplexed, and at length stammered out; "We are—very much astonishment—very much, indeed, to find you and your father here!"

"I hope madam," said the young countess, drawing herself up, "that the surprise is at least a pleasurable one."

Lady Katherine stepped forward; "To cut the matter short," she cried, "unless my mother enter this castle as its mistress, she does not enter it at all."

"The mother of the earl of Belmont," calmly replied Harriet, "is, or ought to be, the most welcome of all guests at Belmont Castle; but it is only as a guest that ever she can be received, when the wife of the earl is present."

"Then let us go," said Lady Katherine to her mother, "let us go to Dover to meet my brother there; we have no authority from him to acknowledge this lady as the mistress of this castle; we have suffered enough already from the introduction of these low-born, uneducated, purse-proud people into our family; when not only now that he is wealthy but at any time the heir of Belmont might have commanded the hand of the daughter of the first peer of the realm. But we shall see," she continued, as they returned to the carriage, "whether the power of the lord of the castle be not superior to that of the lady."

During this violent speech, Harriet saw her father's color rise, and his mild, calm eye fire with indignation; but she caught him by the arm and whispered, "For my sake, my father!" He allowed the appeal, and before the carriage had driven from the door, the father and daughter had quitted the hall.

Lord Belmont had received, without delay, the permission he had requested to return to England, and immediately prepared for his journey. He

easily induced Mr. Heartly to become his fellow traveler, who the more readily agreed to his request, from observing that the earl was not in a state to travel with servants only; watchful and judicious care had now become indispensable, and the great comfort he derived from Mr. Heartly unremitting attention, he felt and acknowledged most gratefully.

They arrived safely at Dover; but the earl was in so exhausted a state, from rather a long and rough passage, that Mr. Heartly landed first in order to provide a sedan chair to carry him to the inn: he was rather surprised at being accosted by a servant in mourning livery, who begged to know whether he were not traveling in the suite of the Earl of Belmont.

"I am a friend of the earl, and am traveling with him."

"Then, perhaps, sir, you will be so good as to get this letter conveyed to him on board."

Mr. Heartly looked at the letter; it was sealed in black, and directed by a female hand, but he knew it was not Harriet's.

"From whom does this come?"

"From the dowager countess, who with the young ladies, is waiting his arrival at the hotel."

"Very good," replied Mr. Heartly—"I will take care of the letter."

While his servants were looking for a sedan chair, Mr. Heartly went to the hotel, and was soon in the presence of the dowager and her daughters.

"I do not mean," he said, as he returned her letter, to alarm your ladyship unnecessarily, but the earl, your son, is very ill indeed; he is not aware of your being in Dover, and by no means expects to meet you here; and however great the pleasure of such a meeting may prove it cannot fail to hurry and excite him, in his present exhausted condition. I venture, therefore, to advise that he should be brought here, and have a night's rest and refreshment, before your presence is announced to him."

The ladies were much alarmed at hearing this account, and immediately gave Mr. Heartly *carte blanche* to act as he judged best.

The invalid passed a tolerable night, and slept until rather late on the following morning. On awaking he found Mr. Heartly, as usual, seated by his bed-side.

"My kind friend," said the earl, "I feel much composed and refreshed, and am anxious to get on; we have but a short and easy way to travel now."

"Short and easy as it is," replied Mr. Heartly, cheerfully, "I think I have a talisman about me that will make it appear still more so."

He opened the shutters, and having put a letter in the earl's hands, retired with his accustomed delicacy to the further part of the room, pretending to busy himself about some packages there, while it was read. The earl kissed the characters that had been strangers to him so long, and with his weak and trembling hands broke the seal.

"Welcome, my beloved husband, to your home, your child and your wife! At Belmont you will find us with my father, all anxiously awaiting your return; and health and happiness I trust, are awaiting it also. Your mother and

sisters were here a few days since, and I regret that I could not prevail upon them to remain. God bless you, and bring you safe to your affectionate

HARRIET!"

"Heartly!" said Lord Belmont, and in a moment his friend was near his side: "Thank God, I shall, at least, die happy!—But she speaks of my mother and sisters; is it not strange they should, under present circumstances, have gone to Belmont, and still more strange that, being there, they should not have staid? I fear there has been some dissension!"

Mr. Heartly then told him of the actual presence of his mother and sisters in the hotel.—The news surprised and agitated, but did not displease him; and when he was dressed, and had taken some slight refreshment, Mr. Heartly went to the ladies to conduct them to the apartment.

"May I venture to suggest," said he to them, "that if there be any topic of an unpleasant nature, on which you might have thought it necessary to speak, you will avoid it for the present: his nervous irritability is very great, and it must be the object of all to keep him as tranquil as possible. He has just received a most affectionate letter from the countess, in which she mentions that you had been at Belmont, and regrets that she was not able to prevail on you to stay; *this is all she says.*"

By this time they had reached the door of the apartment, and, on entering, the mother was so shocked by the appearance of her son, that all thoughts, except of his illness, were banished from her mind; poor lady Charlotte wept, and even the well-nursed spleen of her sister was subdued for the time. Without appearing to notice their emotion, he received them most affectionately, and when they were seated round him, slightly expressed his regret that they had taken up their quarters at Belmont Castle.

"To tell you the truth, my dear son, we were not aware that the castle was occupied by your wife; we did not even know that any communication had, of late, taken place between you."

Lord Belmont explained, in a few words, the advances he had made towards a reconciliation, on receiving the intelligence of his uncle's bequest; and he showed them the letter he had received that morning. "On the whole, my dear mother, it will be better that you should remain here for a day or two: I am certain of your then receiving an invitation from Harriet; this will be more gratifying to your feelings, to hers, and to my own; so let us speak no more on this subject."

He then struggled to converse cheerfully until his carriage was announced; but, when he took leave of them, he did so with so much more solemnity and tenderness than the expected short separation appeared to warrant, that Mr. Heartly felt convinced, however dexterously he had contrived to veil the truth from them he himself saw and felt it but too clearly. On being placed in the carriage, his powers, which had been taxed to the utmost during this scene, appeared quite exhausted; he was constantly supported by Mr. Heartly, sunk into a sort of doze, and never spoke excepting to ask if they were near Belmont,

They arrived just as the setting sun was gilding its majestic towers; Lord Belmont roused himself as they entered the gates, and looked eagerly on each side at every well remembered spot; for it was here that he had passed his childhood.

Mr. Middleton came to the carriage door to receive them, but he was also so utterly unprepared for the death-like appearance of the earl, that his tongue could scarcely utter his welcome. Lord Belmont shook his hand and pressed it to his lips, but did not speak. He was removed from the carriage, and then borne through the hall to the door of the library, in which Harriet had stationed herself, being unwilling that their first meeting should take place in the presence of witnesses; there, he desired to be set down, and leaning only on Mr. Middleton, entered the room, the door of which Mr. Heartly immediately closed outside, and dismissed the servants.

Harriet stood trembling with agitation; at the first glance she shrieked, the next moment she received him almost fainting in her arms. A sofa was near, and on that he was laid; in a minute or two he seemed to recover, the color came to his lips, and the light to his eyes;—she knelt by him; he threw his hand over her bright and clustering tresses, and kissed her with the deepest and tenderest emotion, while her warm tears fell fast on his thin, pale cheek. Not a word was spoken, it was a moment of feelings too highly wrought, and of too imposing a nature for words; a moment of joy and of grief, of hope and despair.

When the first emotions had somewhat subsided, Mr. Middleton called the medical gentleman in attendance, and such means were applied as soon restored the earl to comparative comfort and composure. His beautiful boy was then brought in, and for once he indulged in the overflowings of a parent's love.

The physician from Hastings arrived, and all was done that human means could do, to revert or to retard the impending blow. Lord Belmont submitted himself with patient tranquillity—and when, at last, laid in his bed, surrounded by every comfort that care and affection could bestow, he said to his friend: "Heartly, do not look on me with that eye of pity: *I am so happy!*" He then turned to Harriet, where she sat with his hand clasped in hers, struggling to suppress her agony; exertion and agitation had given to her cheek a fevered glow, and her eyes a restless brightness, which, though indicative of the most painful anxiety, were beautiful in themselves; she had thrown off the dress in which she had received her husband, and her careless white wrapper, and unbound hair rather added to than diminished the effect. He looked at her tenderly and admiringly, then fervently exclaimed: "O Harriet! Harriet! what a traitor have I been to myself! how have I blasted the fair wreath of happiness my fate had woven!" He then lay for some time in thought; the opiate he had taken had evidently no effect in procuring rest, but his mind appeared to be particularly acute and active, and when he spoke, it was in a low but clear and collective voice. He desired that the whole party, including the clergyman and solicitor, who had been sent for, and the medical gentleman,

with the head servants, might be assembled in the room. He then appointed Mr. Middleton and Mr. Heartly as guardians to his son, and fixed the jointure for his mother, an income for his sisters, and legacies for his servants; he gave, too, some directions concerning the management of the estate, and the clearance of the debts with which it was encumbered. These necessary arrangements he made with great coolness and precision; when concluded, he desired that all should withdraw, excepting the family and the clergyman: he received the sacrament; then taking the hand of Harriet and Mr. Heartly, he said, "I feel even now that I am no longer of this world—life is ebbing fast; let this, my last act, prove how far above its sordid passions and petty jealousies I have risen! Take her, my friend! you have long loved her, disinterestedly, honorably, hopelessly; be to her, and to my boy what I ought to have been!—God bless you both!"—He joined their hands, and with a deep sigh, sunk back on his pillow. A rapid and unfavorable change had already come on; he became lethargic, and at five in the morning expired.

Two years after this melancholy and eventful night, the young and widowed countess bestowed her hand on Mr. Heartly. The infant earl has become all that their most sanguine hopes could aspire to; and to their domestic circle have been added two lovely daughters. The settlement, originally made on Lord Delville, and which he so properly relinquished, was, by the express desire of Harriet, continued for life to the dowager, in addition to her jointure.

The Countess of Belmont, supremely happy as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, high in the estimation of the world, and surrounded by all the enjoyments it can bestow, acknowledges, with humility and gratitude, her great and numerous blessings.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### A WORD TO THE LADIES.

THE practice prevalent among some young ladies of accepting of presents, given to them as tokens of preference and affection, from young gentlemen in whom they take no particular interest and towards whom they feel no sentiments of affection, is one highly reprehensible and degrading to the honor and delicacy of the female character, and which no female possessed of those feelings of refinement and delicacy, which should ever characterize the female mind, should permit herself to indulge in. Those feelings of delicacy and modesty, which ought ever to glow in the female breast and influence her every action, should ever prevent a young lady from accepting a present from a young person of the opposite sex, unless he be united to her by her ties of blood, or the still stronger ones of affection, or he be a near and intimate friend. And permit me to remark that young ladies may in general conclude that when a young gentleman shows marks of preference and attachment for them and styles his feelings those of friendship, that he either shrinks from calling his feelings by the right name from motives of delicacy, or

through fear that they are not reciprocated; or that he has deceived himself and really believes his feelings to be no stronger than those of friendship, while love is their true source. And if indeed they proceed from no warmer source than friendship, if they be reciprocated by the lady, fanned by mutual esteem, they will soon be merged in those of love. Not that I would imply that friendship may not exist between two young persons of opposite sexes, but instances of its long existing are rare and do not detract from the truth of the general principle. At first view this practice may not appear so deserving of censure to many, and they may think these remarks unjust and uncalled for, but they do not realize that aside from its infringement of the pure and sensitive feelings of delicacy and modesty without which no female, however gifted with beauty and talent, can long retain the respect and esteem of any person, possessed of a correct and virtuous mind, and without which woman ceases to be lovely in our eyes. It is acting a deceitful, dishonorable and cruel part towards the one who thus seeks to make known to you, the feelings of affection which you have excited in his breast. There are many who from feelings of diffidence, shrink from expressing their attachment personally to the beloved object that reigns in their hearts, and thus adopt this silent but speaking mode of making known their feelings to the objects of them, and when a young lady accepts of this token, it is a silent but tacit acknowledgment that his attentions are not disagreeable to her, and that she reciprocates at least in some degree the feelings of the giver, and he has reason to listen to the voice of hope and believe that the pulses of her heart beat with an answering throb to his own, that the dearest wishes of his heart may be realized. When a young lady accepts of a present, from a young gentleman, if she has the least reason to believe that he designs it as a mark of his preference and attachment, and knows, at the same time, that she cannot respond to his feelings, cannot return the sentiments she has inspired, knows that by accepting it she will encourage hopes that can never be realized, impart visions of happiness which she knows will be blasted, she is cruelly trampling on the affections and trifling with the happiness of a fellow being. I envy not the feelings of that female, who can thus wantonly sport with another's happiness. She must have a heart dead to all the purer and holier feelings of our nature, destitute of all that elevates and ennobles humanity. A proper respect for the sentiments which she has inspired, should lead her, if she cannot return his affections, to undeceive in a kind and respectful manner his hopes, and though his disappointment may be bitter, he will strive to bear up under it if he cannot quench his affection, and have the satisfaction of feeling that he can respect her conduct towards him. None can know but those who have experienced it, the misery of being told by the object of our heart's dearest affections, in whom all our hopes of happiness are centered, who is bound to us by ties dearer to us than life, the pulses of whose heart we had fondly believed beat with an answering throb to our own, with whom we had looked forward to bright scenes of happiness to be shared with the

beloved object—to be told by her whose heart we had confidently believed to be all our own, and perhaps in the cold words of indifference, that our hopes are vain, that her heart has never beat with one feeling of affection for us, that she cannot return the love which we have devotedly given to her, that we have been indulging in hopes and anticipations only to have them quenched forever in the rayless gloom of disappointment. Oh! this is misery that will rend the heart with agony and cause reason to tremble on her throne. To feel that the bright hopes and visions of happiness to which our hearts clung, and which were centered in the beloved object of our soul's adoration, which had cheered us, and thrown a bright flood of light around us in many an hour of darkness and sorrow, are gone, forever fled. We look forward to the future and all is dark as the starless midnight, not a ray of light from the bright fountains of hope appears to light up our path—our affections slighted, crushed and withered—that purity and freshness of feeling which exists only in youth, and which clothes every object around us in the brightest hues, is gone forever. Life appears before us, a trackless desert of thorns—the bright current of life is sent back to the heart in cold and icy chills, the midnight gloom of despair enshrouds us. Could any young lady realize for a moment the misery that she may inflict on a person possessed of pure and sensitive feelings by cherishing hopes and anticipations that must end in disappointment, she would not, could not have the heart to wreck the happiness of a fellow being. It is true that it often proceeds from thoughtlessness and a want of reflection, but can she plead this as an excuse to her conscience and her God. Should she be thoughtless and heedless of conduct that may blast a fellow being's happiness and fill his heart with wretchedness. The sacred affections of the heart, are not to be trampled on with impunity, and the person be they male or female who disregards the feelings of another and trifles with the purest and holiest feelings of our nature, will sooner or later receive in their own persons the bitter reward of thus trifling with the affections. I have thus feebly endeavored to portray to you a few of the evils that may result from indulging in the practice of accepting of presents from young gentlemen, giving to you as tokens of affection, when you feel that you cannot return those feelings and that they must end in disappointment. And let every young lady as she would deserve and command the respect and esteem of the wise and good, as she values her own and her fellow being's happiness, beware how she indulges in a practice alike degrading to her delicacy and cruel and deceitful to man.

GERALD.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### WILLIAM RICHARDSON DAVIE.

COLONEL DAVIE, Colonel Commandant in the State Cavalry of North Carolina, was born in the village of Egremont, in England, on the 20th June, 1759. His father visiting South Carolina soon after the peace of 1763, brought with him this son; and returning to England, confided

him to the Rev. Wm. Richardson, his maternal uncle; who becoming much attached to his nephew, not only took charge of his education, but adopted him as his son and heir. At the proper age, William was sent to an academy in North Carolina; from whence he was, after a few years, removed to the college of Nassau Hall, in Princeton, New-Jersey, then becoming the resort of most of the southern youth under the auspices of the learned and respectable Dr. Witherspoon. Here he finished his education, graduating in the autumn of 1776, a year memorable in our military as well as civil annals.

Returning home, young Davie found himself shut out for a time from the army, as the commissions for the troops just levied had been issued. He went to Salisbury, where he commenced the study of the law. The war continuing, contrary to the expectations which generally prevailed when it began, Davie could no longer resist the wish to plant himself among the defenders of his country. Inducing a worthy and popular friend, rather too old for military service, to raise a troop of dragoons, as the readiest mode of accomplishing his object, Davie obtained a lieutenancy in this troop. Without delay the captain joined the Southern army, and soon afterwards returned home on a furlough. The command of the troop devolving on Lieutenant Davie, it was, at his request, annexed to the legion of Count Pulaski, where Captain Davie continued, until promoted by Major General Lincoln to the station of Brigade Major of cavalry. In this office Davie served until the affair at Stono, devoting his leisure to the acquirement of professional knowledge, and rising fast in the esteem of the general and army. When Lincoln attempted to dislodge Lieutenant Colonel Maitland from his entrenched camp on the Stono, Davie received a severe wound, and was removed from camp to the hospital in Charleston, where he was confined five months.

Soon after his recovery he was empowered by the government of North Carolina to raise a small legionary corps, consisting of one troop of dragoons and two companies of mounted infantry; at the head of which he was placed with the rank of major.

Quickly succeeding in completing his corps, in whose equipment he expended the last remaining shilling of an estate bequeathed to him by his uncle, he took the field, and was sedulously engaged in protecting the country between Charlotte and Camden, from the enemy's predatory excursions. On the fatal 19th of August he was hastening with his corps to join the army, when he met our dispersed and flying troops. He nevertheless continued to advance towards the conqueror; and by his prudence, zeal, and vigilance, saved a few of our wagons, and many of our stragglers. Acquainted with the movement of Sumpter, and justly apprehending that he would be destroyed unless speedily advised of the defeat of Gates, he dispatched immediately a courier to that officer, communicating what had happened, performing, in the midst of distress and confusion, the part of an experienced captain.

So much was his conduct respected by the government of North Carolina, that he was, in

the course of September, promoted to the rank of colonel commandant of the cavalry of the state.

At the two gloomiest epochs of the southern war, soon after the fall of Charleston, and the overthrow of Gates, it was the good fortune of Colonel Davie, to be the first to shed a gleam through the surrounding darkness, and give hope to the country, by the brilliancy of his exploits. In one instance, without loss or injury, on his part, he entirely destroyed an escort of provisions, taking 40 prisoners, with their horses and arms. In the other, under the immediate eye of a large British force, which was actually beating to arms, to attack him, he routed a party stronger than his own, killing and wounding 60 of the enemy, and carrying off with him 96 horses and 120 stand of arms.

When Lord Cornwallis entered Charlotte, a small village in North Carolina, Colonel Davie, at the head of his detachment, threw himself in his front, determined to give him a specimen of the firmness and gallantry, with which the inhabitants of the place, were prepared to dispute with his lordship, their native soil.

Colonel Tarlton's legion formed the British van, led by Major Hanger, the commander himself being confined by sickness. When that celebrated corps had advanced near to the centre of the village, where the Americans were posted, Davie poured into it so destructive a fire, that it immediately wheeled, and retired in disorder. Being rallied on the commons, and again led on to the charge, it received on the same spot, another fire with similar effect.

Lord Cornwallis witnessing the confusion, thus produced, among his choicest troops, rode up in person, and in a tone of dissatisfaction, upbraided the legion with upbraided the legion with unsoldierly conduct, reminding it of its former exploits and reputation.

Pressed on his flanks by the British infantry, Colonel Davie had now fallen back to a new and well selected position. To dislodge him from this, the legion cavalry advanced on him, a third time, in rapid charge, in full view of their commander in chief, but in vain. Another fire from the American marksmen, killed several of their officers, wounded Major Hanger, and repulsed them again, with increased confusion.

The main body of the British being now within musket shot, the American leader abandoned the contest.

It was by strokes like these, that he seriously crippled and intimidated his enemy, acquired an elevated standing in the estimation of his friends, and served very essentially the interest of freedom.

In this station he was found by General Greene, on assuming the command of the southern army; whose attention had been occupied from his entrance into North Carolina, in remedying the disorder in the quarter-master and commissary department. To the first Carrington had been called; and Davie was now induced to take upon himself the last, much as he preferred the station he then possessed. At the head of this department, Colonel Davie remained throughout the trying campaign which followed; contributing greatly by his talent, his zeal, his local knowledge



and his influence, to the maintenance of the difficult and successful operations which followed. While before Ninety-Six, Greene, foreseeing the difficulties again to be encountered, in consequence of the accession of force to the enemy by the arrival of three regiments of infantry from Ireland, determined to send a confidential officer to the legislature of North Carolina, then in session, to represent to them his relative condition, and to urge their adoption of effectual measures without delay, the collection of magazines of provisions and the reinforcement of the army. Colonel Davie was selected by Greene for this important mission, and immediately repaired to the seat of government, where he ably and faithfully exerted himself to give effect to the views of his general.

The effect of the capture of Cornwallis assuring the quick return of peace, Colonel Davie returned home, and resumed the profession with the practice of the law in the town of Halifax on the Roanoke.

He was afterwards governor of North Carolina and one of our ambassadors to France, at a very portentous conjuncture.

The war in the south was ennobled by great and signal instances of individual and partizan valor and enterprise. Scarcely do the most high drawn heroes of fiction, surpass, in their darings and extraordinary achievements, many of the real ones of Pickens, Marion, Sumpter and Davie, who figured in the southern states, during the conflict of the revolution.

Colonel Davie, although younger, by several years, possessed talents of a higher order, and was much more accomplished, in education and manners, than either of his three competitors for fame. For the comeliness of his person, his martial air, his excellence in horsemanship, and his consummate powers of field eloquence, he had scarcely an equal in the armies of his country. But his chief excellence lay in the magnanimity and generosity of his soul, his daring courage, his vigilance and address, and his unrelaxing activity and endurance of toil. If he was less frequently engaged in actual combat, than either of his three compeers, it was not because he was inferior to either of them in enterprise, or love of battle. His district being more interior, was, at first, less frequently invaded by British detachments. When, however, Lord Cornwallis ultimately advanced into that quarter, his scouts and foraging parties, found in Colonel Davie, and his brave associates, as formidable an enemy as they had ever encountered.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE MORNING CALL.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

"ELLEN, how you look this morning; I am ashamed of you! hair undressed, and that old faded calico gown: there is no need of your being so untidy; for it is my week to sweep and take care of the rooms, and you have nothing to do but to sew, or practice your music. It is now near eleven o'clock; what if some one should come in? you have been mortified by being so caught before now."

"O, I can run away and leave you to do the

honors, for you are all in print as usual—hair smooth, dress neat, and collar clean—nobody can take you by surprise; for you are always "just so:" no matter what you have to do about the house—sweeping or dusting, or baking, it is all the same. I have just been in the kitchen making some cake, and somehow the flour has got all over my sleeves and apron; I do look like a fright I believe; but it is so cold I dread going up stairs to change my dress; I will brush and curl my tresses here if you make no objection, and, as I said before, if any one comes I can run. It is a very good plan to be always ready I confess, but I am not one of the particular sort. I do believe Susan your will be an old maid, you are so precise!"

"An old maid!" said Susan, holding up her hands with an air of mock distress, "what a terrible fate you are predicting for me, and why? just because I am tidy in my person, and quick about my work? If the lords of creation think these to be needless qualities in a wife they can pass me by. Here I am twenty-four years old and never had "an offer." I shall surely lead a life of single blessedness; I shall cultivate a fondness for cats, and all the young folks will call me "Aunt Susan?" can I look forward to this with resignation?"

Ellen turned round with a smile and told her sister she would make the best wife, or the best old maid in the world. She had arranged her handsome hair in a profusion of long ringlets around a pretty face, and if she had proceeded to alter her dress all would have been well; but instead of this, she left her curl papers and hair brush strewed over the pair table, and seated herself at the piano to try a tune which had been running in her head.

"There Susan, that is the song Mr. Hull liked so well; the gentleman I met at Guilford last summer: I wonder if I shall ever see him again! They said he took quite a fancy to my ladyship and his attentions were very flattering; but there is Charles Grey who comes here so often: he is younger and handsomer, I like him quite as well, and there is no harm in having "two strings to your bow," or two beaux to your string, is there sis? Oh don't look so sober! and talk about coquetry, and trifling with ones affections, and all that; I can't stop to listen now, but will rather play over again my admirer's favorite. It is sweet and plaintive, and shows his good taste; which is somewhat like my sister's; he is a man after your own heart Susan."

Ellen had reached the middle of her song when the door opened and no less a personage than Mr. Hull himself was announced. She blushed with shame but gave him a polite welcome, and a graceful introduction to her sister. He appeared not to notice his fair lady's plight, but engaged them both in an animated conversation, and made himself very agreeable during a long call; and left them saying that business would detain him in their city for some length of time and he would give himself the pleasure of visiting them again.

"There Susan!" said Ellen with a vexed look "one string of my bow is broken. What did he come "poking" here for in the morning? I wish he had been a thousand miles off: I wonder why he could not wait till afternoon, or evening

when folks are ready to be seen! but I suppose he did it on purpose to surprise me. I do not much care: he is too precise in his notions to suit me; a little like yourself, sister; how was you pleased with the gentleman?"

Susan did not choose to acknowledge how very much she was pleased with him, but she thought of him more than once that day, and the next morning caught herself wondering when he would come again; but morning, afternoon, and evening passed away and he came not and she felt somewhat disappointed. For once in her life Ellen was "fit to be seen" before dinner; but she told Susan at night that she should not take the trouble to dress herself many times to receive Mr. Hull.

Our gentleman in the mean time had thought over his penchant for Ellen and found it not so strong as he had imagined; for he was not a man to fall desperately in love with any one upon so short an acquaintance, but thought the aid of reason and judgment necessary in choosing a wife. Perhaps he had fancied himself in love before, but he had early resolved never to marry till he was possessed of a competence; and now having been fortunate in business he felt at liberty to look around for some one to share his wealth and his heart. He had reached the age of thirty, was virtuous, intelligent, and every way calculated to make a good husband; and fortunate might she deem herself who could secure and return the affection of such a man. He had purchased a fine house and intended to furnish it handsomely: would Ellen keep it always in good order, and be ready to receive and entertain a friend, or a stranger at any time? he thought of her curl papers, and her soiled dress, and feared she would not. Susan had left a favorable impression on his mind, and he instituted a comparison between the sisters. Ellen was quite pretty Susan rather plain; but he remembered the sweet expression of her soft eyes when she spoke. Ellen was tall, genteel, and self possessed in her manners; Susan somewhat shorter, and very modest and retiring; and he thought of her pleasant conversation, and the nun-like neatness and simplicity of her attire.—Ellen's hair curled beautifully, Susan's was smoothly parted upon her fair forehead. Ellen was gay and brilliant, Susan sober and sensible; and he finally came to the sage conclusion that the latter would make the most desirable companion. He was confirmed in this opinion by the evident pleasure which her open countenance expressed on meeting him once more; for he came the day but one following his first visit, and the next, and every day during the fortnight he remained in the city, and he did not leave without a promise from Susan to correspond with him till Spring, when he hoped to see her again.

One pleasant day early in the following summer the sisters were busily engaged at work upon some bridal finery. "Susan," said Ellen looking up with an affectionate smile, "I am glad you are going to marry Mr. Hull, for he is the finest man in the world; I shall love him much as a brother. It is well he did not choose me. I should not be half good enough for him. I fear if I do not reform my ways I shall be an old maid myself; for Charles Grey has gone off

to Texas, and now I have not even one string to my bow."

Our friends were married; and neither found cause to regret their choice; for Susan proved to be a most devoted and exemplary wife to the best of husbands. She made his home an Eden of happiness and the strength of his attachment to her, was only equalled by the depth of her affection for him.—

They err, who deem love's brightened hour  
In early youth is known;  
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power  
In later life is shown;  
When passions chastened and subdued  
To riper years are given,  
And earth, and earthly things are viewed  
In light that breaks from heaven.

Ellen often visited her sister, and in time we believe learned to value and imitate her household virtues; but whether she ever married, or remained a maiden lady, is left to conjecture; for furthermore of her fortunes the story saith not.—*Universalist*.

#### SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

An officer in the Bengal service, possessed a handsome elephant, which he was accustomed to see fed with a certain allowance of grain daily; business requiring his absence, he confided the care of his favorite to a worthless keeper; who, in the interim, stole and appropriated a large proportion of the grain intended for the elephant's use. The poor animal daily grew more spare and feeble, missing at his usual feeding-time the abundant feast, supplied by his kind and generous master. My friend returned, hastened to his stable, observed the emaciated state of his favorite and having had no previous reason to suspect the honesty of the servant, was at a loss to discover a cause for the evident alteration. The poor elephant, delighted at his master's return, trumpeted his welcome, raised his trunk as a salaam, and moved about offering in his mute but expressive manner, every demonstration of joy. His feeding time approached, and the full allowance of grain was placed at his feet by his dishonest and cruel keeper. The elephant, satisfied of his master's attention industriously separated it into two distinct heaps, and having eagerly devoured the one, left that which remained, and quietly walked to the opposite side of his stable. The truth thus conveyed by the gestures of the intelligent brute, flashed upon the mind of his master; the keeper, on being accused of the theft, and finding his unworthiness exposed fell at the feet of his employer, acknowledging the aggression.

#### BURNS, THE POET.

He was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd who were by this time collected, loudly pro-

tested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; and Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor, "for," said he, "the gentleman is the best judge of the value of his own life."

#### YOUNG MEN AT THE COUNTER.

Young men, whose duty it is to attend in stores and offices, should endeavor to study ease and urbanity, both of manner and speech, if they would cultivate the good opinion and secure the patronage of the public. Avoid abrupt speech and short answers, in which there may be no harm, but it is the manner of giving them that causes the offence, and gives rise to ill-natured retorts, bad feelings, and finally terminates in pecuniary loss. A cross, sour look, coupled with a rough speech, will drive more from the counter than the ill reputation of your goods, leaving an unamiable impression, which will always stand in the way of your future good.

Understanding human nature, and the character of those with whom you deal, we would not blame that man, if he can so subject his spirit, who, for his own advantage, seems more servile than independent in his intercourse with patrons. And if a person really believes he is doing us a favor by giving us his patronage, we would sooner strengthen than weaken the impression, so long as he is not overbearing and impertinent. A great many think that their patronage is not to be slighted; and when they find that we court it, they, out of self-esteem, will be pleased to continue it.—Another portion, among which are the ladies, are bought and actually bound by a fair speech and kind looks; and the article which they purchase, however good it proves, will not outlast the favorable impression made by the kind attentions and gentle behavior of the young man at the counter.—*Saturday Courier*. R. D.

#### A SHARP CUT.

One day a shrewd son of the soil was sent to the house of a Yorkshire farmer upon his master's business, and, as the good old custom goes there, he had what is called a hearty drinking set before him; but still one part of the refreshment was a puzzle for Luke, being different from any thing he had ever seen before—namely, a whole Dutch cheese. How to begin to cut it Luke was at no small loss to imagine: the master however, popping in just at the moment, Luke, in a tone of apparent simplicity, said, "It's vary like a foot-ball this, measter; whereivver am e ta cut it?" "Cut it? wha," exclaimed the farmer, in the midst of a hearty crack of laughter, "cut it where you like, my man." "Wha, then," responded Luke, with a smile, and putting the cheese under his arm, "a'll cut it at home, if ye please, measter."

#### A FINE BARGAIN.

An old continental arrived at an inn and asked for refreshment. The hostess set before him a bone of ham and a crust of bread. Her son, who had been an officer, gave the poor fellow a shilling when he had done picking, and bid him march off. Soon after the old woman come in to look for her pay. "Mother," says the officer

"what might the picking of that bone be worth?" "Why, about one and sixpence, these hard times." "Well," cried the humane son, "I have made a fine bargain, and saved sixpence, for I gave him but a shilling to pick the whole."

#### ENTAILED ESTATE.

Every man who desires to entail a valuable and enduring inheritance on his children, which cannot be docked; of which rogues cannot defraud them and on which the sheriff can't levy execution, and which they can't alienate by a general assignment; may accomplish his wishes by bringing them up in habits of persevering industry in any useful calling, by instilling into them habits of sound economy; and, above all, by imbuing their minds with correct and practical views of moral and religious obligations.

A WELL known rake sitting in Drury Lane Theatre, beheld a pretty girl and was very rude to her. The girl, however, appeared as if she could not or would not hear him; but as he became more bold and impudent, she at last turned round, and said with an angry countenance, "Be pleased to let me alone." To which the surprised and confounded freebooter could only answer, "Nay, do not eat me." Upon which the girl said with a smile, "Be not afraid, I am a Jewess."

THE MOTIVE POWER.—A new power is coming into operation at the West, which promises to outrival that of steam. It is the power of AGUE. One man, with a good fit upon him, it is said can run a saw-mill. Two, of course, could run a steamboat.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. C. Dracut, Mass. \$2.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$1.00; M. K. West Edmeston, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. W. Middleville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. Y. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. Wilton, Ct. \$1.00; W. S. Stokes, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. F. Brewerton, N. Y. \$3.50; J. M. F. South Ouse, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Sandy Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$2.00; W. A. Ludlow, Vt. \$1.00; T. C. R. Casville, N. Y. \$1.00.

New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st, 2d, and 14th.

#### ARRIVED,

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Ebenezer Wilson, of New York, to Miss Freelove Dusenbury, of this city.

At Canaan, on the 22d ult. by Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. John Flint of said place, to Miss Sarah M. Garvy, of West Stockbridge, Mass.

At the same place, by the same, on the 28th ult. Mr. Lester Kinsley to Miss Hannah M. Remington, both of Becket, Mass.

On the 2d inst. by James McGilfert, Esq. Mr. James Sterret, of Greenport, to Miss Jane McGilfert, daughter of Mr. John McGilfert of Stockport.

#### DEPARTED,

In this city, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Catharine V. D. Fisher, wife of the Rev. G. H. Fisher, in her 37th year.

On the 30th ult. after a short illness, Margaret, daughter of Capt. John Power, in her 37th year.

On the 24th ult. Mr. William Kane, in his 37th year.

In New-York, on the 7th January last, in his 8th year, Henry L. son of Mr. Henry McDougall, late of this city.

At Claverack, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Mary Hobart, relict of Dr. P. Hobart, formerly of Hingham, Mass. in the 87th year of her age. The eastern papers will confer a favor by copying the above.

At Fayetteville, on the 28th ult. Mrs. Amanda, wife of Porter Tremala and daughter of David Collin, of Hillsdale, aged 31 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 22d ult. Barnet, youngest son of Barnet Wager, Esq. in the 5th year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.  
ON SEEING A MOTHER WEEP AT PART-  
ING WITH HER SON.

Fond Mother weep at parting,  
Those tears will do thee good;  
Thy darling is departing,  
Then swell the briny flood.

He goes where fever rages  
In crowded cities far,  
Where death in triumph wages  
His too successful war.

He goes where virtue falters,  
And ruin lurks secure;  
Where Bacchus rears his altars,  
The thoughtless to allure.

But mother, hast thou given  
That child to God who gave?  
And hast thou sought from Heaven  
For him that Power to save?

Hast thou in secret taught him,  
To live for Him alone,  
Who with His blood hath bought him,  
And can for sin atone?

And when his form had vanished,  
From out thy far-stretched sight;  
And when the tear was banished,  
That dimmed thy eye's clear light;

Didst thou, by sorrow driven,  
Then seek thy chamber, where  
Thy Saviour bent from Heaven,  
To hear thy fervent prayer?

While thou dost watch, and number  
The moments as they fly,  
And bid refreshing slumber  
To flee thy moistened eye,

Thy darling is protected  
By *Eyes that never sleep*;  
His way will be directed,  
While sailing o'er the deep.

A mother's deep devotion  
Is registered above,  
And all that warm emotion,  
Which guides the prayer of love.

Oh then, with faithful pleading  
Pursue thy absent one;  
Thy Saviour's interceding,  
Shall bless thy darling son. S. B.

From the Lady's Book.  
THE KIND NEIGHBOR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Ah! can that farewell knell be thine,  
Thou, at whose image kind,  
The pictured scenes of earlier years  
Come rushing o'er my mind?  
Thy rural home, behind the trees,  
The lawn, with roses drest,  
And the bright eye and beaming smile,  
That cheered each entering guest.

There, when our children hand in hand,  
Pursued their earnest play,

It drew our hearts more closely still,  
To see their own so gay;  
And hear their merry laughter ring  
Around the evening hearth,  
While the loud threat of winter's storm,  
Broke not their hour of mirth.

'Tis strange, that I should seek in vain,  
That mansion, once so fair,  
And find the spot where erst it stood,  
All desolate and bare.  
The very bank, on which so thick,  
The wild, blue violets grew,  
How passing strange, that from its place,  
Even that has vanished too.

But thou, whatever change or cloud,  
Deformed this lower sky,  
Had'st still a fountain in thy heart,  
Whose streams were never dry.  
A fountain of perennial hope  
That never ceased to flow,  
And give its sky-fed crystals forth,  
To every child of woe.

Thy frequent visits to my couch,  
If sickness paled my cheek,  
And all the sympathetic love,  
Which words are poor to speak;  
How strong those recollections rise,  
To wake the mournful tear,  
For deeds like these, more precious grow,  
With every waning year,

I cannot think that bitter grief  
Would please thy happy soul,  
Raised as thou art, to that blest world,  
Where tempests never roll.  
So, may thy dearest and thy best,  
The idols of thy prayer,  
Walk steadfast in thy chosen path,  
And joyful meet thee there.

From the Casket.

## STANZAS.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not  
as the world giveth—give I unto you.—ST. JOHN XIV. 27.

THERE is no peace in joys that spring  
From vice indulged and time mispent;  
Too soon such blossoms, withering,  
Will lose their beauty and their scent.

There is no peace in gilded halls,  
That echo with the dance and song;  
The taste so pampered, quickly palls,  
And silken fetters last not long.

There is no peace in looks that seem  
As if for lasting rapture made;  
The eye that has the brightest beam,  
Is often but the first to fade.

It is not peace to thirst for wealth,  
Or ardently to seek for fame;  
The miser's cheek is void of health,  
Forgotten is the hero's name.

It is not peace to know that all  
We prize most fondly must depart;  
To feel that soon a hopeless pall,  
Must cover the rejoicing heart.

It is not peace to know, that cold  
Oblivion must be our lot,  
That we must leave this busy world,  
And be by all forgot.

"Then what is peace? Oh! tell me where  
This aching heart may find its rest?"

Thine eyes are fixed on earth—but *there*  
Peace hath not built her halcyon nest.

Look up, poor trembler, to those skies,  
So beautiful in majesty;  
For He who dwelleth there doth prize,  
The anxious look, the timid sigh.

Oh! listen to his words of love,  
He bids those fearful tremors cease;  
"Come unto me, thou weary one,  
And I will give thee peace."

"Yes, unto Thee—to Thee alone,  
Saviour forever blest,  
I come, a sinful weary one,  
Oh, Saviour, give me rest." L. M. H.

From the Ladies Repository.  
SPRING.

THE voice of the spirit  
Of beauty and bloom,  
Hath bidden earth's verdure  
Awake from its tomb;  
The snow-shrouding mantle  
Hath vanished away,  
And plant, shrub and flower,  
Come forth to the day.

All nature rejoices  
From valley and hill—  
The gush of the fountain,  
The flow of the rill,  
The music of waters,  
Unshackled and free,  
Blend with echoing notes,  
And hum of the bee.

Field, forest and meadow,  
The mountain and plain,  
With new life are teeming,  
And aid the glad strain,  
To welcome the spirit  
Of beauty and bloom,  
Who hath burst earth's fetters,  
And scattered the gloom.

Awake ye in gladness,  
Ye children of earth!  
For 'tis God who hath given  
This glorious new birth;  
Shout for joy! for he speaks,  
And bids you confide,  
In that power and mercy  
That e'er will abide.

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PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY  
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A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1840.

NUMBER 23.

## NOVELS.

From the Ladies' Companion.

### THE PRICE OF A HEART.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

"Well, Margaret, what have you now?" asked Mrs. Liston, of Bond Street, of her maid, upon her return to the parlor from answering the door bell the second time, within ten minutes of the first.

"Another note, ma'am," replied Margaret, placing it in the extended hand of her mistress.

"So, so! For Miss Charlotte, too, as well as the other. Do you know the person who delivered it, Margaret?"

"Yes, ma'am;" returned the maid; "it was Mr. Cordis' footman."

"Take it up to her," said Mrs. Liston, after she had sufficiently inspected the exterior of the note. Margaret disappeared, and Mrs. Liston, a graceful woman, with a very round head, bright expressive eyes, regular features, and possessed of a very insinuating, almost stealthy manner—leaned her cheek upon her hand, and was, for a few moments, absorbed in cogitation; then, rising and placing the lace collar, upon which she had been engaged, upon the work-table beside her, she went up the stairs to seek her daughter.

Charlotte was rapidly walking her chamber in much agitation, when her mother softly opened the door. Her lip was trembling—her cheek flushed, and her eye sparkling. The two mis- sives, apparently most important in their contents, to be productive of so much excitement, were lying wide open upon her bed. Mrs. Liston's entrance arrested her progress midway in the apartment, and, as she caught the peculiar and meaning smile, which pervaded her mother's features, the crimson on her cheek spread like the lightning's flash, until it suffused forehead, face and neck, and the poor girl, half gasping, sank upon her bed, concealing her face within her hands. Mrs. Liston glided to her, and, partially removing one hand, kissed the portion of forehead thus revealed: then passing one arm around her daughter's waist and seating herself beside her, took with the other the letter which had first arrived.

Charlotte had not seen the gesture by which this was accomplished, but she intuitively recognized the action; and, suddenly lifting her head, while that blush, almost fearfully deep, clouded her clear complexion again, and her bosom heaved, and her lips were fully parted in the intensity of her emotion, she extended both hands for the letter; and as her parent, to retain it, held it at the length of her arm, clasped them imploringly, only articulating in great emotion,

"No, no! Dear mother, no!"

"I am your mother, Charlotte," answered Mrs. Liston, soothingly, yet in a tone that implied her maternal right to be the confidant of her child. Charlotte submitted without further expostulation, and Mrs. Liston proceeded to peruse the letter.

As may have been anticipated, both the letters which have been brought in question were surcharged with the protestations and implorings of love! They were from gentlemen possessing very diverse characteristics, as might have been predicated upon the dissimilitude of those epistles—their representatives. The one that had first arrived, and which Mrs. Liston was now about to read, was on a white fine letter sheet, neatly, but plainly folded—the impress of the seal being the initials of the writer's name; the second on the most delicate note paper, highly perfumed, gilt edged, and having a full blown rose painted upon its corner; while its seal was two cupids bearing a transfixed heart. The writer of the former was a young merchant, of comparatively humble but respectable parentage, whose birth-place—and the home of his youth—was in the interior of this state; he having sought the city for fortune's sake. He had been well educated, and, with industry, perseverance and economy, was slowly but securely winning his way to success. He had never enjoyed the benefits of intercourse with polished society, until Mr. Liston, whose store was near his own, and with whom he had had some business transactions, pleased with his conduct and address, invited him to his house. Possessed of strong powers of observation, and those inborn graces of character which distinguish the natural gentleman, he was guilty, in the beginning, of no very observable *faux pas*, and speedily assimilated his manners to those of the society into which he was thrown. The result of his frequent visits at Mr. Liston's had been the enkindling of fervent love in his heart towards the child of his friend, and the tender of his affections in the letter before us.

The perfumed note was the exquisite production of Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis; who was the son of his deceased father, Simeon Cordis, who died worth a half million, all of which, minus a few trifling legacies, came into the possession of this, his only scion. The bereaved orphan had scarcely deposited his parent in the grave before he sported a crack turn-out, with footmen and tiger to match; whiskers, mustachios, and imperial; dressed always in the height of the ultra ton; was guilty of every fashionable dissipation and folly, and took himself to be—as his hangers on declared him—a wonderfully fine gentleman. Ambitious, like Knowles' Wilford, to enjoy the notoriety of possessing the handsomest wife in the town, he had paid his devoirs to, and now offered his hand, to Miss Charlotte Liston.

Love scenes and love letters, it has been said, are of no interest except to the parties concerned in them; but as it would be tedious for our readers to wait all the while that Mrs. Liston is perusing the particular two addressed to her daughter, we will venture to look over her shoulder and read with her. It may be interesting too, to notice peculiarities of character, demonstrated by that unswerving index, the heart.

The first note reads thus:

Miss Liston: Should you deem these words presumptuous, I fervently pray you to pardon them in consideration of the feelings which prompt them. I dare not smother them longer, lest, should they find no sympathy, where alone it would be of value, my peace should be wrecked beyond the hope of restoration. As it is, I have dared to love you—and that with my whole heart! It is written, and my fate hangs upon your decree.

I have seen you under many and various circumstances; in the brilliant ball-room, and the calm unity of the family circle—and in all I have seen evidences of an elevation of mind and character, which demanded respect from my judgment while they so deeply impressed my feelings.

For myself, you are already aware of my connexions and prospects. I am not rich—but with the degree of success that, with the blessing of health, I may reasonably presume upon; I shall be able to provide a family with every comfort, and, it may be, with as much of luxury as would be consistent with the proper use of the largest fortune. I know that with you the question of fortune will be nothing; or I should have hesitated to address you thus.

I feel that an act like that in which I am now engaged, possesses a solemnity greater than the world is willing to allow it; and it is with a full conviction of the sacred responsibilities which I profess myself by it, to be ready to assume, that I commit it.

Whatever may be the tenor of your reply, may Heaven—I speak it fervently and prayerfully—bless you in all things, and be to you an unfailing friend—and such, at least, I can subscribe myself,

CHARLES P. ELLISTON.

Before Mrs. Liston had half concluded, Charlotte had recovered from her confusion, and, bending her eyes with a gaze, earnest as though she would read every thought of her soul, on her mother's face, watched for the display of some emotion by which she could estimate the impression the letter had made. But Mrs. Liston's features were calm and serene throughout, and she laid down the letter and took up the perfumed billet without a word. All Charlotte's interest in her movements seemed at once to end. She gently disengaged her mother's arm from her

waist, and starting up, began again her walk to and fro. Once or twice she came behind her mother by the bedside, and with hands clasped above her shoulder, gazed upon Elliston's letter with a brightening eye, a long drawn breath, and a softly stealing smile, that, had he been a witness to it, would have called from him a burst of rapture.

But we must have the second note ;

MY DEAR MISS CHARLOTTE : I am altogether overcome with your surpassing loveliness and accomplishments, which have made you the admiration of every one. I am impatient to throw myself at your feet and claim you as the empress of my affections. Should you smile upon me, you will fill with ecstasy, the heart of

Your adorer, PHILIP LAURENS CORDIS.

Deeply contrasted as were the characters of the letters, the emotions of the writers, while penning them, were equally so.

Elliston wrote as though a great stake in life were to be played ; after intense reflection, and in solitude. His hands trembled while he folded the sheet, with the excitement of his feelings—and as he sent it to its destination, his eyes were lifted in an involuntary prayer for its success. Cordis wrote with a segar in his mouth, and a companion looking over his shoulder ; and as he superscribed the note, rose up, contemplated it with the extremest satisfaction, and drawled out, "Jack, I fancy that's the perfection of a love letter. It'll be successful beyond the possibility of a doubt. You know I'm devilishly fastidious, and if it suits me, it must, of course, suit her." After this very humble train of reasoning, he called his footman, sent the note, and went out for a game of billiards.

There was no exhibition of her thoughts on Mrs. Liston's countenance when she had perused the note, more than when she had concluded the letter. The glance which Charlotte cast at her was foiled in obtaining any clue to her feelings ; and, with the painful suspense in which she was placed, and the emotions which her situation called into activity, she was ready to sink to the floor. Her mother spoke and relieved her.

"Charlotte, my dear," said Mrs. Liston, with a smile, and carelessly, "you have, of course, no prepossession in favor of either of these gentlemen."

If Charlotte's agitation had before been extreme, it was now agonizing. Clinging to the bed-post, she only gasped forth with difficulty "No, mother—that is—" and she paused in the midst through absolute inability to utter more.

"I'm very glad to hear it," replied Mrs. Liston, feigning to hear no more than the faintly uttered and half retracted negative ; "since it is extremely unfortunate for the feelings to become interested in a matter of this kind before the judgment has decided upon it."

Charlotte did not understand this reasoning, and a look of wonder was her only reply.

"Here, my dear," said Mrs. Liston, beckoning to her daughter to seat herself by her side. It was done—the mother continued—

"You look astonished to hear me say so, my dear, but you are misled by false notions, as thousands have been before you. I hope that you will not suffer yourself to be so far deceived

as to ruin your prospects in life, as thousands, also, have done. Listen calmly, my love. You say you have no prepossession in favor of either of these gentlemen. So we can discuss their pretensions without any improper bias. I am no advocate for this flimsy, imaginative love, my dear. It has no basis—it is like the air—"

"What !" interrupted Charlotte, suddenly, "do you not, and have you not always loved my father ?"

Mrs. Liston reddened a little at this home thrust, and hesitated a moment before she replied.

"Understand me, my love. I mean that wild, poetical love, which we read of so much in novels. Certainly, I love your father—but it is a feeling arising from respect, and admiration of his good qualities. I say now to my daughter, under present circumstances, what I would not make known to the world, because it is so very apt to misinterpret. I say freely to you, that I never entertained towards your father any sentiment of the nature of that which I reprobate—I was too guarded. For I, too, my dear, had several lovers at the same time, and had I indulged myself in every girlish sentimentality, I should not have been able to select from among them the one who possessed the surest means to secure my happiness. Love matches are very fervent, and gratifying in the outset—but the cement doesn't always adhere. Now, in a marriage, in which proper respect is had to the connexions and property of one's lover, the wife can calmly estimate her husband's character, overlook his weak points and be contented with his strong ones ; and so life will pass away in a very rational manner."

We will not pursue Mrs. Liston's reasoning further. Its object is undoubtedly already understood, to induce Charlotte to accept Mr. Cordis and refuse the poorer and more humble Elliston. She continued her wily address for more than an hour ; represented the condition of the latter in the most unfavorable light, and excused the "foibles," as she termed them, of the former. She concluded by an insinuation that opposition to her will would forfeit her love.

"But I know," she added, rising, "that my Charlotte will trust her mother's judgment, and gratify her wishes. Sit down now at once, and write to Mr. Cordis, that you accept his offer. A word will do. That's a dear."

She opened her daughter's desk, took out a sheet of note paper, arranged a seat, and with a kiss, led Charlotte to it.

"A word will do," she repeated, passing to the door. "Have it done before dinner. It *must* be done before dinner, my dear," and she closed the door behind her. Charlotte had not uttered a syllable all the while her mother had been speaking ; and now sat motionless as a statue and almost as icy cold.

Mrs. Liston descended to the parlor and resumed her work. Every few moments she drew her watch from her belt, anxiously noting the departure of the time. She listened, ever and anon, to hear if she could distinguish any sound in Charlotte's chamber above. All seemed in perfect silence there. She questioned every servant that entered the parlor, if Miss Charlotte

had left her room. None had seen her ; and, finally, when the dinner hour had nearly arrived, and Mr. Liston was every moment to be expected home, she went again up-stairs. There sat Charlotte by the table, her arms extended across it, her face downward upon it, and her whole frame convulsed with agony.

Somewhat alarmed, Mrs. Liston raised her upright in her seat ; and, by the action, the note was revealed, not a word upon it, but wet with tears. This disappointment checked the little of motherly tenderness which had gushed up within her, for she felt that her whole plan might be frustrated, should Mr. Liston arrive before the acceptance had actually been despatched to Cordis. Her vexation found vent.

"I'm very much surprised, Charlotte. Not a word written yet. You think little of my wishes. I say I am exceedingly surprised."

Her tone aroused Charlotte, who had wept herself almost into insensibility. Her look of utter misery and the mournful accents of her imploring tones, would have melted any heart save that of a managing mother.

"Mother, dear, dear mother ! how can I marry him !"

"Well, well ; dismiss the subject, now. There, your father is coming in. Dry your eyes, and don't for the world let him see that you have been so agitated. His business has troubled him a great deal of late, and any more anxiety of mind might throw him into illness. Arrange your dress and come down as soon as possible. You mustn't lisp a word of these letters—mind, dear."

Mrs. Liston knew that Charlotte's love for her father was so intense, that she would sooner have, herself, ten thousand afflictions, than to pain him with a single one. The falsehood respecting his business she considered an admirable *ruse de guerre* to prevent any explanation.

Before Mrs. Liston opened the parlor door, she had provided another string to her bow, still more effectually to avoid an éclaircissement.

"Ah, wife," and the warm hearted Mr. Liston came forward and shook her by the hand, as was ever his custom on meeting her. "But where's the Lotty ?" he continued. "She's generally here to give me a kiss, when I come home"

"She's above stairs, and will be down soon. The fact is," Mrs. Liston's voice dropped to a whisper—"she has just heard the news of the death of a very dear schoolmate, which has really troubled her very much. Pray don't now, Mr. Liston, say a word to her about it, for she said to me only a moment ago, 'I hope father won't see that I've been so silly as to cry so bitterly.'"

"Silly ! If it's silly to have feelings, I'm confounded if I should know what to call wise. That doesn't sound like Lotty ! However, if it's so, I'll say nothing."

All seemed perfectly secure. Charlotte appeared after a few moments, having vainly endeavored to destroy the traces of her suffering and tears. Her father kissed her very affectionately, without making any particular remarks ; and dinner being announced, the family descended to the dining room.



Charlotte could not eat. Her usual cheerfulness was all gone; her father's sallies could not elicit one lone ray of a smile, and silence gradually ensued. Mr. Liston, finally laid down his knife and fork, and turning to Charlotte, had half opened his lips to speak, when Mrs. Liston, in the anxiety of fear, lest he was about to develop her deception, anticipated him with—

"Charlotte, my dear, you may retire if you choose, your anguish disturbs your father—go, my dear!"

Glad of an escape, Charlotte rose with a tear trembling in either eye, and her lips quivering with emotion.

"No"—replied Mr. Liston firmly. "I wish to speak to her, and she must stay. Sit down, Charlotte."

He spoke reprovingly, and so seldom did she listen to any accents from his lips, save those of affection, that her wounded heart, which did not deserve this suffering was torn asunder anew, and she sunk, gasping into her chair.

"Why, Mr. Liston!" cried his wife, in a tone of reproach, springing up and endeavoring by the bustle of concern for her daughter, to divert the dreaded revelation—"Come, love, come to your chamber, I'll go with you."

She assisted her to her feet, and they had nearly attained the door, when Charlotte suddenly turned and fell down by her father's side, and laying one hand upon his shoulder and grasping his arm with the other, sobbed out—"Do not speak so, dear father! indeed, I am not to blame!"

"I think you are, my child. Such grief for a mere school companion from whom, perhaps, you have been parted for years, is immoderate."

"Father!" cried she, in astonishment—"School companion!" He looked up from her face to that of Mrs. Liston, who, now that detection was absolutely inevitable, changed color and was silent; and, in a moment all flashed upon him. It was not the first period of agony he had endured, at the deception of his wife. She had deceived him first, in professing to love him, ardently—for he was the wealthiest of her suitors, and the most highly connected—and his life had been robbed of serenity and happiness by her constant exhibitions of scheming and duplicity. But his sorrows in that respect were strictly confined to his own bosom. He could not hold her up to his child, in that holy light in which a mother so brightly shines—as her pattern for purity and truth—but he never uttered a rash word against her in that child's presence. Even now, he drew Charlotte closer to him, pressed her affectionately to his bosom, kissed her forehead, again and again, in remorse for the suffering which a mother's deceit had inflicted, and said tenderly—

"I am wrong then, my dear child. What is it? Tell me without fear, what has so afflicted you? Your father is a true friend to you. He will counsel you well!"

"I know you are, dearest father—I—I have"—She hesitated. Mrs. Liston anxious to make her peace with her husband by a display of sincerity, undertook the narration for her.

"Charlotte has received from Mr. Cordis, a tender of his hand and heart," said she.

Why did she not reveal the whole truth? Even in that very moment the thought glanced through her mind that she might arrest the tale thus but half communicated, and succeed in her hopes at last!

"Cordis!" exclaimed Mr. Liston, with a sneer in the tone that would have withered the puppy who bore the name, had he been in his presence; "when such a one marries my daughter, it can only be when I am in my grave! Cordis!"

What a change those few words wrought in his child. Life—bounding life and joy, swelled in her veins again—pain was forgotten—beauty painted once more her eye, cheek and lip—and she stood, in her own recovered gladness, by her father's side. Mr. Liston gazed upon her with delighted astonishment.

"There is some deeper cause for grief than the mere reception of the note"—thought he to himself. His wife's interference in Cordis' behalf, so consistent with her cold-heartedness and worldliness, naturally suggested itself.

"Your mother would have had you marry Cordis, my child," said he, carelessly. There was no reply and his suspicions were confirmed. "I always endeavor to agree with her in her plans for your prosperity and happiness, my daughter, but I fear we shall not be of the same mind now. You can never while I live, be wife to Cordis. Perhaps I know more of him than your mother does!"

It was easy for him to appreciate what a morning Charlotte must have passed under the infliction of the artful persuasions of her mother. He drummed on the table, and said—unconscious that he spoke aloud—loud enough at least for Charlotte's ear to catch such ecstatic words—

"If Elliston had been bold enough to push his suit, all this might have been spared!"

"He has, dear father! He has!"

The fruition of every dearest hope contained in her father's words, forced the exclamation from her lips; but modesty, instantly recoiling, robbed her cheek of its rose again. Her father soon restored her.

"He has," cried he, starting up, "then all is well! Why have I brought him here week after week, but that I felt he was the man to be the husband of my child? I have seen that you love him—I know, Lotty, for I've watched you when you little thought of me! Heaven be thanked!—But I have overstayed my time—you needn't write to him—I'll bring him up to tea." Thus speaking, for he could not longer restrain his emotions at his wife's conduct, he suddenly left the house.

"Jack, as I'm a living man, the purport of this note is beyond my anticipation, or rather I should say, my comprehension. Did you ever read any thing so cool in your life?"

Thus ejaculated the beau-ideal of perfection, Mr. Cordis, as he extended a note which he had been reading at arm's length, through his eyeglass. Jack took it and read as follows:—

Sir: Expressing my obligations for the preference you have exhibited for my daughter, I am commissioned by her to inform you that she must decline your proffer. I am, sir, yours, &c.

MORRIS LISTON.

"That is cool," said Jack.

"Isn't it? Shall I call him out?"

"No. He isn't fly to that. He'd be for horsewhipping, or the police office."

"Oh! then you think I'd best let him alone!"

Well, I'll take your advice, but I'm in a high state of inflammation notwithstanding. I say Jack, I'll keep my eye on that creature still. Her mother goes the death for me, that I'm sure of, and something may turn up, to bring her to her paces yet. One thing, Jack—if ever I do get her fairly belted, I'll pay her for this, demme!"

Mrs. Liston felt that full forgiveness from her husband was now impossible. The dexterous skill with which he had avoided exposing her to Charlotte did not soften her, and a feeling of revenge was enkindled towards Charlotte, whose hesitation to become the victim of her unfeeling plans had placed herself in so much lower a grade in Mr. Liston's eyes, and at the same time had frustrated a scheme which she had long been engendering. But she exercised the distinguishing trait of her character, in fully repressing any manifestations of her feelings, and was, if possible, more kind than ever to Charlotte.

As for Charlotte, she was all happiness. Every day's sun went down upon the fullness of her joy. Elliston was daily with her, for Mr. Liston had forbidden their marriage until a sixmonth, at least, should have passed away; that they might enter its holy state with a full perception of each other's characters—that if any incompatibility of thought or feeling should exist to wither the flower of love, it might not, at too late a moment, scatter its leaves and sweetness upon the air.

[Concluded in our next.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### A FANCY SKETCH.

"CLARENCE, my Cupid, is that you?" exclaimed an elegant young man, as he turned to enter a fashionable public garden in ——. The youth who answered his inquiry was well worthy of the appellation bestowed upon him. Slight, and graceful, and beautiful, his lip seemed only formed for smiles and kisses, and his eye for the voiceless language of gratified affection. He greeted his friend by the familiar title of "Cousin Frank," and they walked on together, apparently upon the closest terms of brotherly intimacy.

To an ordinary observer they might seem like brothers and equals, though a more discriminating eye would detect upon the person of Frank tokens of a lavish expenditure and decoration, from which the other was obviously free. Together they laughed and talked and sauntered, for the young men loved each other, though their relationship was only an assumed one, and their attachment seemed almost the only feeling they held in common. Francis Delmont was gay, good-humored, thoughtless, and heir to the finest estate in the county. Herbert Clarence was an orphan; handsome, intelligent, gifted and penniless: an indigent portrait-painter.

"What is the matter with you to-night, Clarence?" said his companion gaily, "you seem remarkably silent and abstracted. Ah, now you

blush, and I have discovered the secret: you are in love."

Clarence sank on a seat.

"No, Delmont, I am not in love," said he gloomily: "would that I were."

"Hush, hush!" said Delmont laughing, "Remember what the old hymn says—

"Oh stop at once, for if you dare  
To wish for sin, that sin is there."

"Dear Frank, will you hear my story now? I have an appointment at nine."

"Certainly, my dear fellow, certainly; heart and hand, ear and eye, I am always at your service."

"Well then, to make a long story short, I am engaged."

"To whom, pray?"

"To a lady of this city."

"For this evening, I suppose. How unlucky!"

"Delmont, I am engaged for life, and what is worse, I fear she loves me more than—"

"Oh, I understand: more than life, all that sort of thing."

"Of that I cannot say, but Frank, I fear she loves me more than I love her."

"Indeed! that is odd: pray how came it about?"

"Oh, it's an old story. I thought her pretty and agreeable; I was lonely and I sought her society, and unconsciously won her heart without losing my own. I found that my heedless attentions had excited expectations, and of course I could do no less than meet them."

A long pause succeeded this declaration, when Delmont recollecting that it was his turn to speak, abruptly exclaimed:

"Well, why don't you tell her so?"

"I cannot: it would break her heart."

"But you shan't marry her."

"Frank!"

"I say you shan't marry her. I won't let you throw yourself away. Who ever heard of a man being married against his will?"

"But my dear Frank, it cannot be altered now. My word is pledged, and I must entreat you not to interfere. What is passed is beyond recall."

"Well, at all events it is confounded unlucky."

"Dear cousin Isabella, how happy you must be! I always admired young Clarence, and though he is poor he is gifted, and will win himself a fortune and a name. Then he is honorable and manly, and however high he may rise he has pledged himself to you and he will keep his word."

"I have no doubt he will," replied Isabella, yet she neither smiled nor blushed. She leaned her head thoughtfully upon her hand, and after a long pause inquired, "Harriet, what do you think of the passion of love, as it is depicted in the popular writings of the day?"

"I know nothing about it cousin, but surely you ought to know: you who have for your lover that beautiful, bewitching Clarence, who is so worthy to be a hero of romance."

"Harriet, I know nothing about it. Whatever Herbert Clarence may be to others, he is not bewitching to me, I assure you."

"Isabella!"

"It is true Harriet, every word of it. It is my misfortune to do from propriety what others do from feeling; to yield my hand to the pressure of another when it feels no answering thrill; to speak and write the language of affection because it is customary in such cases so to do; to pledge my hand when as yet I hardly know whether I have a heart or not."

"Dear Isabella, this cannot be. How could you do so?"

"I will tell you Harriet, painful and degrading as is the confession;—I must marry. An orphan, dependent for bread upon the bounty of a capricious relative, tenderly educated, delicate in health and feeble in spirits; there is no other resource for me. I cannot die, as I have sometimes wished, and I must marry."

"Then cousin, how thankful ought you to be for such a friend as Clarence. The fervent devotion of such a heart cannot fail to win itself an adequate return."

"Harriet, you mistake. His is no fervent devotion. He is kind, very kind; his visits are regular, and his letters friendly and even affectionate; in short I suppose he loves me as much as he is capable of loving, but not as I would be loved;—not as I could love in return. Well Harriet, it is too late. I am engaged."

"And I suppose you do not wish to recede."

"I own I do. It is necessary that I should marry, but it does not follow that I must marry Herbert Clarence."

"Then why did you accept him?"

"Because, Harriet—because—I did not at that time know Francis Delmont."

"Why you knew that he was rich and gay and handsome. What more is there to know of him?"

"I did not know that he would stoop to notice one like me, but I saw him last evening and discovered my mistake."

"And you refused him?"

"Of course."

"Well cousin, I think his riches must have dazzled you, for between his mind and that of Clarence there can be no comparison."

"Nay Harriet, you wrong me. Delmont is rich, but he is also familiar, kind and generous, and not, like Clarence, too highly gifted. I can understand his ideas and sympathize with his feelings. With Clarence it is far otherwise!"

Harriet looked up earnestly in her cousin's face, and said, "Dear Isabella, why do not you tell this to Clarence instead of me?"

"Because though I am weak I will not be wicked. I am not, I trust, unprincipled. Clarence has been very kind to me, and he shall be as happy as I can make him. He loved me when I was poor and friendless, and he shall not be discarded on the first gleam of brighter prospects. He has trusted in my constancy and he shall not be deceived."

"And your resolution is taken?"

"It is."

"Then for his sake, and for mine, and for your own, let me entreat you never to mention it again. I hoped to find you happy, and I am grieved that you are not; but there are sorrows that are beyond the reach of sympathy. Take my advice, and let us speak of this painful subject no more."

"I will, I will," replied Isabella tremulously, while the big tears hung on her dark eye-lashes, "but how little do parents realize what they do, when they leave a timid sensitive girl, oppressed by poverty and dependence, to the humiliating consciousness that Matrimony is her only available resource."

Two years had passed away, and the humble artist had done much towards winning fame and fortune. He had fulfilled his early engagement, and the gentle and beautiful Isabella Middleton had become his plighted bride. Each had married from the most disinterested motives, from a resolute sacrifice of their own feelings to the supposed wishes of the other. But each had failed to remember that the ground-work of happiness in the married state is mutual confidence and affection. They thus commenced domestic life with a secret in their bosoms which must on no account be revealed to the other. Yet had either truly loved it is probable the other might have been won, for there is a magic in true affection that charms into feeling the most profound indifference. As it was, the husband suffered the least of the two, for his employment was both prosperous and engrossing, and in his hours of leisure his fine talents gave him a passport to the most refined and intellectual society of the place where he resided. For such society his wife had little taste. She did not even enjoy the silent companionship of books, and her conversation with her husband was limited to an interchange of trifles. She knew she had no reason to complain, for Clarence was ever kind and considerate of her wishes. He indulged her in expenses far more lavish than he allowed himself, he left ungratified no reasonable wish, and if ever she asked for more of his time and attention, he invariably answered "Certainly, if you wish it." But it was obviously self-denial. It was too evident that in all these actions he was seeking, not his own happiness, but hers. And it was perhaps natural, though neither politic nor right, that Isabella should give way to fretfulness and ill-nature, and make no great secret of her discontent. She had flattered herself that in the discharge of her domestic duties she should find the reward of conscious virtue, in the feeling that hers was a life of benevolent self-denial. But she was not aware that when she pledged her hand to Herbert Clarence, allowing him to suppose that her heart went with it, she did him an irreparable wrong. She deceived him where no man wishes to be deceived; she withheld from him the fact that, of all others, he had the clearest right to know. And it was a deep and growing consciousness of this, that more than any thing else contributed to make her unhappy. And Clarence too, did he not feel himself guilty of the same crime? He did, but with all the palliation afforded by a view of her sex and circumstances; so, as we have said, he suffered the less of the two.

Meantime his gay companion Delmont, who had forgotten his disappointment amid bright scenes of foreign travel, completed his wanderings and returned. The two friends met, and amidst the joyous out-pourings of hearts so long divided, Delmont exclaimed, "And so Clarence,

my old flame, Isabella Middleton, was the fair lady you so reluctantly wedded. By the powers, I wish I had known it earlier, for do you know, I offered myself and was refused?"

"You refused?" repeated his companion in evident surprise, "then indeed she must have loved me, though, to confess the truth Frank, I have sometimes doubted it."

"So have I," rejoined his thoughtless friend, "for now I recollect it, when she refused me, she murmured something about blighted hopes, unavailing regrets, and obligations incurred that could in no other way be discharged. In short, I gathered from what she said, that she had formed an engagement which she kept from principle rather than feeling."

Frank Delmont suddenly paused, for he was struck with the agitated countenance of his friend, who sat long after he had ceased speaking, leaning his throbbing temples upon his hands, and musing in deep and bitter silence. At length looking up he said earnestly,

"Delmont, listen to me, and take warning from my example. I now see clearly my past miserable folly. What I deemed a generous sacrifice was a piece of unpardonable deception. For me and that fair unhappy girl, the fatal die is cast;—but you are yet young and free. Remember then, I entreat you, in every future connexion, never, even from the most plausible or generous motives, to conceal the TRUTH."

FIDELIA.

For the Rural Repository.

## BEAUTY.

As varied as the minds of men, are the opinions which they form of beauty. Some see beauty in the faultless form and finely modeled features, in the brilliancy of the eyes and fairness of the complexion; the false glow that they emit, bewilders and dazzles them, the little brains that they possess are so confused as to be of little use, and they fall early victims to mere personal beauty; if beauty it can be called, where the mind and heart are not expressed. They seek not that the heart may be colder than Alpine snows—that the mind, the immortal mind, may be a barren waste, destitute of any virtuous plant, but fruitful in noxious weeds. Though a female possess the beauty of an hour, though her form be grace itself, though she be adorned with all the polish that this world can give, if there is not a corresponding beauty of mind and heart, if it be dead to every noble and generous feeling, if kindness and modesty dwell not in the secret recesses of her heart, and grace in every action, she cannot long retain the respect and love, (if she attain it by her false and deceiving charms) of any sensible and refined mind. No, her beauty of form and feature will but render more hideous and repulsive the moral desert within. Then let every female who would deserve and win the respect and esteem of the wise and good, and what is of still more consequence, the approval of her own conscience, strive to attain a purity of heart and mind that shall adorn her every word and action; then indeed will she possess a beauty, combined of person and heart, which all shall acknowledge and respect.

GERALD.

## BIOGRAPHY.

From the New York Mirror.

### THE DEAD OF THE LAST YEAR.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.—This distinguished political and miscellaneous writer died at New Rochelle, on the evening of the twenty-ninth of May, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. He was born in the city of New-York, and educated at Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia. In 1822 he entered the United States navy, as a midshipman; but in consequence of the arbitrary conduct of his commander, Captain John Orde Creighton, he retired from the service in 1826, after which time he devoted himself mainly to literary pursuits. His first publication was entitled "Leisure Hours at Sea," and was composed of various short poems, written while he was in the service. He soon afterwards became a regular contributor to the New York Mirror, for which periodical he occasionally wrote until the day of his death. The reader will remember his admirable articles written for this paper, not among the least meritorious of which was the nautical sketch, entitled the "Main-truck, or a Leap for Life." His novel sketches and other stories, would form a number of volumes, and are, unquestionably, the best of his compositions. In 1828, he married Miss Almira Waring, daughter of the late John Waring, Esq. of New-Rochelle, and in the autumn of the same year established "The Critic," a weekly literary periodical, in this city, which was conducted with signal ability for about six months, at the end of which time it was united with the Mirror. The papers of "The Critic," with the exception of some half-dozen brief articles, were all written by himself. In 1829, Mr. Leggett became associated with Mr. Bryant in the conduct of the "Evening Post," and on the departure of his distinguished fellow-laborer for Europe, in 1834, the entire direction of that journal devolved upon him. A severe illness, which commenced near the close of the succeeding year, induced him to retire from that paper; and on his recovery, in 1836, he commenced the "Plain-Dealer," a weekly periodical devoted to politics and literature, which soon obtained great reputation by the extraordinary vigor and independence of its articles, and imparted a distinctive character to a large portion of the democratic party in the state. It was discontinued, in consequence of the failure of his publishers, before the close of the year. His health subsequent to that period prevented his connexion with any other journal, and he retired with his family to New-Rochelle, about twenty miles from this city, where he remained until the time of his dissolution; occasionally visiting his friends, who were numerous, and devotedly attached to him, in this city. In April, last year he received the appointment of Diplomatic Agent to the republic of Guatemala, and he was actually preparing for a departure for that country, whose interesting antiquities had aforetime engaged much of his attention, when he suddenly expired. Beside the works mentioned above, Mr. Leggett wrote several volumes of tales and sketches, which attained a great and deserved popularity, and Mr. Sedgwick has, within a few months,

collected and published two volumes of his political essays. The greatest portion of his literary productions were written for and originally published in the Mirror: and we believe that nearly all his poems and sketches have appeared in its pages. His posthumous writings are said to be voluminous, including a romance of great interest, a tragedy written for Mr. Forrest &c. but they are yet unprinted.

THE COUNTESS DE LIPANO.—Caroline Marie Annonciade Bonaparte, the younger sister of the Emperor Napoleon, was born at Ajaccio on the twenty-sixth of March, 1782. Her brother having attained the supreme power in France while she was yet in her childhood, she had no participation in the humbler fortunes of her family. She was educated by Madame Campan, of St. Germaine, with Hortense, daughter of Josephine, and was remarkable for a greater degree of cleverness than was ever attributed to her sisters. In January, 1800, she was married to General Murat, and in the same year nearly fell a victim to the plot of the infernal machine, having followed close to the emperor's carriage, in her own, and had every glass of its windows shattered by the explosion of the engine. In 1806 she was created grand duchess of Berg, and in two years after, queen of Naples. In this last capacity she exhibited much ability, and was active in promoting industry among the people, and in establishing useful institutions. When the government of Murat was overthrown, and the city of Naples was on the verge of anarchy, Caroline assumed the uniform of the National Guard, placed herself at the head of the troops, and by her presence of mind, and untiring energy, maintained order until obliged to capitulate. After that time she resided in Austria, as Countess de Lipano, under the protection of the emperor. In June, 1830, she visited her mother at Rome, by leave of the authorities, and remained there two months. She went to Paris last year, to prosecute certain claims to property in that city, and the French chambers voted her an annual allowance of one hundred thousand francs as a compensation for their relinquishment. She died at Florence on the eighteenth of May, aged fifty-eight, of a cancer. Her husband, Murat, was condemned by a commission, and shot at Pizzo, in Calabria, in 1815. She left four children—Achille Napoleon, now residing in Florida, U. S. where he has a large estate, aged thirty-nine; Letitia Josephine, marchioness of Popoli, residing at Bologna, aged thirty-six; Lucien Charles Napoleon, living in the United States, aged thirty-seven; and Louise Julie Caroline, marchioness of Rasponi.

ZERAH COLBURN.—This "sometime wonder of the world" died at Norwich, Vt. on the third day of May, aged thirty-five. His father was an uneducated man in indigent circumstance in the eastern part of that state. When young Colburn was about six years old he began to exhibit those powers of arithmetical computation which brought him into general notoriety, and excited the interest of the learned throughout this country and Europe. After having been examined by several distinguished persons in Vermont, to whom his extraordinary capacities were as incomprehensible as they were to himself, he was taken to Boston, where several gentlemen proposed to

raise a fund to be expended in his education. They were unable, however, to satisfy the cupidity of his father, who, after having exhibited him in most of the large towns in the United States, embarked with him for England, where he arrived in May, 1812. While exhibiting his powers in London he was asked by the duke of Cambridge how many seconds had passed since the commencement of the christian era, one thousand eight hundred and thirteen years, seven months, and twenty seven days. He replied in a moment correctly, fifty-seven billions, two hundred and thirty-four millions, three hundred and eighty-four thousand.—He was asked the square root of one hundred and six thousand, nine hundred and twenty nine, and before the number could be written down he answered, three hundred and twenty-seven. With equal promptness he named the cube root of two hundred and sixty-eight millions, three hundred and twenty-five, and answered other questions as difficult. His talent for mental arithmetic was so extraordinary, that it would be wholly incredible were it not supported by the most unquestionable testimony. He traveled through England, Scotland and France, and returned to London in 1824, at which time his father died, leaving him extremely poor, but independent of control. Aided by the generosity of the earl of Bristol, he returned to the United States, where he studied divinity, was ordained a minister of the methodist episcopal church, and in 1835 received the appointment of professor in Norwich University. He lost sometime before he left England his mathematical capacity, and was subsequently no way distinguished for scholarship, or eloquence. He is said to have been a man of exemplary character and unassuming manners.

**THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.**—This popular poet and dramatic author died at Cheltenham, England, on the twenty-second of April, aged forty-two. He was of a good family, and married at an early age an accomplished woman through whom he received a considerable fortune. Associating with the best society in the "Great Metropolis," and supporting the while a fashionable establishment, his resources were in a short time exhausted, and he was driven to the exercise of his abilities for the maintenance of himself and family. Finding it impossible to disentangle himself from his pecuniary embarrassments, he gradually sunk under their pressure, and, like the bird that warbles most sweetly as the time of its dissolution approaches, produced near the close of his life some of the most touching and beautiful melodies ever written in England. In addition to his poems and a great number of prose articles for the magazines, Mr. Bayly was the author of more than forty pieces for the stage, many of which have been exceedingly popular.

**MORGAN NEVILLE.**—The name of this gentleman is intimately associated with the early history of the West, its sudden rise and vigorous growth. He was a man of learning, and an elegant writer, respected for every manly virtue, and lamented alike by men of every party. He died in Cincinnati on the first of March.

**HENRY W. DESAUSURE.**—This distinguished legal writer died in Charleston, S. C. on the ninth of March, aged seventy-five. He was in

the army during a great portion of the Revolution, and on the organization of the Federal government was appointed by Washington to succeed David Rittenhouse as director of the mint. Relinquishing that office after a brief time he returned to Charleston, and soon rose to eminence in the legal profession. In 1808 he was elected one of the chancellors of South Carolina, and he filled the office with distinguished reputation for nearly thirty years, when the infirmities of age induced him to resign it. Besides his legal opinions, delivered on various occasions, he wrote four volumes of Reports, which contain a record of the early decisions of the Equity Court of South Carolina.

[To be Continued.]

## MISCELLANY.

### THE INFANT KNOWLEDGE SYSTEM.

BY A MAN BORN OUT OF SEASON.

"Oh! the sunny, sunny hours of childhood,  
How soon—how soon they pass away!"

VERY! There *was* a time when we had children. The time is past, or is fast passing. The boys are premature mockeries of men—the girls, something between a doll and a stunted woman. The schoolmaster is abroad, also the schoolmistress, besides tutors and governesses.

Shortly after the children are weaned, they commence educating them. While the brain is yet in a soft, pulpy state they load it with heavy facts and hard names, to its serious detriment during the remainder of its mundane existence. The ancient Grecian commenced with carrying a calf upon his back a few hours every day, so that when the calf gradually grew into a bullock, he carried the bullock with as much ease as he had done the calf. This is now the education principle. They lay a few leaves of Cyclopædia or Encyclopædia on a child's tender brain, and keep adding thereunto day by day, expecting that when he is a man, he will carry the thirty volumes with perfect ease, without considering that in the attempt they may crush all sap and freshness out of that brain, rendering it as flat as a pan-cake, and "dry as the remainder of a buscuit."

Now is this wholesome—is it natural? Is it fair—is it humane, that a child should be cheated out of his childhood, and sent to learn the "use of the globes" before he has learnt to play at marbles?—Or is it to be expected that this early forcing and hot-bed system can produce as healthy plants as if they had been allowed to grow in the free air and open sunshine? Oh! in place of sending a child to school three or four years, let him enjoy three or four more years of healthy ignorance. Curb not its young freedom; abridge not its first holidays; cage not the pretty bird too soon! Change not the free air of heaven for the pent up atmosphere of the "seminary;" the gentle murmur of the winds for the dull hum of the prison-house. We were children ourselves once. Let us have a fellow feeling for the young rogues. Let kind dame Nature nurse them a few years longer. There will be fewer rickety limbs and rickety intellects.

And does a child learn nothing because it has not its primer in its hands. Certainly it does.

Every hour of its little life it is learning; it cannot help it. The flower that blows, the springing grass, the withered leaf, the running water, the birds that hop across its path, and the thousand sights of the fields and wood, or even the squares or suburbs of a city, cause it to think and to question. The wind as it blows, the falling rain, the fleecy snow, the sharp frost making firm the unstable water, the thunder peal, the sun that shines by day, and the moon that steals into the dark sky at night, all and each arouse its infantile wonder and young curiosity. Let it then have a few years of pleasant natural education before it commences its painful artificial one. Let it, as St. Paul says, when it is a child, "think as a child, and act as a child," and in due and proper season, no doubt of it, it will "put away childish things."

It makes one sad to see a fine little fellow sent to study Euclid at the age he should be reading Robinson Crusoe; and equally it does a man good to see such a one enjoying his young existence in an appropriate manner. Few there are who cannot enter into the feeling so finely given in the very beautiful lines of an American poet, commencing—

"There's something in a noble boy,  
A brave, free-hearted careless one,  
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,  
His dread of books and love of fun,  
And in his clear and ready smile,  
Unshaded by a thought of guile,  
And unrepresed by sadness—  
Which brings me to my childhood back,  
As if I trod its very track,  
And felt its very gladness."

Then let the children have their play out.—  
*New-York Mirror.*

## APRIL.

A CORDIAL, heart-in-hand welcome to the glad Spring-time! We hail its kindly presence with a thrill of unaccustomed and grateful emotion. True, the return of an old acquaintance who whilom ministered to our enjoyment ought ever to be a theme of congratulation, yet such is hardly the case with the sister seasons. Summer, indeed, may be deserving of a fervent greeting, but its influences are less genial to intellectual than to vegetable being, while its associations partake largely of the vulgar and common-place. Autumn is sombre and melancholy to a proverb, and rather calculated to inspire moody reflections than the livelier sensations of pleasure. Winter is cheerless and forbidding beyond the reach of gratitude or eulogy—alike ungracious in retrospect, its sternly rugged features defy the mellowing touches of

— "florid prose or honeyed lines of rhyme."

But Spring—gay, balmy, emerald-hued daughter of the earliest sunbeams—hers is the spell that awakens the heart of the world's weary wayfarer to renovated and rapturous existence. A halo of hope is cast over Life's thorniest pathways; a presentiment of gladness thrills spontaneously through every bosom. As the gaunt sentinel who has passed the dull, monotonous round through the night's tedious watches, hails with joy the first gleam of morning—no matter if the earth be destined ere the day's close to whiten with the sleet of Winter or redden with the gore of battle—so even the breast most seathed by

the darts of misfortune feels a glow of latent warmth at this auspicious season. Fate may be unkind or inimical; friends false or undeserving; the Past a wreck; the Future an abyss of darkness; but Nature most worthy the sacred appellation of mother, exerts a genial influence over all; we find soothing if not ecstasy in her smiles; and see their sunlight gloriously reflected from the thick clouds of disappointment and sorrow.

In the beaten path of common sense and reason, April, at least in our latitude, is the first of the vernal months. Vernal indeed! March often covers our trees with icicles and frost-work—never with blossoms and verdure. His claims to the honors with which almanacs would invest him will not bear investigation, unless snowballs are flowers and north-easters are balm-breathing breezes. Winter sullenly and graciously evacuates his throne in March; but Spring modestly hesitates to assume the discarded sceptre until the coming in of April.

It is gravely averred that the humors of April are changeable and capricious to a degree truly feminine; that her smiles and her tears are so wilfully intermingled that the amateur who strolls abroad with his sketch-book must not forget his umbrella, and the poet who wanders in search of the beauties of Nature may be glad to make the addition thereto of his own proper self snugly ensconced in an overthrown and headless punchoon. But is not budding beauty proverbially whimsical? 'Tis the high but unquestioned prerogative of conscious and self-approving loveliness to act her own good pleasure, leaving to the grave and ungainly the task of finding or creating a reason.

—True, the glories of the Spring-time are not fully revealed in our bleak northern clime: of all the countless flowers of the season, only the simple violet, meekest yet fairest daughter of awakening Nature, bends her blushing head beneath the kindly gaze of the genial planet. Earth has not donned her gayer appearing; the forests have barely changed the leaden hue of Winter for one shade more life-like; and even the tenderer herbage of the valley and the meadow scarcely ventures to rear its velvet canopy above the ragged vesture in which the old year was borne to the home of the departed, lest the sweeping breath of the Northern blast should transfix it in icy bondage. No—Spring the soft, the sunny, the enchanting, has not even yet fairly visited us. It is the realm of Man rather than of Nature that fully acknowledges her presence. She comes to us in the rush of the shrill tongued steamboat, the impatient flapping of the distended mainsail, and the accelerated rumble of the rail road car. The dust goes up in clouds from the busy thoroughfare of trade, and the tokens of man's activity abound at every corner. It is the season of promise and exertion: the heyday of commercial enterprise and universal industry. Reverses may appal and calamity impend—but we talk not now of them. A health to sunny April of the open brow and, wayward spirit!—Brighter be her far-off skies, greener her laughing meadows and merrier the tinkle of her unchained rivulets!—and when we next welcome her return to us, may the clouds which now

overshadow us have proved as transient and innocuous as one of her own pearly and fitful showers!—*New-Yorker*.

#### WASHINGTON.

On the 4th of December 1783, eight days after the evacuation of the city of New-York, by the British troops under the command of Sir Guy Carleton, an interesting scene took place in that city.—It was the parting of our beloved, revered and ever honored Washington, with the officers of his army—that ragged band of patriots, who so short a time before had proclaimed liberty from the cannon's mouth at White Plains, Monmouth and Yorktown. Calling for a glass of wine, he thus addressed them: "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former have been glorious and honorable." Having drank, he said, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand. Gen. Knox, being nearest, turned to him with tears rolling down his cheeks. Washington grasped his hand, and then kissed him. He did the same to every succeeding officer, and also to some private gentlemen who were present. The whole company were in tears. When Washington left the apartment, and passed through the corps of light infantry, on his way to Whitehall, the others followed in mute and mournful procession, till he embarked in his barge for Powles Hook. As soon as he had got on board, he turned towards his friends, took off his hat, and with it waved a silent adieu. What a scene! the bold and undaunted battler for a country's right—the stern and inflexible leader of an armed host, whose gigantic soul neither danger nor death could intimidate, weeping tears, and kissing with woman's weakness, the faithful and often-tried companions of his woes and glories.

#### VANITY OF EARTHLY SPLENDOR.

ABDERAME, Caliph of the Moors in Spain, reigned in the greatest magnificence and honor. After his death, the following was found in his writing:

"Fifty years have elapsed since I became Caliph. Riches, honors, and pleasure I have enjoyed in abundance, and have exhausted them all. The kings, my rivals, esteemed, dreaded, and envied me. All those things coveted by mankind, were bestowed by heaven upon me with a prodigal hand. In this space of apparent felicity, I have calculated the number of days in which I have found myself happy, the number amounts to *fourteen*. Mortals, hence appreciate the value of splendor, of worldly enjoyments, and even life itself."

#### THE TWO MOTHERS.

It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitter to become, like her—wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society." Equally

just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of an unhappy husband, of a vain, thoughtless, dressy, slattern. "It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for any thing, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example."

#### MODESTY.

A FRENCH author says: "The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, it bends modestly down and withdraws from observation."

PARENTS who endeavor to protect their children from labor, and encourage them to seek self-indulgence, instead of animating them to become as industrious and useful as possible, are foolishly and certainly preparing for them a hard and thorny bed to lay upon at a subsequent period of their lives.

AGED BEAUTIES.—Salezzo de Pedrado was praising an old lady for her beauty, when she answered that beauty was incompatible with her age. To which Salezzo replied: "We say, beautiful as an angel; and yet angels are of all creatures the most ancient."

In criticising a book you are at liberty to remark upon every page. In criticising a newspaper, you must only look to its general tone and character. An author may write only when the spirit moves him. An editor must write whether the spirit moves him or not.—*Pennsylvanian*.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

G. A. M. Williamsville, Vt. \$1.00; N. V. Fulton, N. Y. \$2.00; H. C. T. Williamsburgh, Ma. \$1.00; P. M. Yates, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Chittanooga, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. East Rupert, Vt. \$1.00; E. M. B. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; C. F. East Williamstown, Vt. \$1.00; J. W. Hartford, Ct. \$1.00; W. K. P. Chicopee Falls, Ma. \$1.00; J. W. C. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Farmington, N. Y. \$2.00; J. N. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. M. Burlington, Vt. \$1.00; S. W. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.25.

New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st, 2d, and 14th.

#### MARRIED,

In this city, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. D. Ackly, Mr. Charles Carpenter to Miss Mary Best.

On the 20th inst. at the residence of Col. E. Jenkins, by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, the Rev. Elbridge Bradbury, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, to Miss Mary J. Underhill, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Underhill of this city.

On Sabbath evening, 19th inst. by the Rev. G. H. Fisher, Mr. Timothy Buckley to Miss Emeline Rockefeller, of Greenport.

At Canaan, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. George P. Wilcox, of West Stockbridge, Mass. to Miss Lorene Olmstead, of the former place.

#### DECEASED,

In this city, on the 12th inst. Raphael, son of H. F. and Ann Maria Prime, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 13th inst. Mr. Isaac Fryer, in his 42d year.

On the 17th inst. Sarah J. daughter of James and Catharine Whittle, in the 3d year of her age.

In Auburn, on the 9th of January last, William Woods, son of Charles Jarvis and Nancy Seymour, in his 1st year.

At his mother's, in Mobile, on the 12th of March last, Mr. Charles Jarvis Seymour, of Auburn, aged 25 years.

At Claverack, on the 15th inst. William Miller, son of the late Stephen Miller, Esq. deceased, in his 58th year.

At New York, on the 10th inst. after a short but severe illness, Thomas H. infant son of George R. and Mary E. Bunker.





## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE DYING GIRL'S FAREWELL.

"MOTHER! thy gentle hand  
Is on my brow, and thy low, thrilling voice  
Brings o'er my soul a thousand memories,  
Of childhood's blessed hours.  
Oh! mother, mother, thou hast kindly watched  
Over my infancy, and made my youth  
Most blessed, by thy deep and holy love.  
And I have wished, that I might stand by thee  
And soothe thy spirit 'mid the bitter strife  
Of dying nature, and wipe off the dews  
From thy cold dying brow—but it is well  
That I should leave thee, and I know thy soul  
Will be supported—though I am not nigh.

"Thou hast looked on,  
While sternly, silently, decay hath stole  
The roses of my youth, and breathed no prayer  
That I might linger near thee, though erewhile  
I knew thy heart was breaking.  
Thou hast been willing to resign thy child  
And fit her spirit for an offering,  
To him thou lovest, and thy holy trust,  
In thy Redeemer, hath done much to rend  
The thousand ties that bind me to this world.  
Oh! blessings on thee mother! may his smile  
That long hath cheered thee—break upon thee now  
With tenfold radiance, and steal from thy face  
All trace of sadness, at the thought of me.

"Father! the shades of death  
Are swiftly gathering o'er this glazing eye,  
And I shall gaze on thy loved face no more,  
But lay thy hand on mine, and hear me now  
Before this voice is hushed and still forever.  
God bless thee father! for thy tender love  
Hath flung a gleam of sunlight o'er my way  
That few of earth have known. And let the thought  
Of all thou wert to me, stay up thy soul,  
When thou shalt lay me in the dust to sleep.  
And Oh my father, 'tis my dying prayer  
That we may meet in yon delightful home  
Where partings are not, and the wail of grief  
Is never heard.

"Sisters! come near me while I linger here,  
Nay shrink not little one, although this hand  
Hath felt the touch of Death, Oh! could ye know  
The holy peace that fills my parting soul,  
Ye would not weep for me—and do ye ask  
Why, thus to leave you does not rend my heart?  
Oh! that ye felt the power of that deep love  
That can prepare for death, and take the sting  
From the last parting from the world below.  
Earth cannot woo my spirit, for I feel  
I would not longer from his presence stay,  
Who is my life, my Saviour, and my all.

"Come brother, dearest—though I part from thee  
I fain would hear the voice so loved, once more  
Breathing no tone of sadness—I know thou wilt  
Oft miss me from thy side, when thou dost rove  
In the clear star-light, through the walks we loved;  
And thou wilt miss me, when thy heart is full  
Of the deep, holy feelings thou hast breathed  
To me alone. Our voices may not blend  
In earthly music more, but Oh! I trust  
Ere long, to sing with thee one holy song,

Of Heaven's own thrilling melody.  
Then cheer thee brother, thou shalt dwell with me  
In yon bright country, when the glorious sun  
Hath sunk to rest, and the bright "lamps of heaven,"  
Have been extinguished by the hand of Time;  
And let the murmurs of the evening gale  
And the low music of the sweet night bird,  
Breathe to thy spirit memories of me.

"And now farewell to earth—  
The sparkling fountains, and the babbling rills,  
The hills and vallies where my 'childhood played,'  
The joyous woods, and the bright, lovely flowers,  
And all of beauty on the earth, farewell!  
Oh! it is blessed thus to die, and pass  
Up to a realm of beauty, and of love,  
That eye hath never seen nor spirit dreamed.  
'Where is thy sting Oh! Death,' and thou, dark 'grave  
Where is thy victory'—"

Oh! there was beauty on that faded face  
That earth could never boast, and the meek eye  
Was raised to Heaven with such a holy light  
That it out-shone all earthly brightness far—  
And as the sighs that could not be repressed  
Burst from the riven hearts around her there,  
Her gentle spirit lingered in its flight.  
Whispering "Be ye not troubled, Lo there are  
Many blest mansions in my Father's house"—  
And the low murmurs of the dying girl  
Came like soft music on the troubled air,  
Or the low warbles of some weary bird  
Passing to fairer climes.

M. E. N.

Chittenango, April 10, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

## A LITTLE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

FATHER above, look down on me,  
Teach me thy wondrous grace to see,  
Inspire my heart with gratitude,  
To praise thy name for health and food.

For father dear, though far away,  
Yet tells me here that I must stay,  
And hopes that I may wiser grow,  
And all thy precepts love and know.

That I may join my mother there,  
In that bright world where is no care,  
And meet my little brothers four,  
And sisters three, upon that shore!

Where saints and angels now do stand  
And sing thy praise in heavenly land:  
As here I cannot always stay,  
Let me join them at death, I pray.

There, through the Saviour, let me rest  
And be with thee forever blest,  
That I may never sin again,  
But join the saints who say Amen!

S. A. S.

For the Rural Repository.

## WAKING TO SORROW.

Ah! when the world wakes us  
From visions of joy,  
When first, in life's cup  
We have tasted alloy;  
How sad is the heart—  
How darkened and drear,  
'Tis jealous of Friendship  
'Tis prone unto fear.

The heart that's thus startled,  
From dreams that are bliss,  
Ne'er again will be settled,  
In slumber like this.

Ne'er again will believe—  
That friendship is pure,  
For a heart that's deceived  
No brightness can lure. CASSIOPEA.  
Spencertown, April 15, 1840.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE

## Rural Repository,

Seventeenth Volume, [8th New Series,]

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS,

*Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Travelling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.*

On Saturday, the 20th of June, 1840, will be issued the first number of the *Seventeenth Volume (Eighth New Series)* of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the *Rural Repository*, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

## CONDITIONS.

THE *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 268 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The *Seventeenth volume, (Eighth New Series)* will commence on the 20th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum, invariably in advance. Any person, who will remit us *Five Dollars*, free of post age, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us *Ten Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes.

No subscription received for less than one year. Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher,

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1840.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.—The following is an extract from the Regulations of the Post Office department:

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—"A Post Master may enclose money in a letter to the publishers of a newspaper to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself."

NOTE.—Some subscribers may not be aware of the above regulation. It will be seen that by requesting the Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing subscription money, he will do so upon being satisfied that the letter contains nothing but what refers to the subscription.—*National Intelligencer*.

## Printing Ink,

The Subscriber being agent for T. G. & G. W. Eddy, Waterford, and J. Hastings & Co. West Troy, will keep constantly on hand a general supply of Book and News Ink, at 30, 40 and 50 cts. per lb. for Cash. The Ink is the same as is used for printing this paper, and is Warranted to be as good as any that can be bought elsewhere.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

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All orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.

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VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1840.

NUMBER 24.

## SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies' Companion.

### THE PRICE OF A HEART.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

(Concluded.)

THE probationary six months had nearly expired, and already Mrs. Liston began to busy her active mind about Charlotte's wedding day and dress, and the degree of ceremony to be observed on the great occasion. It was after she had consumed almost an entire morning in consultation upon the subject with Charlotte—who was very unwillingly made a party to the discussion, since her thoughts were dwelling constantly upon the more essential features of the marriage tie—that she thought proper, at dinner, to broach the subject to Mr. Liston, and to remind him how near it was to the expiration of the time he had desired the marriage to be delayed, and of the propriety of making some definite arrangements respecting it. Charlotte blushed deeply at her mother's abrupt remarks, and cast down her eyes; but her feelings, looks, and all were instantaneously changed, when her father, in reply, said in a low, sad tone, with a shake of his head—

"We may have no marriage for a long time yet, Mrs. Liston."

Charlotte dropped her knife and gazed steadfastly in his face, suddenly and with alarm, saying, "Charles is well?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Liston, "I saw him but about an hour ago. Don't be agitated. I am troubled, as you see, but the result may prove suspicion to have been unfounded. I must leave you thus hastily, and may be not at home to tea. Be cheerful—I hope all may be well yet."

With these vague hints at some impending evil, Mr. Liston left his family, who remained for some minutes mute with astonishment. It was manifest that he had wished to prepare their minds for distressing news, which he was unwilling to communicate at once. The afternoon was spent by the mother and daughter in earnest and painful converse upon the uncertain grief which overshadowed them. Mr. Liston's words were susceptible of a variety of interpretations. Elliston might have been unfortunate in business—or Mr. Liston himself—and, again, the horrid thought crossed Charlotte's mind, that something might have been charged against her lover—something to tarnish his fame—his honor; not that for a moment she could believe him guilty of the slightest dereliction—but in the involvements of business, circumstances might have appeared to criminate him. The afternoon passed in this distressing anxiety; and sure enough, Mr. Liston did not come home to tea—a most unusual thing.

"But Charles, will soon be here, to cheer us,

and to explain all,"—thought Charlotte. But, hour after hour of the evening slowly departed and brought no lover, no father. Suspense had now become agony. It was late into the night, when, pale and agitated, scarcely himself, in the confusion of his mind, his misery, and the conflict of his feelings, Mr. Liston returned. Both wife and daughter hastened to him. He threw himself into a chair, and called for wine. Charlotte knelt by his side and wept at his haggard looks, as she took his trembling hand.

"Dear father, what is it—let us sympathize with you—let us know your grief?"

"Sympathize with me, my child," he replied, kissing her forehead, in the saddest tones she had ever heard him utter—"You must suffer with me—you must sorrow with me, and bitter sorrow it will be. All day I have been unraveling a scheme in which my credit has been used to bolster up an insane and cursed speculation. The three firms with whom I have dealt most largely, and in whom I reposed the utmost confidence, have been the conspirators. Their speculations have proved rotten to the core. They have staked millions upon them; they are bankrupts—and I am on their paper to such an extent, and am otherwise so involved with them in the regular channels of business, that every dollar I own must go—yes, every dollar, to pay their deficits—"Oh! God," he cried fervently, starting from his chair, and rapidly pacing the room, "would that our merchants would mark more distinctly in their minds the line between honesty and dishonesty! This rushing headlong into business on borrowed capital, and far exceeding that capital in the amount of their business—this grasping at sudden wealth, by means of the thousand temptations to speculation thrown in their paths—this using of friends to further mad projects that may ruin friends and all—it is not honest—it is not honest—and it has ruined me—ruined me!" He sank again into his seat, and his eye fell on his daughter, who still knelt by his chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"And you, my Charlotte, you are doubly ruined—Elliston's gains were deposited with me—and all is gone—he has lost all too; I, by these false friends, have beggared him!" The honest, suffering man covered his face with his hands. Charlotte tried to soothe him. Forgetful of herself, she employed every endearing stratagem that love could suggest, to beguile his thoughts from the dreadful subject of their contemplation, and calm his agitated feelings; and when, after a half-hour he smiled placidly upon her and bade her good night, her joy that she had succeeded, dispelled for the time, every cloud with which reflection upon their reverses might have overshadowed her innocent heart.

Mrs. Liston slept not a wink that night. Her

mind was filled with plots and conspiracies to make the best of the destruction which threatened them. For, to her, poverty and loss of station were destruction, or even worse. From nothing would she have so shrunk with horror, as from the very fate which seemed her doom. She had married for wealth and station—to be deprived of them was to be inearthed alive; and some means were to be devised to secure for herself the position in society to which she had been accustomed. No matter what the sacrifice—the end was to be attained. She cared comparatively little for the views Mr. Liston might entertain of her conduct, whether success should attend her endeavors or no. He would be unable longer to assist her—to supply her with luxuries—and he had sunk at once into a nullity. At breakfast, the next morning, Mr. Liston's features bore evidence that to him too, the night had been one of sleeplessness—and he soon left the house. He had no sooner gone, than Mrs. Liston arrayed herself for a walk, and hurried to the residence of Miss Phoebe Marsh, the maiden aunt of Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis, a woman very like herself, and bent on the union of her favorite nephew to Charlotte Liston. She was, too, Mrs. Liston's most intimate friend, and adviser. We leave them together: where they remained, talking, both at a time, in mysterious whispers, for four mortal hours.

Charlotte could not fully appreciate the state of things. Young, loving and beloved, suffering as yet no evil, she could only regard the future with an indefinite dread, that had nothing in it of immediate suffering. But she had not seen Charles for nearly two whole days! That was grief greater than all. She jumped for joy, however, in the course of the forenoon, when she received a note from him, of a few lines, hastily written, begging her not to think that he had forgotten her, but, to attribute his absence to the absorbing and perplexing duties attendant upon the endeavor to ascertain precisely their position, and to settle up their affairs. Mrs. Liston returned from her walk with a sombre countenance, but calm and collected, and did not utter a word to Charlotte of her feelings in regard to their calamity, or even advert to it. Mr. Liston came home to dinner, and scarcely uttered a syllable as he hastily swallowed it, and was away again. It was a long, tedious afternoon to Charlotte, as she sat musing in her chamber alone. Supper brought no father—and again, no lover appeared in the evening, to cheer her loneliness. She began to feel sorrowful indeed.

Mr. Liston could not pour out his feelings into that bosom, which should have been his comfort and support; for Mrs. Liston's advice would have been based on cold, calculating, selfish policy; perhaps bordering on dishonesty; and he would not depress the buoyant mind of his

child, by making her the recipient of his continual and increasing griefs. He was compelled to smother the flame within himself, and the very light of heaven became hateful to him. All he had possessed was gone, as he had at first surmised; and with an honesty, incumbent on all, but so rare at the present day, that it is rewarded with urns, and services of plate, he gave up every thing to pay the debts of false, deceitful and dishonorable friends—false, deceitful and dishonorable, in that they had turned from the legitimate sources of business, and in the hope of millions at a throw, had lost! and drawn into the vortex of their ruin, those who had trusted in their honor, and their straight forward dealings.

In the meantime, Elliston visited Charlotte; but less frequently than before, for almost every hour was employed in attention to the wreck of his affairs. They conversed freely, at such times, of the necessary postponement of their union, and Elliston seemed to look with foreboding upon the chances that they should ever be united. Charlotte, however, preserved her elasticity of spirits and endeavored to cheer him; but she only partially succeeded. A month thus passed; and Charlotte had scarcely spoken to her father, more than to exchange the common greetings of the day. He was in a continual fever of agitation. He seemed sometimes to be almost wandering in mind; and his unmerited sufferings were evidently exerting the sad effect, to make him misanthropic and morose. He permitted no unnecessary delay, in the meantime, in the final settlement of affairs; and it was not long before house, furniture, carriages and horses were sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, and the family, with the few hundred dollars, which, after the last debt had been fully liquidated, were fortunately left for their immediate wants, were bestowed in comparatively humble lodgings.

We have said that the cold hearted Mrs. Liston had early devised a scheme to restore herself to the station of which Mr. Liston's failure had deprived her. It was no less a heartless than a daring one; and to be successful, was to be warily accomplished. The reader may have surmised it; for it was to induce Charlotte, upon false grounds and representations, to abandon Elliston, and to receive the once rejected Cordia. But Mrs. Liston was competent to conduct it to a prosperous issue, if it could be done by any being on the broad earth. She did not commence her assaults early; previous to the surrender of their house, she had only drawn Charlotte's attention to her father's condition, by sorrowful exclamations, "Your poor father, he knows not what to do!" "Oh, Charlotte, how dreadfully your dear father looked to-day!" and the like; endeavoring to centre her daughter's mind on that one thought—the misery of her parent. But when they had exchanged roominess and freedom for the confinement of lodgings, she made more regular advances. Mr. Liston, by his conduct, much assisted her. He did not really repel the testimonials of Charlotte's affection, but they did not seem to render the gratification they had bestowed in former days; and he was totally silent upon their prospects and situation; save that now and then, he would burst out

with a heart-rending exclamation, that something must be done—that his little store would be exhausted before the year had half expired—and that he was too old to begin the world anew!

In the cautious conversations held by Mrs. Liston with her daughter, she was not long in arriving at an essential point of progress—the impression of an intense conviction on Charlotte's mind, that it was her duty to devote all her powers to the support of that parent who had reared her to womanhood. Once rendered satisfied that such a course was a demand of the most imperative duty, it engrossed every faculty.

"What shall I do, mother?" was her constant question. "What can I do? My dear, dear father! I would yield up every thing for him—I would go any where—do any thing! Advise me—advise me! Shall I take a school—go out as governess—paint—give music lessons—what?"

To every suggestion of this nature, Mrs. Liston skillfully interposed such objections, as seemed to render any plan of the kind foolish or unworthy. Yet "her poor father" was still harped upon; and indeed, Mr. Liston had become an object of pity. His looks were haggard, his step infirm, and his mind in a painful state of constant foreboding. Oftener than ever, he exclaimed "what are we coming to! When shall we begin to starve!"

Charlotte's days were as miserable as his own. She prayed him to unbosom himself to her, and consult with her. She suggested to him too, the plans she communicated to her mother; but he gave her no encouragement. "Something of more consequence than any thing of this kind is necessary to save us, my child," said he in reply to her one afternoon. He simply referred to the inadequacy of her exertions to yield them all a support; but Mrs. Liston was present and heard the remark. Upon it her fabric was to be reared."

She entered her daughter's room the next morning, and found her with her head buried in the bed clothes, weeping violently. It was the very state of mind most desired.

"My dear Charlotte, are you ill?" she asked, as if in deep concern.

"Ill in heart, mother. Here am I, convinced that I ought to do something for our support. I have health—strength—determination; and yet day after day passes, and every plan I suggest seems futile."

"It is a sad state of things indeed. Your poor father, I fear, will speedily be in his grave, if he cannot soon see the prospect of relief from the absolute beggary which stares us in the face."

"He will indeed!" cried Charlotte in agony, starting up; "I cannot bear the thought! name something, mother—something!—I care not what,—to save him, and I am ready to undertake it. But oh, devise something—something!"

"You feel, don't you, my Charlotte, that a child's duty to an unfortunate parent is imperative above all others—that heaven and public opinion both declare it to be so?"

"Yes, mother, yes!"

"You have made great professions my child. But were a sacrifice really to be required of you

—one that would inevitably raise your father above the fear of want and suffering, and bring peace to his grey hairs—in such an event, when your duty to your father could be fully accomplished, I fear you would shrink."

Charlotte turned deadly pale. She did not surmise the announcement that her mother was about to make, but she felt that she had reference, by her guarded speech, to something terrible to her. She gathered strength to reply.

"No, mother. From no sacrifice which I felt that heaven would approve, would I for a moment shrink."

"Do you remember your father's words yesterday—'something of more consequence than any thing of this kind is necessary to save us my child.'"

"I do."

"He had reference to a proposition made to him some days ago, which he grasped at, as the drowning man grasps at the floating straw. But in consequence of the stand he took on a former occasion, he would not for the world pass a word with you on the subject, and has commissioned me to do it. He feels that in our present circumstances, a line of conduct which would once have been reprehensible, is justifiable; and, indeed, demanded. We are sadly situated!"

Mrs. Liston sighed, and forced two or three minute tears into her eyes. Charlotte stood, frozen with horror. She could not but gather vague images of the truth—and they palsied every faculty of her mind; she gasped, tottered, and would have fallen, had not her mother caught her, laid her upon the bed, bathed her forehead in cologne, and left her, hoping that she might be restored by an hour's rest.

That same afternoon, Elliston, who had become a clerk in a wholesale establishment, upon a moderate salary, received a note of the following purport:

MR. ELLISTON:—Permit me, a mutual friend of yourself and the Liston family, to offer a word of counsel. The reverses Mr. Liston, and yourself, have both experienced, command the sympathy of all who know you. They have occurred at a most unfortunate period, when your happiness was about to be consummated by a union with his child. That union, you must feel, is now impossible, at least for a long period, when the circumstances of the family are considered. Some days since, a proposition of marriage with Miss Charlotte was made to Mr. Liston, by a rich young gentleman, under the supposition, it is to be presumed, that you had resigned all pretensions to her hand. In his great distress in regard to pecuniary matters, he would eagerly, as I have the means of knowing, entertain the offer, especially as a guaranty is made to secure to him sufficient per annum during his life, to support him handsomely, but he is fettered by the knowledge that your engagement still exists. Miss Charlotte has but lately been apprised of the offer, and, I have reason to think, feels it incumbent upon her to sacrifice feeling to the welfare of her father; but she too is placed in an unwelcome dilemma. I make this statement, that you may know how to govern yourself. Let me assure you, this is from—

A SINCERE FRIEND.

Elliston was amazed—confounded. It was all very plausible. True, it seemed very inconsistent with Mr. Liston's high-mindedness, to be guilty of such a resource for support; but then he knew that misery works great changes, and that Mr. Liston had certainly changed much. But Charlotte—that she should think to desert him!—him, whom she had loved so well—with whom he had enjoyed so many hours of delightful confidence, mingling hearts, and souls in the sweetest of all communion! But how deeply she loved her father he well knew—and he could imagine to what a state of mind the constant sight of his misery might reduce her; when any sacrifice would not seem too severe to save him. Never were there two more miserable beings than were Charlotte and Elliston during that night. He should have despised an anonymous note of so mighty import. He should have mistrusted every word, letter and line of it. He should have gone to Charlotte, shown it to her, conversed freely with her—and had he done so, how much woe had been spared to them! But he trusted it; and at midnight he sat in his solitary apartment, and penned a note to her. It informed her, that he had heard of an offer having been made by a rich young gentleman to her father, for her hand; that perhaps she might feel it her duty to comply with it, for his sake, were she unfettered—that his love for her was all-surpassing—was his very life—but that he gave her back her vows of affection, that she might be free to act—and invoking blessings on her, he closed.

The note was despatched early in the morning. Charlotte had risen with a distressing headache, and was confined to her chamber. Her mother, knowing the hand-writing, and from her consciousness of what had been the incentive to its composition, guessing at its contents, carried it, with suppressed exultations, up-stairs. What is a headache, or any ache, when the words of a loved one are to be perused! Charlotte grasped at the letter; but had no sooner drank in its painful meaning, than she fainted, and remained long insensible. In the meantime, while measures were instituted for her recovery, Mrs. Liston found a moment to run it over. It was just what she would have herself dictated. She resolved to say nothing more, but to let what had already occurred produce its full effect.

The poor girl was ill—very ill, all that day. Her father came in to see her in the afternoon, and could not avoid, even when she was in such a state, adverting to what was uppermost in his mind—the destitution which threatened them. "There," said he, as he walked the floor, "I have to-day paid our landlady for our last month's board, and have just fifty dollars left. Oh, Heaven, how soon that pittance will be gone!"

It needed but this to fix Charlotte's wavering mind. In the calm apathy of despair, she wrote to Elliston that she indeed felt that duty demanded her to resign him. How she had loved him, he knew well, and she was conscious how dear she had been to him. Life was to be to her henceforth only a scene of woe. If she were doing wrong, she entreated him to forgive her—for, indeed, she hardly knew herself what she intended—what she was doing. She did not maintain her cold firmness throughout, for two

or three times the tears gushed forth, every feature was convulsed, and she was the weak, wretched, suffering woman; but her father's words, "Oh, Heaven, how soon that pittance will be gone!" renewed her again to her task, and before midnight it was accomplished. The letter she had written, blotted here and there with tears, was put into her mother's hand the following morning, who lost not a moment in despatching it. Elliston read it, and felt—how deeply!—for the agony in which it was evidently penned; he longed to rush to her; to her, who had been his own—her, who had pledged herself to be his before God, as he had pledged himself to her—and to soothe and comfort her; but it was too late! He turned away, a lone, desolate man!

"Come, mother," said Charlotte, the same day, for Elliston was no more to her—the worst was over and she was impatient to consummate the sacrifice, before her unnatural strength should forsake her—"who has proposed for me? Name him, that I may send him the acceptance he desires. The sooner the better—for then my poor father will the sooner be happy! Who is he?"

With perfect calmness of action, that surprised and somewhat alarmed her mother, she opened her desk, and prepared herself to write—she waited but for the name.

"It is an old acquaintance," replied Mrs. Liston, trying to smile, for she felt that Charlotte was in a fearful state, and dreaded as well she might, the announcement of the name. "It is Mr. Cordis."

The appalling shriek that burst from the child she had thus bartered away for gold, pierced even her callous feelings. Such a shriek of misery—one that is given forth, only when the heart is torn in twain, and feels that it is consigned, beyond every ray of hope, to ghastly death in the midst of life!

It was two days before Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis received a note from Charlotte, declaring herself ready to become his wife; for, notwithstanding the extent to which the affair had progressed—the dismissal of Elliston—her own desperate resolve to succor her father at all hazards, it was two days before she could submit to the degradation of addressing a communication of the kind to such a man.

"Jack, you must positively let me have five thousand this week," drawled Cordis, as, extended on a sofa, he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar, with delicately white fingers, sparkling with jeweled rings. "You must, indeed. I'm drained, that's a fact. I lost six thousand at faro last night, you know!"

"Yes—but you've come to the wrong shop, Cordis. My pockets at present are as empty as yours."

"You're in my debt double that amount, Jack, eh? Some of it borrowed more than a year ago. Face up a little, can't you? Demme, I'm obliged to cut ceremony, I'm so decidedly hard run."

"You don't mean to insult me, Mr. Cordis, by this reference to what I owe you?"

"Insult! why demme, the farthest thing from my intention. I never asked you for a dollar of it before—because I never was so put to it. Insult! By no means, my dear fellow!"

"I choose to consider it in that light, Mr. Cordis," replied Mr. John Hansard Marion; who had indeed borrowed some ten thousands of Cordis, had lived upon him, eaten his dinners and suppers, and sometimes domesticated himself with him for months together. Mr. Marion was an Englishman; of good family—so he told Cordis, when first he sought his acquaintance; rich beyond account, with large expectations into the bargain—as he told Mr. Cordis. Certainly an elegant man, as he showed for himself—upon which recommendations, Mr. Cordis had made him his bosom friend—scorning a countryman of his own, as being shockingly vulgar. While Mr. Marion was speaking in a very pompous tone of voice, he put on his coat deliberately, adjusted his cravat, arranged his hat before the glass, took his cane, and with "You will probably hear from me before long," dashed magnificently out. Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis stood mute with astonishment, entertaining, for the very first time, the shrewd idea that he had been swindled; an idea which he indulged in more and more every day, when he found that his particular friend was altogether invisible; that demand for payment having operated like the wand of a magician—to spirit Mr. Marion out of sight and hearing.

At this moment Charlotte's note was put into his hand.

"In at the death, and got the brush!" he exclaimed exultingly. "She's mine! She's mine at last! Wont I show her off; and wont I make her repent that first refusal! I'll give this two thousand a year to the old 'uns for a year or two, since aunt Marsh insists upon it, and then they may whistle for't. It'll come deuced hard to poney it over at all! I must positively look into my affairs. Egad, I shouldn't wonder if I made a smash of it before long. That would be a pretty go! but I'll have the girl!"

Mrs. Liston was in the extreme of exultation. All had gone forward most prosperously. Charlotte, it was true, moved about like one more dead than alive, but then a few weeks would reconcile her to her change of prospects, and the splendor of Mr. Cordis' establishment would so contrast with the humble home which was all Elliston could possibly furnish, that she doubted not that the bloom would soon visit her cheek again. It was an object to have the marriage speedily consummated: and, if possible, without Mr. Liston's knowledge; for there was no knowing whether he would not imperatively annul all the transactions, unless they had proceeded beyond his power. Charlotte was passive; ready to consent to any thing—a puppet in her mother's hands. Mr. Cordis had no particular wish to be brought *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Liston, so that his absence from the ceremony would be particularly pleasing to him. It was therefore arranged at Mrs. Marsh's residence, between that lady, Mrs. Liston, and Mr. Cordis, that the knot should be tied in Mrs. Marsh's parlor, upon the third afternoon thence; when Mr. Liston had declared that some little business would detain him from home during the entire afternoon and evening.

Mr. Cordis purchased an elegant bridal dress for Charlotte, and a rich set of jewelry. There was, however, to be but little ostentation attending the ceremony—the circumstances would not

admit of it. The day came. Charlotte could not go down to dinner, and Mr. Liston inquired for her with concern; remarking that she was pining away every day. But he was in haste, and only sent a consoling message to her through her mother. The bride, whose heart had been sold for a father's pecuniary aid, was arrayed for her inauspicious bridal. Mr. Cordis called for her in his carriage. There was necessarily some bustle and confusion, which the landlady as necessarily observed, and was curious to discover the meaning of. Feeling that all was secure, Mrs. Liston confided to her, in the overflow of her spirits, some of the great essentials of the affair; that Charlotte was to marry Mr. Cordis at his aunt Marsh's; that the bridesmaids and all were waiting there; that the ceremony would take place at five precisely; that it was Mr. Cordis' elegant carriage which was at the door, and Mr. Cordis himself who was in the parlor waiting for them; and finally, she invited the landlady to come up and see Miss Charlotte in her splendid dress and jewels. The landlady complied; and was inexpressibly shocked at Charlotte's appearance. Her face had the ghastly hue of death; and she could not cross the chamber without her mother's assistance. The landlady said nothing, but she felt in her heart the whole truth—that the poor girl was sacrificing herself for her parents. She could not congratulate—she dared not pity.

Charlotte was assisted into the carriage by Mr. Cordis, who was dressed in the ridiculous extreme of fashion; Mrs. Liston followed. Mr. Cordis then got in, and the vehicle rattled away to Mrs. Marsh's. It was twenty minutes after four when it left the Listons' lodgings; and at precisely half past four, Mr. Liston, who had been disappointed in meeting the merchant with whom he wished to transact his business, entered his parlor. He was in a peculiarly sociable humor; for an old and staunch friend had been reasoning with him upon the foolishness of moping about, wasting his time and energies, when, with his excellent business habits, knowledge, and well known character, he could easily obtain an excellent situation as factor, or agent, or confidential clerk; the friend had said, indeed, that he would himself cheerfully give two thousand dollars salary, if Mr. Liston would allow him the benefits of his talents and experience. Mr. Liston at once accepted the offer, and was a new man—the old Mr. Liston—as we knew him in former days.

Finding his parlor empty, he went to his own chamber. The ladies were not there. He knocked at Charlotte's door, and then ventured to open it. That, too, was empty. "Out!" he muttered in astonishment; "Why she was too unwell to appear at the dinner table!" In the hall, as he advanced, he encountered the landlady.

"The ladies are out?" he said, as a casual remark.

"Why, Mr. Liston!" cried she, lifting up both hands, "and you not know where they are gone?"

"No, Mrs. White. Is there anything unusual?"

"And really you do not know that your daughter has gone to be married?"

"Married, Mrs. White! What do you mean?" he replied, turning pale.

"Why, Mrs. Liston told me, not an hour ago,

that she was to be married to Mr. Philip Cordis, at his aunt Marsh's, at five o'clock precisely; and sure enough, Mr. Cordis came for her in his own carriage, and she was lifted into it, in bridal clothes, looking like death, poor thing, and away they drove."

The drops stood on Mr. Liston's forehead; he said not a word; but he hastily pulled out his watch, and found that it wanted fifteen minutes to five. In less than one more, he was hastening, at a very immoderate pace for a man of fifty, towards Mrs. Marsh's; whose mansion he reached at two minutes and a quarter after the clock had struck. He minded not servants, but pushing all aside, ascended to the parlor; which he entered at an interesting moment; for the Episcopal clergyman, who was officiating, was just pronouncing those important and conclusive words of the service, "If there be any here who know cause why these two should not be joined in marriage, let him proclaim it now, or ever after hold his peace." They were very solemnly said; but probably without any remote idea in the clergyman's mind that a response would be made. A voice, however, broken with exhaustion, cried out from near the door:

"I do! Stop where you are!"

Mrs. Liston, who a moment before had been standing and glancing around at appropriate intervals, all swelling with pride and joy, melted down at the sound, like a tender flower cut off by a sudden frost. Mr. Liston came forward.

"I forbid the bans, for my daughter is not of age; and what is more, I know this has all been in defiance of her feelings—the scheme of others. Is it not so, my child? Speak freely—is it not so?"

Charlotte's silence replied in sufficiently significant tones. Mr. Cordis, at this moment, thought proper to bristle a little; especially as so many of his relations and intimate friends were present.

"This unceremonious interruption, Mr. Liston, unwarrantable—"

"Fugh!" cried Mr. Liston, in the deepest intonation of detestation. "Unwarrantable! When is not a father warrantable in saving his daughter from the wreck of all she holds dear? She would have sold her heart for me; for you know, even while you stand up to wed her, that she loves another! And even were her heart disengaged, she would be linking herself to one whom she could never love, and thus close up the fountains of her best sympathies for ever. I will not say that willingness to submit to such a sacrifice may not be noble in a child; but the parent who would accept it—the father or mother who would live by the sale—yes, the sale of their child!—such parents are unworthy ever to have lived! Come, Charlotte,"—she sprang into his arms—"thank Heaven, I was not too late; Come away from these shambles, and I will speedily take precautions that no more scheming shall peril the happiness of my child. Will you attend us, sir," he continued, addressing the clergyman; "we may have need of your services immediately; but not with such a bridegroom! Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," he said further, bowing to all, as he divested his daughter of her jewelry, and threw it upon the table; "I am sorry to have driven away the cheerfulness of so pleasant a party."

He descended the stairs, Charlotte leaning on his arm, and the clergyman following, leaving as amazed a company as were probably ever assembled together. A hack, fortunately passing, was hailed, and drew up.

"Say to Mrs. Liston, that we wait her company," said Mr. Liston to the servant; and that lady, who would gladly have escaped the torture of the ride, was compelled to present herself. Arrived at their lodgings, Mr. Liston—escorted the clergyman and ladies to the parlor, and then disappeared for a moment, during which he was heard giving earnest directions to the hack-driver, who shortly after drove off at a rapid pace. Re-joining his family, he was all vivacity and spirit. Before half an hour, the hack returned. Mr. Liston hastened down stairs. That voice! Charlotte started up, and the blood rushed over neck, face and forehead! The door opened—it was Elliston! In a moment she was in his arms; for a word from her father had explained all!

Mrs. White and all the inmates of the house were summoned, to their great surprise, to Mr. Liston's parlor, to be witnesses to Miss Charlotte's marriage: and the bonds that joined two willing hearts—alas, that ever others should feel those ties!—were solemnized. When the nuptial blessing had been pronounced, Mr. Liston whispered in his wife's ear, "Rather hasty—but then you will not be able to scheme any more!"

Mr. Liston took a small, genteel house immediately, and Elliston boarded with him. Mrs. Liston found it necessary to resign herself to comparative obscurity, and submitted with the best grace she could command. She derived some assistance in subduing her pride, from the fact, that before three months, Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis was openly proclaimed a bankrupt and a beggar—worth nothing, and good for nothing. "Good Heavens, what an escape!" she said to herself. She often repeated the same ejaculation in after years, when she was an inmate of Elliston's dwelling, and he fast becoming one of the wealthiest of the city—happy in the affections of a loving wife, and children, whom he strove to nurture in truth, virtue, and knowledge.

Mr. Liston often said, as he looked into the happy face of his Charlotte, "Sell my child for my support! Heaven would blush at it!"

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### SPRING.

Now sing aloud the gushing rills,  
And the full springs from frost set free,  
That brightly leaping down the hills,  
Are just set out to meet the sea.

Thou bringest the hope of those calm skies,  
And that soft time of sunny showers,  
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,  
Seems of a brighter world than ours.—BRYANT.

"Once more the swelling bud betokens Spring,"  
and soon the fields and forests will again be enrobed in their green livery. Emblem of the morning of life!

"Many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fall, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed."

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Flowers, sweet flowers! ye are Spring's jewel-ry!—soon your beauties will again be unfolded, and soon shall we breathe your fragrance, as it is wafted on the soft breezes! E'en now, the little silver-fish leaps in joyous ecstasy from the murmuring brook, and when we awake in the morning, the music of the birds strikes upon our ears, like the soft melody of Memnon at sunrise;

"And when evening dims the lake,  
Frogs their hoarse orchestra wake,  
And the tortoise loves to tell,  
Protruding from his mottled shell,  
Twixt the water and the land,  
Tales his comrades understand."

There are some hearts which cannot be inspired by such scenes, and for which such voices have no cadences of joy, and there are some pulses which cannot be quickened by such stimuli; but in us their *modus operandi* is delightful, while they excite a hallowed reminiscence of childhood and "home, sweet home." Yes, lovely wood, field, flower and melody!

How like ye are to days remembered well.

When we contemplate the wisdom, the beauty, and the harmony of nature, and view the minute and mighty handy-work of Him, who has numbered the hairs of our head, and "whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey," we are filled with reverence and adoration.

Yes, Nature, all thy shows and forms,  
To feeling, pensive hearts have charms,  
Whether the summer kindly warms  
With life and light,  
Or winter howls in gusty storms,  
The long dark night.

Strongsville, O. April, 1840. H. L. W. L.

For the Rural Repository.

### HOPE.

WITHOUT hope life were indeed a dreary waste, a trackless desert of thorns, without a rose to cheer us. Deprived of her sweet consolations, life would be a burden too heavy to be borne by us weak mortals, and we should sink under the many cares and sorrows that assail us at every turn that we make in our weary pilgrimage through this world of woe. True, the thoughts with which she inspires us are often vain and illusive, but anticipation throws her charm around us and lends enchantment to the future. Often when thoughts dark and bitter, too deep for words, oppress our aching brows, and the brain reels under the pressure, Hope, sweet hope, with her enlivening beams comes to our aid and saves us from madness. We again press forward with renewed hopes and lightened hearts, looking to the future for that happiness which the past and the present have failed to impart; but alas! how vain our hopes—the car of time rolls on, the future, to which we so anxiously looked, has become present, is with us; but where is that happiness, the hope of which has cast a bright ray of light around us, through many a dark and lonely hour? Echo, as in mockery, answers, "where"? It has gone, vanished like a thing of air; and such must ever be the end of all earthly hopes; and dark and bitter indeed would be our despair, if there were no other refuge, no other hope, but that based on the things of this world. But, thanks be to God! there is a hope that will not forsake us—so bright and splendid that it might well fill our hearts

with admiration and joy—it is the hope of Heaven, a hope that bids us look beyond the cares and sorrows of this world to a brighter and purer state on high, where friends, whose hearts have been rent to agony in giving the parting hand to loved ones, shall meet to part no more—where joy pure and celestial, undimmed by the discordant notes of sorrow, reigns triumphant. May the bright and brilliant rays of this star of hope be ever with us, and when the hour of dissolution shall draw nigh and our earthly frame be dissolved and waste away into dust, may this hope be with us in that dread hour, and shed a brilliant light across the darkened way that leads to the mansions of bliss.

GERALD.

## BIOGRAPHY.

From the New York Mirror.

### THE DEAD OF THE LAST YEAR.

BY RUFUS W. GREENWOLD.

[Continued.]

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.—This admired poet died on the 15th of July last, in the 37th year of his age, and in the full meridian of his reputation. While a fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, he was the most famous person in that University. He carried away an unprecedented number of prizes, obtained by his Greek and Latin odes and epigrams, and English poems. Of the latter were his "Australia," "The Ascent of Elijah," and "Athens," neither of which have been re-published in this country. By these, and his contributions to the New Monthly Magazine, some fifteen years ago, which are unequalled in the language, for playful humor and easy versification, he wrote his name among the standard poets of England. The readers of the New York Mirror will remember reading in its pages "Lillian," "The Fancy Ball," "School and School-fellows," "The Vicar," "The Every day Character," "The Letter of Advice," and others from the same pen, and of the same sportive and brilliant character. Praed was recently high steward of the university at Cambridge. For a year before his death he had been in parliament, where he had the reputation of being "one of the useful members" as distinguished, we suppose, from the majority. No collected edition of his writings has ever come under our notice, and we presume that none has been published. His "Lillian" is well known in this country, as the most purely imaginative poem ever written, with the exception, perhaps, of Drake's "Culprit Fay," which is of about the same length and construction.

PRINCE SAUNDERS.—The Attorney General of the republic of Hayti, and the author of the "Criminal Code" of that country, was one of the most remarkable persons of the time. He was a colored man, of excellent education, correct life, and extraordinary capacities. He was born in Thetford, Vt. and emigrated to Hayti in 1807, where, immediately after his arrival, he was employed by Christophe, to improve the state of education in his dominions, and to visit England to procure means of instruction. In the British capital he was received into the society of the nobility, and made his home with Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. The result of his mission not being satisfactory

to the king, he left Hayti and returned to the United States, where he studied divinity, and was settled over a religious society in Philadelphia. Returning, after a few years, to Hayti, he was received with favor, and actively engaged in the public service until his death, on the twelfth of February.

JAMES BOADEN.—This voluminous dramatic author died in London on the sixteenth of February, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. "Fontainville Forest," his first effort for the stage, was successfully produced at Covent Garden in 1784, was followed by a great number of plays, and memoirs of Kemble, Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Inchbald, and others. Boaden was the first to detect and disprove the famous Shakspeare forgeries by Ireland.

THE BARON DE PRONY.—One of the most distinguished mathematicians of modern times was the Baron de Prony, peer of France, who died at Paris on the twenty-ninth day of last July. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted into the *Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées*, and soon distinguished himself by his successful application to the severe mathematical pursuits of that establishment. In 1793 he was charged by the government with the drawing up of the *Cadastre*, or great territorial and numerical survey of France. Subsequently he was instructed by the government to calculate a set of tables, on the centesimal scale, and charged to take care that, while they should be as correct as possible, he should "make them the greatest and most imposing monument of calculation that had ever been executed or even thought of." He completed the gigantic task in about three years, and the immense work, forming seventeen imperial folio volumes of manuscript, was to have been printed by the government, but for some reason remains now in the library of the observatory at Paris. The baron was highly esteemed by Napoleon, who offered him a place in the scientific corps of the Egyptian expedition, which he declined.

EDGAR TAYLOR.—This eminent lawyer and general writer died in London on the nineteenth day of August. Besides a great number of legal and theological works, he wrote much in the literary journals, a volume of poems, and translated several popular works.

JOHN LANDER.—This gentleman was the brother and companion of Richard Lander, the traveler in Africa. After sharing the perils and the honors of the tour to the sources of the Niger, and witnessing, in a second expedition, the death of his brother, he settled in the Great Metropolis where he remained until his death, on the 16th of last November. The services rendered to geographical science, by the Landers, are too recent to require a particular recapitulation. The British government having determined, in the year 1829, to send out an expedition to explore the source or termination of the Niger, Richard Lander volunteered for the undertaking, accompanied by his brother John, who was alike influenced by a laudible desire of assisting his brother and visiting Africa. The narrative of the expedition was published on their return in 1832, and re-published by the Harpers of this city. Their perilous adventures excited the deepest interest. The brothers soon afterwards

entered upon another expedition to the same quarter, the termination of which the elder brother, Richard, did not survive. John fell a victim to a pulmonary complaint, engendered by his labors in the promotion of science. He left a family with nothing more than such temporary provision as his prudence may have secured out of his salary as a junior clerk in the Custom House. This appointment was given to him by the earl of Ripon, as a reward for the successful termination of the African expedition, in which that nobleman took a most patriotic interest. Though possessed of considerable literary talent, John Lander was unpretending and inoffensive in his demeanor.

**WILLIAM DUNLAP.**—This veteran author and artist died in this city in August last. He at a very early age directed his attention to painting, and though he never attained the highest rank in his profession, many of his productions were highly respectable. His portrait of "Washington" is the oldest picture of the father of his country in existence, and his "Christ Rejected" and "Crucifixion," from designs by West, possess considerable merit. Besides these works he painted a large number of portraits, and furnished designs for illustrations of Cooper's "Spy" and several other American productions. Mr. Dunlap did much for the elevation of the drama in America, in which he always felt a warm interest. He was for many years manager of the John street theatre, and for a time of the Park. He wrote several plays, and dramatized a large number of contemporary romances. But his reputation does not rest on the productions of his pencil, his character as a manager, or the slight literary efforts to which we have above alluded. His works in every department of literature are numerous and valuable. He wrote memoirs of Charles Brockden Brown and of George Frederick Cooke, and histories of the American Stage, and of the Arts of Design in the United States. In 1834 he published a novel, the Cold-Water Man, and about four years ago a valuable compend of the history of this state, for schools. A work on which he bestowed a vast amount of labor, was a history of New-York, the first volume of which was published in 1838, and the last, since his decease. It is of great value, containing many new facts, derived from original sources; and though not a model of historic writing, it is an important addition to the stock of materials from which the future annalist will derive information. Mr. Dunlap was an acute and a patient investigator and to the end of his life his mind retained its vigor and its clearness unimpaired. His conversational powers were remarkable; his memory was prolific of anecdote and adventure, and few were more interesting companions, or more respected and admired by friends.

**MATHEW CAREY.**—The name of this veteran author and publisher has been for a long time familiar to almost every reader in America. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country immediately after the close of the revolution, and settled in Philadelphia, where, by the exercise of his abilities, and his persevering industry, he in a short time acquired wealth and an enviable reputation. Though eminent as a writer,

and well known for his participation in almost every political discussion of the last half century, Mr. Carey was most celebrated as a philanthropist. The streams of private charity were continually flowing from his hand, and his list of pensioners swelled to a number that was almost beyond the means of individual bounty, yet none went empty away. The cry of the poor, the widow, and the orphan, was never in vain at the door. He regarded with deep interest the efforts of the young in business, and never failed to lend his aid to those who asked his advice, and apparently deserved his approval and assistance. He died on the 16th of Sept. in the 81st year of his age, from injuries received in falling from his carriage, a few days previous.

**M. LAFONT.**—This celebrated violinist was a native of Thoulouse, where his father was an eminent advocate. He distinguished himself by his musical talents at a very early age; and, after a course of study, he became one of the greatest performers of the age. The veteran Berton gave him instructions in composition, and Garat in vocal music—two branches of the art which are too little attended to by instrumental performers, but which give those who do attend to them a very decided advantage over those who do not. Lafont, notwithstanding his advanced age, continued to perform with all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, and during the early part of last year, gave a public concert in Paris, which he jocularly called his last, little dreaming how truly he spoke—he composed a great quantity of music for his instrument, consisting of concertos, airs with variations, and duets for the violin and piano. These compositions are admirable. He died on the 23d of August, by a fall from a diligence, while traveling near Bagnares.

**REV. DR. ALLISON.**—Archibald Allison, L. L. D. D. D. F. R. S. etc. died in Edinburg, Scotland, on the seventh day of August last, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was the author of many works of a theological character, and of "An Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste," which has been extensively popular.

**JOHN GALT.**—The most popular of the Scottish novelists, next to the author of Waverly, died at Greenock, on the eleventh of April, aged sixty. In early life Galt was a merchant in London, but not meeting with the success which he had anticipated, he retired from business, traveled through the south of Europe, and on his return to England published his "Voyages and Travels" in three quarto volumes. Soon after he was appointed agent of the Canada Company, and came to America; but disappointed in his expectations, he remained but a short time in the Provinces, and returned to London, where he published his "Lawrie Todd," in which he shadowed forth the adventures of Mr. Grant Thornton, "seedsman and florist" of New-York. His most popular works are his pictures of Scottish life and manners, which won for him a reputation in his own country, second only to that of Scott. His "Annals of the Parish," exquisite by the force of its homely simplicity, and "The Prevost," "The Spewife," "The Last of the Lairds," "The Ayrshire Legatees," "The Entail," "The Majola," "Sir Andrew Wylie," and other novels, are all remarkable for a quaint-

ness of phrase and dialogue which places him apart from all other Scottish novelists. Among his other writings are several volumes of travels, memoirs of Byron, Benjamin West, and Cardinal Wolsey, and "Agamemnon," "Magdalen," and several other tragedies. He was a man of great conversational powers, frank in his manners and universally respected for the purity of his life as much as for his fine capacities.

[Concluded in our next.]

## MISCELLANY.

### THE CROWN OF OLD AGE.

WHEREFORE should man not honor him the Creator honors? Upon the wise and virtuous head, gray hair is a beautiful crown.

Three old men celebrated together their jubilees and recounted to their children, by, what means they had become so aged.

The one, a teacher and priest, spoke, "Never was I troubled by the length of the way, when I went forth to teach. Never did I, on my way, ambitiously step over the heads of youth, and never did I lift up my hands for a blessing, without, in deed and in truth, blessing and praising God; therefore have I become old."

The other, a merchant, said, "Never have I enriched myself, to my neighbor's injury; never has his curse gone with me to my bed, and of my possessions have I freely given to the poor. Therefore has God given me length of years."

The third, a Judge of the nation, said, "Never have I taken a gift; never have I stubbornly maintained my own opinion; in the most trying emergencies I have ever sought first to overcome myself. Therefore has God blessed me with old age."

Then their children and grand-children came before them, kissed their hands, and garlanded them with flowers. And the fathers blessed them and said, "As is your youth, so may your old age be! May your children be to you what you are to us—upon our gray hair a blooming crown of roses."

Old age is a beautiful crown; Man finds it only in the way of Temperance, Justice, and Wisdom.

### HOW TO BE LOVED.

ONE evening Maria's father related in her presence, an anecdote of a little daughter of Dr. Doddridge, which pleased Maria extremely. When this child, about six years old, was asked what made every body love her? she replied, "I don't know indeed, papa, unless it is because I love every body." The beautiful simplicity of this reply struck Maria forcibly. "If this is all that is necessary in order to be loved," thought Maria, "I will soon make every body love me." Her father mentioned a remark of John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great masses, one of happiness, and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add it to that of happiness. "Now," thought Maria, "I will begin to-morrow to try to make every body happy. Instead of thinking all the time about myself, I will ask every min-

ute, what I can do for somebody else. Papa has often told me that this was the best way of being happy myself, and I am determined to try."—*Pastor's Daughter.*

#### POPE'S WILLOW.

We are informed that Mr. Custis, of Arlington, has presented to the Hon. J. K. Paulding, to Washington Irving, Esq. and to Mrs. Sigourney, each, a case containing slips from the veritable descendant of Pope's Willow; the slips to be distributed by the distinguished authors above named, and charming poetess, to the most worthy of the literateurs, male and female, in the United States. The history of the descendants of Pope's Willow, implanted in the American soil, is as follows: In 1775, John Park Custis, the father of Mr. C. of Arlington, while on duty as Aid-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief, at the siege of Boston, had an opportunity of showing some civilities to a British officer, made prisoner in a transport. Upon the evacuation of Boston, and march of the American forces towards New-York, the Briton, grateful for the kindnesses he had received, presented to the Aid-de-Camp a small oil skin case, hermetically sealed, containing slips, cut by the officer's own hand, from Pope's Willow, at Twickenham, observing that, as he (the officer) on his embarkation from Europe, had believed that the troubles in America would soon cease, and he should remain, with his regiment, for a good many years in the colonies, he had brought over the willow to adorn some little establishment he proposed to purchase in the vicinity of Boston, and thus implant the descendants of the great poet's favorite tree, in the western hemisphere. On his return from head quarters, Mr. Custis brought with him, in his portmanteau, the British officer's interesting present, and, sixty-five years ago planted the Willow of Twickenham on the banks of the Potomac, some magnificent specimens from which are now flourishing near Arlington house. The weeping willow is said to be of Asiatic origin, and was first introduced in England from a slip found in a package of Smyrna figs. When Pope's Willow decayed, it was dug up by the roots, and conveyed into the Grotto, and innumerable were the relics cut from the lifeless substance, to be preserved in veneration of the illustrious bard.

#### SPEAKING TOO SOON.

THE Paris correspondent of the New-York Star relates the following anecdote:—

One of the wealthiest bankers here has an only son, not very handsome, but a clever and even a fashionable man. Well he had the pleasure of wooing a fair lady and of winning her. The *Corbille* was ordered to the bride's house, and a rich one it was. The Diamonds alone were worth 100,000 francs. The friends of the bride elect came to see it on the morn of the marriage, and great was their admiration. The gentleman retired to an adjacent room—to think on his coming happiness, perhaps—and was hidden in the recess of a bow window, when two or three of the bridesmaids came in. They did not see our hero, and began chattering away to this tune. Well, it is a handsome *corbelle*, and Louise will be very happy with so liberal a husband!

So she ought to be, said the other, "but do you know what she told, just now?" "No, what was it?" "Why, she said that she should like the *corbelle* much better without such a lover than with him?" "*Fi donc mechere*, she never could have said that?" "Well, here she comes, and I shall ask her. Come here my dear Louise—did not you say just now that you would prefer the *corbelle* without the husband?" "Yes," said the fair Louise, "I did say so." "My service to you, Mademoiselle," said the gentleman, as he stepped forward, "but you shall have neither." So saying, he quitted the room, went into the next apartment, quietly put his sumptuous bridal gifts into the box they had been brought in, turned the key, called to one of his servants, to carry it away, made his bow, and *exit*!

#### POPULARITY.

THERE is one species of popularity, and only one, which may be truly prized. It is that of which Lord Mansfield spoke, when in the celebrated case of the King against Wilkes, he exclaimed: "I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuits of noble ends by noble means: I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong, to gain huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come forth from the press:—I will not avoid doing that which I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels, all that falsehood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded people can swallow."

#### MARRYING FOR MONEY.

I NEVER knew a marriage expressly for money that did not end unhappily. Yet, managing mothers, and heartless daughters, are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have a free choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry because they think they shall not have a better chance and dread being dependent.—Such marriages no doubt prove tolerably comfortable; but a great number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my own observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.—*Mrs. Child.*

#### SELF-ESTEEM.

DR. ADAM SMITH in his theory of Moral Sentiments, remarks that it is better on the whole for an individual to have too little of this feeling; because if we pretend to more than we are entitled to, the world will give us credit for at least what we possess; whereas, if we pretend to less, we shall be taken at our word, and mankind will rarely have the justice to raise us to the true level.

LOVE OF APPROBATION.—Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertained of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them: The fear of being thought vulgar is the moral hydrophobia of the day. Our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

A BOLD FELLOW.—Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers "who behaved the most intrepidly during the contest?" The preference was unanimously given to himself. "You are all mistaken," replied the King; "the boldest fellow was a fifer, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease nor vary a note the whole time."

ANECDOTE.—An old gentleman of eighty years having taken to the altar a young damsel of about sixteen, the clergyman said to him, "The font is at the other end of the church." "What do I want of the font?" inquired the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

A SET-DOWN.—Swift was one day in company with a young coxcomb, who rose with some conceited gesticulation, and with a confident air said, "I would have you to know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you indeed?" said the Dean; "then take my advice, and set down again."

A SCHOOL exercise was given to a student at a Westminster school; the word was Saratoga. On which he immediately wrote an epigrammatic couplet in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

Burgoyne, alas! unknown by future fates,  
Could force himself through Woods  
But not through GATES.

PATRIOTIC.—"I suppose," said one elector to another, "you're going for ———, as you did before?" "I don't think I am," said the other, "The beef wasn't dressed to my mind at his last election dinner."

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Barrytown, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. D. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Danby 4 Corners, Vt. \$1.00; J. B. Auburn, N. Y. \$3.00; J. B. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; S. R. Binghampton, N. Y. \$1.00; C. A. S. Marion, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. W. St. Louis, Mo. \$1.00; C. G. C. Nantucket, Ms. \$1.00; J. M. D. C. Newark, N. J. \$1.00; E. E. S. Lansingburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. C. Chittenango, N. Y. \$1.00; M. N. Big Brook, N. Y. \$1.00.

New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st, 2d, and 14th.

#### NOTICE.

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. D. Ackly, Mr. John Moores to Miss Rachel H. Townsend, all of this city. On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Charles W. Moores to Miss Susan Ann Mallory, all of this city. At the same time, by the same, Mr. Alfred Jenkins, of New-York, to Miss Harriet Mallory, of this city. On the 29th ult. by the same, Mr. Hiram Morrison, of this city, to Miss Catharine Brandon, formerly of New-York. On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Langdon, Mr. Walter Strong, of New-York, to Miss Catharine Carpenter, of this city. At Stamfordville, N. Y. on the 18th ult. Aaron C. Macy, of this city, to Jane, daughter of Capt. Griffen Williamson, of the former place.

#### NOTICE.

In this city, on the 23d ult. Jane Ann Kenyon, in her 45th year. On the 26th ult. Mrs. Lydia Swain, in her 81st year. On the 26th ult. Mrs. Deborah Terry, in her 46th year. At St. Jago de Cuba, Dr. G. A. Van Dyke, son-in-law of Maj. J. M. De Cijet, formerly of this city. On the 27th ult. Gertrude, wife of William H. Burden, in the 19th year of her age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.  
MY HOME.

*Written while Visiting at S—.*

My home—it is far away,  
Where the hollow winds of evening sigh,  
When the thickening clouds o'er the azure sky,  
Tell of a storm that is hovering nigh,  
That will mantle the earth with gray.

My home—true love is there—  
And more than the frosts that nip the bright green,  
The thoughts of the absent one shadow the scene,  
At eventide when the fond group are seen  
Around the altar of prayer.

My home—it quietly smiles—  
And though far from the city and crowd of the great,  
'Tis not one of those homes where envy and hate,  
Have destroyed all the sweets which the fireside  
await,  
Where friendship the evening beguiles.

My home—'tis a rural retreat,  
Where the lily and pink, and the roses combine,  
To shed round their fragrance when summer skies  
shine,  
Or to form a gay chaplet youth's brow to entwine,  
When with pleasure his heart is replete.

My home—may it always be blest,  
With plenty and health, with love and delight;  
And, breathed from the couch of the weary at night,  
Let devotion's pure incense the angels invite,  
To protect the low pillow of rest.

My home—I must leave it and die—  
When the charms which have rendered it lovely  
depart,  
When the eye shall have faded, and chilled be the  
heart,  
And in death the loved inmates in bitterness part,  
May it change to a home in the sky. S. B.

For the Rural Repository.

## ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED SISTER.

Oh! sister dear and art thou gone?  
And is thy gentle spirit flown  
To the abodes of peace and joy,  
Where blissful pleasures never cloy?

Are those heavenly eyes forever closed?  
Bright as a dew-drop on a rose,  
They lately sparkled and bespoke,  
A heart oft wounded yet not broke.

When fortune frowned thou sweetly smiled,  
And with a spirit meek and mild,  
Didst drink the bitter cup of woe,  
Knowing from whence the draught did flow.

Like me, an exile thou became,  
And left thy home, oh! sacred name!  
Name to my heart forever dear.  
Cherished with many a bitter tear.

With thee, loved one, oft have I trod,  
The mossy bank and grassy sod,  
Together culled the sweet wild flowers,  
While rapid fled the happy hours.

Nor thought how soon 'twould be our lot,  
To leave that charming rural spot,

Strangers become, with strangers live,  
The scrutinizing glance receive,

That chills the heart to virtue true—  
I've felt it oft, and so have you,  
But thou wilt never feel it more,  
Thy race is run, thy home secure.

And when a few more sands have run,  
My days on earth will too be done,  
And may I meet thee on that shore,  
Where many friends have gone before.

Hudson, May 1, 1840.

A.

THE following lines, with which we have been favored by a friend, are the production of the lady of President Holley, and were written on the occasion of their departure for Europe. Mr. Holley, it will be recollected, resigned his station as President of Transylvania University for the purpose of accompanying several young gentlemen of Kentucky, one of whom is the son of Mr. Clay, in the tour of Europe.—*Rep.*

## ON LEAVING KENTUCKY.

FAREWELL to the land in which broad rivers flow,  
And vast prairies bloom as in Eden's young day;  
Farewell to the land in which lofty trees grow,  
And the vine and the mistletoe's empire display!

Farewell to the land at whose call I deserted  
A dearly loved home and the place of my birth?  
In sorrow I met thee, with eyes half averted:  
In sorrow I quit thee, thou bright spot of earth;

Thou land of my sojourn a brief term of years,  
As a step-child I love thee for kindness oft shown;  
And as dim in the distance the blue mist appears,  
My heart's warm emotions thy power shall own.

With the wide world to rove as in life's early day,  
But with spirit less buoyant as chastened by time,  
Reflecting in sadness I tread the lone way,  
With no home in the vista on which to recline.

Farewell, halls of science, where learning long strove  
To maintain her dominion o'er minds wild and free!  
May your seats still the triumph of intellect prove,  
And your sons, of the state the bright ornaments be!

Shrubs and trees, which I've planted and nurtured  
with care,  
Geraniums, roses, and myrtles, adieu!  
Who your first fruits and flowers hereafter will  
share,  
And who will e'er show such devotion to you?

Should the rude or the thoughtless invade your  
domain,  
And ravage the scenes where my fancy will dwell,  
Who then with new beauty will clothe you again,  
And who will protect your young buds as they swell?

To the church too farewell, where in weekly devotion  
My heart and my voice in full unison were  
With the organ's deep tones, as with lively emotion  
I joined in the concert of praise and of prayer.

But how to the friends, who have cherished me ever,  
Shall I utter the word, or think we must part!  
Let Destiny rule as she chooses, O never  
Shall their sacred remembrance be torn from my  
heart!

May they too forget not they once loved the stranger,  
Whatever her mood was, grave, gay, or serene;  
Though a pilgrim to be, in far countries a ranger,  
She will still love to dwell on the days that have  
been.

In memory's page, let her faults leave no trace,  
Or be with the mantle of kindness veiled o'er:  
If aught good and laudible find there a place,  
Let partial affection still add to the store.

May peace round your dwellings her influence shed,  
And happiness open new treasures for you,  
Till at length from these mansions the spirits have  
fled

And we all to this world bid a final adieu!

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE

## Rural Repository,

17th Volume, (8th New Series,)

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS,

*Devoted to Poetic Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.*

On Saturday, the 30th of June, 1840, will be issued the first number of the *Seventeenth Volume (Eighth New Series)* of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the *Rural Repository*, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

## CONDITIONS.

THE *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The *Seventeenth Volume (Eighth New Series)* will commence on the 30th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum, invariably in advance. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of post age, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes.

No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher,

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1840.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.—The following is an extract from the Regulations of the Post Office department:

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—“A Post Master may enclose money in a letter to the publishers of a newspaper to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself.”

NOTE.—Some subscribers may not be aware of the above regulation. It will be seen that by requesting the Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing subscription money, he will do so upon being satisfied that the letter contains nothing but what refers to the subscription.—*National Intelligencer.*

## Printing Ink,

The Subscriber being agent for T. G. & G. W. Eddy, Waterford, and J. Hastings & Co. West Troy, will keep constantly on hand a general supply of Book and News Ink, at 30, 40 and 50 cts. per lb. for Cash. The Ink is the same as is used for printing this paper, and is Warranted to be as good as any that can be bought elsewhere.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

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VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1840.

NUMBER 25.

## PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.



THE Kings or Sachems, with whom William Penn formed his celebrated treaty, (of which the foregoing cut is an illustration,) were Widaah, alias Orytyagh, and Anddyggy. The stipulations were, that, "in consideration of a parcel of English goods, unto them (the Indians,) given by their friend and brother, William Penn, proprietor and governor of Pennsylvania, they duly granted unto him all the river Susquehanna, and all the islands therein, and all the lands upon both sides of the said river, and next adjoining to the same, extending to the utmost confines of the lands which are, or formerly were, the right of the people or nation called the Susquehanna Indians." This treaty was established, if we mistake not, some time in the year 1682, and forever remained unbroken. Penn, in a letter to the Earl of Sunderland, gives the following description of it:—"In selling me their land, they thus ordered themselves—the king sat in the middle of a half moon, and had his council, the old and wise, on each hand. Behind them, at a little distance, sat the younger fry in the same figure. Having resolved their business, the King ordered one of them to speak to me; he stood up, came to me, and in the name of the king saluted me; then took my hand and told me he was ordered by his king to speak to me, and that what he would say was the king's mind. While he spoke, not a man of them was observed to whisper or smile. When the purchase was made, great promises passed between us of kindness and good neighborhood, and that we must live in love so long as the sun gave light."

According to tradition—for it is not fully sustained by facts—the treaty ground selected by William Penn was under a large elm tree, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. Mr. Watson, the annalist, in describing it, beautifully observes—"There long stood the stately witness of the solemn covenant—a lasting emblem of unbroken faith, pledged without an oath, and never broken."

—While it stood, it was a favorite resort of our citizens; and during the summer, the Methodists and Baptists held their meetings under its shade.

Benjamin West, who left behind him a painting of the treaty, observes, in a letter to a friend, that this tree was held in the highest veneration by the early settlers of the country; and that during the American war, while the British had possession of Philadelphia, it was protected from the axe by a guard of soldiers, ordered out for that purpose by General Simcoe, who had command of the district where it grew. The interest he took in so sacred a relic, was highly creditable to his character. This venerable tree, says Mr. Watson, was blown over on the 3d of March, 1810; the root was wrenched from the ground, and the trunk broken off. This occurred on Saturday night, and on Sunday many hundred of people visited it. It measured twenty-four feet around the trunk; its age was supposed to be two hundred and eighty-three years. The wood, after it had fallen, was preserved as relics; an arm chair was manufactured from it, and presented to Doctor Rush; portions were also forwarded to England. Indeed, we hear of the elm tree in almost every part of the civilized world; and, as Geoffrey Crayon says of the renowned mulberry tree of Shakspeare, there is probably enough extant to build a ship of the line.

Philadelphia, at the period of which we write, was literary a wilderness. There was only a few scattered houses upon the banks of the river at Shackamaxon—the present Kensington—which had been erected by the Quakers. Emigrants who arrived at this time, were obliged to seek shelter in caves, or similar places, until they could build suitable dwellings. The whole neighborhood was comparatively a solitude. The only paths were those trod by the children of the forest, and leading from one wigwam to another. The river, now covered with vessels, was then

rarely disturbed, except by the light canoe of the Indian. But what is the contrast now! Behold our crowded wharves—our spacious streets—our public improvements—our immense population—and ask if there can be any limit to the prosperity of our great and glorious country?

In connection with this subject, it may not be amiss to give an outline of the history of William Penn—our city's founder. He was born in London in 1644. At the age of fifteen he was entered as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, Oxford. He was of a religious temperament, and held devotional meetings with some of the students in private, for which he was finally expelled the college. He then visited France, and became a proficient in the French language. On his return he commenced the study of the law at Lincoln's Inn, of which he was admitted a member. He remained there till his twenty-second year, when he went to Ireland to assume the management of one of his father's estates. While there, he proclaimed his adherence to the cause of the Quakers, notwithstanding its unpopularity and was imprisoned at Cork, but was released through the instrumentality of his friends. At twenty-four he first appeared as minister and author! His first essay of any importance, was entitled "The Sandy Foundation Shaken." For this he was imprisoned seven months in the Tower of London. During his confinement he wrote his celebrated work "No Cross, no Crown;" and finally obtained his release by an exculpatory vindication entitled "Innocence with her open Face." The meetings of all dissenters were, at this period, strictly forbid; but the Quakers, believing it to be their duty to assemble in religious worship, violated the injunction; and Penn, who was in the habit of preaching to them, was committed to Newgate, and indicted for "being present at, and preaching to, an unlawful, seditious, and riotous multitude." A grave charge to be preferred against so quiet and peaceful a sect as the Quakers; Penn, however, pleaded his own cause, and was acquitted. His father, Sir William Penn, died soon after this: the son then traveled, in the exercise of his ministry, into Holland and Germany. In 1672 he married the daughter of Sir William Springett, who was killed at the siege of Bamber, during the civil wars. He returned to Holland and Germany in 1677, in company with George Fox and Robert Barclay, the celebrated apologist, and was enthusiastically received by the friends of religion: at Henvorden, princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, daughter of the King of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James I. of England, gave him a warm and gratifying reception. At his solicitation, in 1681, King Charles II. granted him a province in North America, in consideration of his father's services, and a debt still due from the



crown. Penn, upon his arrival in this country, published a description of the province; and proposed easy terms of settlement to emigrants. He also drew up the fundamental Constitution of Pennsylvania; and in the following year published the frame of government by which the people were not compelled to support any particular church or religion. Thus was liberty of conscience proclaimed to all. Many respectable families removed to the new province, and the town and borough (so called) of Philadelphia (meaning, according to its original Greek sense, *brotherly love*) was located. Penn returned at length to England—wrote a work entitled “The Fruits of Solitude, in Reflexion, and Maxims relating to the conduct of Human Life”—married a second wife—sailed again in 1699 for Pennsylvania—returned in 1701—and discovering that his health was declining, retired to a country seat in Buckinghamshire, where he remained until his death, which took place in 1718.

It may be a matter of gratification to some of your readers to know that the house standing on the south-east corner of Norris' alley and Second street, was the residence of William Penn and family, while acting as Governor and proprietor in 1700. In this house, also, John Penn, “the American,” received his birth—the only one of the race, says Mr. Watson, ever born on this side of the Atlantic.—*Philadelphia Mirror*.

### SELECT TALES.

From the Comic Offering.

#### THE MAN WHO CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLES.

In the dullest part of the dullest county in England, is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of ———. Bless me! I was almost betrayed by the mere force of habit into the imprudence of calling it by its name.

Once on a time there happened to be in this little town a very dull bathing season—every town on the coast beside was full of company; bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers, and pebble-gatherers, yet the luckless town of ——— was comparatively empty. Huge placards with “lodgings to let,” stared every body in the face, from every window in every direction. Things of course were flat, all ranks of people were malecontent. The shop-keepers were croaking, the proprietors of lodging houses in despair; and the few visitors who had ventured thither in hopes of making pleasant acquaintances and dissipating their dullness, were sick of *ennui*. As for that class of incurables, the resident inhabitants, they, for want of better amusement, applied themselves with redoubled ardor to their favorite winter recreations of cards, and the most inveterate scandal of each other.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at ———, when, one very hot day in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that worthy town-corporate. In the dearth of any thing in the news of variety, which was felt so sensibly at ———, the arrival of a stranger would have been considered a seasonable mercy, could he have been approached without the direful risk of contaminating gentility by bringing it in contact with

something beneath it. But this stranger entered the town in so questionable a shape, that the very fourth and fifth caste in ——— stood aloof, holding themselves a peg above him. Even the shop-keepers, mantau makers, and waiters at the taverns felt their noses curl up intuitively at him. The groups of loiterers collected at the inns, passed contemptuous comments on him as he pursued his way, and the few fashionables that were to be seen in the streets, cast supercilious glances of careless superiority upon him, for he was on foot and alone, attired in a coat, waist-coat, and in short, a whole suit, of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper-and-salt colored, with a black silk handkerchief tied about his neck in a nautical style; he wore huge sea boots pulled over his knees, and to complete the picture, carried a large bundle in a red silk handkerchief at the end of a stout oaken cudgel over his shoulder.

Such was his dress; yet to close observers of character there was something wholly out of the common way about the lonely pedestrian. There was that expression of cool determined courage in his large grey eyes, that whatever might be the prevailing sentiments of the community towards him, few would have been bold enough to offer him actual insult, even if he had not grasped so substantial a weapon of offence and defence as the above mentioned stout oaken cudgel, in a hand that betokened such weight of bone and power of muscle.

“I’ll warrant me, Jack, that ’ere fist of his would prove a knock me-down argument,” said a sailor to one of the shipmates, who was intently surveying the stranger.

“Ey, ey my lad, make yourself sure of that,” replied Jack, between whom and the stranger a singular look of recognition had been exchanged, *en passant*.

“He’s a rum sort of a fish, howsomever,” rejoined the first speaker, “and I wonder what wind cast him on this shore; he don’t look like a landsman, for all his pepper-and-salt gear. Mayhap you know somewhat about him, Jack?”

“Mayhap I do,” replied Jack, pursing up his mouth with a look of importance; “but I han’t sailed so many years in the King’s service without learning to keep my own council—aye, or another’s too, on occasion.”

“I’d wager, then, this odd genius is some rascally smuggler that you have fallen along side of, who has given you a gallon of Dutch gin to bribe you to be mum when you see him—and I wouldn’t mind betting a pint that that ’ere bundle of his is full of Injee handkerchers that he has runned ashore, and has now to sell. I’ll just step up and ask him for the first sight of ’em, for I wants a good un.”

“I’d advise you, Ben, my boy, to take another observation of his fist, before you go to crack your jokes on him,” said Jack; and Ben having done so, wisely determined to keep his distance.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savored of a sea-faring life. Even his way of setting on his hat had not the look of a landsman. The air of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle, and trudged along, showed that he considered the opinion of the bystanders as a

matter of perfect indifference. Yet there was that about him which forcibly arrested the attention of every one; people who would not own to themselves that they thought him worth looking at once, nevertheless turned round to look at him again.

The first step he took was to search for lodgings; but these, though readily found, were not so easily obtained. It was in vain that he applied to the proprietors of every lodging house; it seemed as though he carried a bill of exclusion in his face; people shut their doors on his approach, and from the genteel marine villa to the most paltry cabin, he could not find a roof that would afford shelter to him and his bundle. The innkeepers were inexorable, and it appeared doubtful whether he would be permitted to rest the sole of his foot in the hospitable town of ———.

Our pedestrian might have despaired even of obtaining a night’s lodging in a place where the tide of popular opinion seemed to set so dead against him, but he was no sentimental novice; he had passed the meridian of life, and was too well acquainted with mankind not to know that while he could call to his aid a few of those potent magicians called sovereigns, (and most despotic sovereigns they are,) he could insure himself any thing he pleased in the little corporation. In fact, the prudential doubts of its inhabitants, as to the probability of his carrying any metal of that shape and color, in the queerly cut pockets of his thread-bare pepper-and-salts, was the whole and sole cause of his cool reception.

The witness of a sovereign, to which the stranger as a dernier resort appealed, procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshment, at a small public house whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travelers “Good entertainment for man and horse.”

The next morning, being disincumbered of the popular bundle at the end of that oaken cudgel, which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading room.

“It is no use to put down your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here;” was the answer he received from the pert superintendent of this place of fashionable resort.

“Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?” demanded the stranger.

“No, sir, we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir.”

“Persons of my description!” replied the stranger, most emphatically grasping his trusty cudgel, “and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?”

The Jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied—

“Can’t exactly say, sir, but I am sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you.”

“How do you know that, you saucy Jackanapes?” said the stranger becoming a little choleric.

“Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, sir, and never on no account admit persons of your description.”

“But it seems you do not know of what description I am.”

“Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret.”

"What, then, is it whispered about who I am?"  
 "Whispered! Lord, sir, it was in every body's mouth before breakfast."

"And what does that important personage every body say?"

"Oh, sir, that you are a broken down miller, hiding from your creditors." And here he cast a shrewd glance on the thread-bare pepper-and-salts of the stranger. The stranger regarded him for a moment, with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade, and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two or three of those important people who had from time immemorial, invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons in the place. It is hardly possible to suppose such people would condescend to exchange a few remarks with a stranger of whom the only particulars known were that he trudged into town carrying his own bundle, wore a thread-bare suit of pepper-and-salt, and slept at the Golden Lion.

These worthies did not allow him to make their acquaintance, but with an air, as if they dreaded infection, they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distaste the great men of little — evinced for his society, the stranger proceeded to make himself as much at home on the bench as if it had been his inheritance, drew from his pocket a box with an apparatus for igniting a match, lighted a cigar, and smoked for some time with much apparent relish.

At length perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily despatched his cigar, and approaching one of the other benches addressed a few courteous though trifling observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been either of a blasphemous or indelicate nature, they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies, who were alarmed at the liberty the pepper-and-salt colored man had taken, while the gentleman observed with a most aristocratic demeanor, that he labored under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are right, I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error, I crave your pardon and retire."

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied from these specimens of the inhabitants of — that it was no spot for a friendly unknown individual to pitch his tent in, still "the man who carried his own bundle," persevered in his endeavors to find some liberal minded person therein. Yet, from the highest to the lowest, a general feeling of suspicion seemed to pervade the bosoms of all, and the luckless stranger resided in the town a whole week without finding a single reception. Nay, worse reports, still worse than being a bankrupt miller, got afloat.

Mine hostess of the Golden Lion, served up these on dits with all their variations and accompaniments to her guest at his meals, protesting in the true tone of all dealers in such matters, her total disbelief in every thing that was said to

the prejudice of her guest—a guest, who showed so much good taste as to prefer her house, and sufficient honesty to pay for every thing before he consumed it—which to be sure, she prudently added, was the way in which business was always done at the Golden Lion.

"I wonder, then, Mrs. Pagan, that you should do so unhandsome a thing by Jack Smith, 'Tom Balls, and some dozen other of your customers, as to chalk up such enormous scores against them as these," said the stranger, drily, pointing with his oak stick to the hieroglyphics, with which the bar was graced.

"Why, sir, to be sure, these be all 'sponsible persons," stammered Betty Pagan. Her guest muttering to himself as he passed into the street—

"Rather hard that my credit should be worse than that of Jack Smith and 'Tom Balls and the rest of Betty Pagan's customers. Faith, I must be a most suspicious looking fellow. To be sure, reports like these are of a nature to give the death blow to my vanity, if that were a failing to be cured by mortification. I am an ugly dog I am aware, but I did not know that my phiz was ill looking enough to indicate an old smuggler, a broken down miller, [but for that the pepper-and-salts may be thanked,] a fraudulent bankrupt, hiding up from his creditors, a returned convict, and a man, who, having married three wives, had run away from them all!"

The habitual good temper, and light-hearted gaiety of the stranger was ruffled; and there was a compression on his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip-shop the Post Office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters having been sorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter that had not been claimed, which excited general curiosity.

According to invariable diurnal custom, all the town's people who had nothing to do, were assembled in or near the Post Office—those who expected letters to receive them, and those who did not, to take notes of the epistles directed to their neighbors, and obtain, if possible some clue whereby to guess their contents—either from observations of hands or seals, or haply from the expression of the countenance of their recipients, or some hint of exclamation during the perusal.

The unclaimed letter was of a most tempting appearance, sealed, surmounted with a coronet—to the Right Hon. Admiral Lord A—B—, and franked by the Duke of A—. Many were the surmises offered on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his high rank meant to honor them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter, there were plenty disengaged. The most noble duke evidently supposed that his uncle was actually there, and it was impossible for so great a man to make a mistake. Lord A—B— would doubtless arrive that day with his suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season to be able to announce such an arrival in the county papers—the presence of my Lord, was perhaps a prognostic of a visit from the duke and the mighty dutches.

All present were impressed with the necessity of calling an immediate town meeting, to propose presenting him with the freedom of the town, in

a gilt box, which doubtless his Lordship would be polite enough to take for gold. During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town was engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great, as to betray them into the endeavor of forestalling Lord A—B— in reading all that was come-at-able in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of royal readings.

How far the ardor of making discoveries would have carried some of them, I am not prepared to say—perhaps it might have led to felonious attempts on the sanctity of the ducal seal and frank, had not the stranger (who had remained an unnoticed listener in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand, through the large circle) now stepped into the midst, and making a low bow, said—

"Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with that letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me, its rightful owner."

"To you," exclaimed the whole town and corporation, in a single breath, looking unutterable things at the thread-bare pepper-and-salts of the independent individual before them. "We are surprised at your impudence in demanding this letter, which is franked and sealed by the Duke of A—, and addressed to Admiral Lord A—B—."

"I am he, gentlemen," returned the stranger, making a sarcastic obeisance all round. "I see you do not think the son of a Duke can wear such a coat, and carry his own bundle on any occasion. However, I see one within hail who can witness my identity. Here you Jack Braceyard, have you forgotten your old commander?"

"Forgotten your honor! No, no, my Lord," exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. "I know your noble Lordship the moment I seed you; but I remembered your honor's humor too well to spoil sport by saluting, when you thought fit to hoist foreign colors."

"Jack, you are an honest fellow, and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together; and here's another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak. And now gentlemen," continued Lord A—B—, "if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proof?" as he spoke, he produced a bundle of letters, bearing the same superscription.

The post-master immediately handed him the letter and began a string of the most elaborate apologies, which his Lordship did not stay to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of — mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A—B— to apologize for their mistake, and to entreat him to honor their town with his presence the remainder of the season.

Lord A—B— was busily employed in tying up his bundle when the deputation entered, and he continued to adjust it all the time he was speaking. When they concluded, having tightened the last knot, he replied as follows:

"Gentlemen—I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants."

But you will say that I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle—and took up my quarters at a paltry alchouse. Upon my word, it was the only place where you would give me admittance? Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. Gentlemen, I doubt it not; my rank, fortune, and equipage will procure respect any where from people of your way of thinking. But, gentlemen, I am an odd fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain it without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me, while I appeared among you in the light of a poor and most inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality of construction here. And now, gentlemen, I must inform you that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and I would not spend another night in your town, if you would give it to me for nothing; and so I wish you a very good morning."

As his Lordship concluded, he attached his red bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a droll look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of the town with the same air of sturdy independence, that he had trudged in.

The sagacious town and corporation remained thunderstruck with the adventure. However, their conduct in the affair had been too unanimous for recriminating on each other, the blame of this unlucky mistake; so they came to the wise resolution of making the best of a bad business, and digesting the bitter rebuke as well as they might; moreover, they determined that their town should not lose the credit of a visit from so distinguished a personage, and duly announced in the county papers, Lord A—B—'s arrival and departure from the town of —.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE ORPHAN.

There is something in the name of an orphan, that awakes a thrill of deep felt emotion in the heart. Deprived of their natural protectors, thrown upon the cold charity of an unfeeling world, with none to look up to for counsel and support, left to their own resources, oh! how thrilling is the appeal which they make to the sympathy of every feeling heart, and let not the appeal be made in vain; do not return the pure and fresh feelings of the heart, blighted, scared and withered to the fount from whence they sprung. The situation of an orphan is ever interesting, and one that should have the deep and heart-felt sympathy of every kind and generous heart; but it becomes doubly so when that orphan is a female, when to the natural defencelessness of the orphan is added that of woman—those who were bound to her by the ties of nature and affection, whom she looked up to for consolation when sorrow and disappointment cast their shade o'er her heart, are torn from her by the hand of death. Oh! how deeply does she feel the loss of that rich and inexhaustible fount of affection that glows in the breast of a parent, of

the care and protection of a parent's love. When the female thus left alone in the world, looks around her, how sad and lonely seems her fate. She sees her associates, happy in the smiles of a kind father's love, basking in the pure and fathomless fount of affection that glows in the heart of a mother, how thrillingly is she reminded of those loved ones, the light of whose love was ever around her, now when affliction and misfortune assail her. She feels that she has no kind father to cherish and support her, no fond mother on whose sympathising bosom to pillow her aching head; those who would have guarded her from evil with their lives, are now laid low in the grave, and she is left to contend alone with the sorrows and troubles that strew the path of life. Oh! how cold, how lifeless does she find the love of those friends who are left to her, in comparison with the pure and disinterested love of those lost ones; though they may be kind to her, it is not the never ceasing, never wearying affection of a parent, (but if unkind, dark and bitter indeed is her fate,) she feels that she is alone in the world and there is bitter anguish in the thought. She feels a longing in her soul, for some one on whom to pour the rich treasure of her affections—for some kindred heart to sympathise with her, around whom her affections may cling, in whom all her thoughts and hopes may center; and oh! let him on whom she bestows the priceless gem of her love, prize it above every earthly thing, let him value it as a boon which wealth nor power cannot give—let not her confidence in you be misplaced, be unto her in the place of those whom she has lost—reflect that you are all in all to her, that all her hopes of happiness are connected with you, and that a cold look or an unkind word may cause tears of anguish to flow. Oh! wound not her heart by coldness and neglect—destroy the hopes that you have wreathed around her brow, and you will bury her heart beneath them; once let her mind receive the soul agonizing thought that you love her not, and the last link that bound her to happiness is broken, and the cankering worm of despair will dry up the vital current of the heart that loves you. What shall we think of the wretch who can blast the hopes and trifle with the feelings that glow in the heart of an orphan. Of all those beautiful traits of character which make their home in the heart of woman and endear her to us, there is none so sweet, so interesting, as that bright and heart-winning spirit of confidence that glows in her bosom, which shuns the voice of distrust and suspicion that too often throw their darkening shadows o'er the heart of man. It is this confiding spirit that leads her to trust in the truth and fidelity of man, which imparts the bright glow of purity that beams in her own heart to every object around her; call it weakness if you will, it is weakness that would ennoble man, weakness that angels own. It is woman's nature to love, there is ever a deep fount of affection flowing in her heart, with her love has no reserve, in it are centered all the feelings of her heart and soul, and when man becomes the object of that love, it flows in one pure and fathomless channel; rich indeed is the object of this love, with the pure spirit of confidence she stakes her all of happiness on the truth

and constancy of his heart, and blighted be the happiness of that man who can abuse the confidence reposed in him by a fond and confiding spirit—who can return coldness and neglect for the priceless gem of the affections—who can wantonly trifle with the pure and sensitive feelings of a warm heart. May the deep and lasting execrations of every virtuous soul rest on his head—may he become an alien from the voice of sympathy and kindness—may the dark and withering gloom of infamy and contempt enshroud him. There are many, but too many, and I blush for my sex while I write it, who thus cast the blight of disappointment and withered affections around many a pure and noble hearted girl, thus eternally disgracing the name of man. It is not alone the base libertine, who deliberately plans the destruction of female purity and innocence, and with the spirit of a demon gloats over the ruin, he has effected—no, he is not alone in the work of misery; there are many who thoughtlessly and heedless of the consequences to a warm, sensitive and confiding heart, and that heart the orphan's, whose pent up affections deprived of their natural source will be lavished upon him, who with the talismanic power of sympathy causes them to thrill with new life; who by marked attentions and the evident pleasure which he takes in her society, imparts the hope that his is a kindred mind, that his heart inspired by the sympathetic power of love, beats with an answering throb to her own, that she may freely pour forth the rich treasures of her affections upon him. After having thus entwined himself deep in the affections of her heart, he must know if he reflects at all, that all her hopes of happiness center in him, and that he will by destroying those hopes, blast her happiness; but regardless of this he cruelly deserts her whose heart he has filled with bright visions of happiness. Some one more brilliant in beauty or captivating in wit, attracts him, and he leaves her to realize the soul-harrowing fact, that he around whom all the purest and warmest feelings of her heart cling, who has bound himself to her by a thousand fine strung cords of affection, loves her not—that the attentions and smiles which he lavished upon her, and which she in the pure spirit of confidence believed flowed from a heart warmed with the Promethian fires of love, emanated not from the pure and perennial fount of affection, but resulted from mere vanity or from an utter disregard of her feelings and happiness. She had loved, oh! how deeply, and in proportion to the depth of her love is her despair. She had given to him the affections of a warm and pure heart, and they have been cast back upon her, with the blight of disappointment resting upon them. She had launched her bark of happiness and finds it wrecked forever on the ice-bound altar of cold neglect, and indifference.

"Oh! 'tis agony to see the eye,  
Which once hath wept in sorrow for our sadness,  
And beamed upon us in its joy and gladness,  
Which told of constancy that could not die,  
With cold indifference pass us by;  
It is this that stings the feeling soul to madness."

The canker worm of despair draws the life blood of her heart, and with a crushed spirit and a heart blanched and withered, she goes down to the grave, or still worse fate lives on in all the

dark wretchedness and misery of a heart whose affections have been ruthlessly trampled upon—whose hopes have been blasted, and the more than midnight gloom of despair thrown around it. I know there are some who will sneer at this and call it the ravings of an enthusiast, there are those who will talk lightly of the love of woman—will tell you with a smile upon their countenances, and in a tone of exultation of the arts, of the dark perfidy by which they gained the confidence and compassed the ruin of some young and lovely girl—they know not the depth and purity of woman's love. Take from her the power of loving and being loved, and you will destroy the vital source of her happiness. Though surrounded with wealth and luxury, there is a void left in the heart which the world cannot fill. Those who think thus lightly of trampling upon the happiness of woman are incapable of appreciating her worth. As well might we endeavor to unfold at one view to the heathen whose mind has been enshrouded in darkness from his birth, the transcendent beauties of the religion of our Saviour, or expect the blind man to realize the beauties of nature, as for the contemner of the female sex to see the high and noble qualities of her mind—the purity and constancy of the feelings that are enshrined in the heart of woman—he has long been dead to every pure and generous feeling, to all that elevates and ennobles human nature—he has immersed himself deep in the dark and murky waters of selfishness—has surrounded himself with a barrier which purity and innocence cannot cross. And can he who has thus wrecked the happiness of a pure hearted girl, excuse himself by saying that he did not design it, that his attentions were not given to gain her affections, but were induced by friendship, or from a love of pleasing, or that they were thoughtlessly given, without any motive. Dare he plead any or all of these motives to free himself from the stain that is resting upon his soul? Can he thus easily drown the voice of conscience? No, believe it not.

What though you never told that poor orphan girl in words, that you loved her, was not the language of your actions and looks whether intentional or not, stronger than words? Should you have been thus thoughtless and heedless of conduct that might destroy the happiness of a fellow being? 'Tis true, you may not have, with the foul hearted malignity of the libertine, designed your attentions as a lure to the destruction of the happiness of her who confided in you. Though you sought not to sink her character in the shades of infamy, and her fair fame is pure as the snows of heaven—though the deep moral turpitude that rests on the soul of the libertine, may not be yours—yet think not that the sacred affections of the heart are to be thoughtlessly sported with, the happiness of a pure and confiding heart blasted, and the hour of retribution not come. The voice of her whose happiness you have wrecked, will ever ring, sounding the death-knell of joy to your heart, unless that heart be so deeply encrusted with selfishness as to be deaf to the voice of conscience; though the world may think lightly of, and overlook your conduct, be assured God will not, and deeply engraven on the book of fate will be found the name of him

who has trifled wantonly or thoughtlessly with the affections, blasted the hopes and wounded the heart of the Orphan.

GERALD.

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### THE DEAD OF THE LAST YEAR.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

[Concluded.]

**CARDINAL FESCH.**—Cardinal Joseph Fesch was born in Ajaccio, in 1762, and was half brother to Letitia Romalain, the mother of Napoleon. In 1792, he was consecrated arch-bishop of Lyons by the pope's legate, and in the succeeding year made a cardinal. In 1804, as ambassador from the Holy See, at the French court, he accompanied the pope to Paris, and assisted in the coronation of the emperor. In 1810, he was elected president of the sacred Council at Paris and vigorously opposed all Napoleon's schemes against the court of Rome. In consequence of this opposition, he was compelled to retire to Lyons, where he remained until 1814, when, after many vicissitudes, he reached Rome, and was received with distinguished favor by his old friend, Pius, VII. During Napoleon's reign of a hundred days he went to Paris, and was made a member of the Chamber of Peers; but at the end of the brief dominion of the emperor, he returned to the papal court and there remained until his death. He was kind and affable to strangers, tolerant to men of opposite belief, constantly endeavoring to promote the happiness of those around him. He was a liberal patron of the arts, and his picture gallery was the finest to be found in the possession of any single individual in Europe. It filled three entire stories in the great palace in which the cardinal resided, and contained more than two thousand pictures, many of which were *chef d'œuvres* of the Flemish and Dutch schools and by the most celebrated Italian masters. It was left to Joseph Bonaparte, Count Surville, with a request that it should be kept together. It has been estimated to be worth three millions of dollars, and the king of France has offered its present owner for it five millions of francs and the charges of its transportation. Joseph Bonaparte is now absent from this country principally to attend to this legacy. The cardinal died in Rome, on the eleventh of May.

**REV. DR. FISK.**—The Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D. president of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. died on the twenty eighth of February, aged forty-six. He was born in Lyndon, Vermont, and educated at Brown University, where he graduated in 1815. In 1835-6 he travelled through Europe, and in 1838 published his journal, which has been very generally read and admired. He was a bishop elect of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but had not been consecrated to that office. He entered the ministry soon after he graduated, and to the time of his death was one of the brightest ornaments of the American pulpit. Learned, ardent, eloquent, no one was better fitted to advance a great moral enterprise.

**FERNANDO PAER.**—This celebrated composer died in Paris on the third day of May. He displayed a passion for music at a very early age,

and when only ten years old, wrote an opera entitled "Cierce," which was successfully produced at Milan. After the battle of Jena he was taken into the family of the Emperor Napoleon, whom he followed to Warsaw and subsequently to Paris, where he was for some years the associate of Rossini in the musical directorship. Paer composed a great number of works, performed successfully in France, Germany, and Italy. Among the most celebrated are the operas of *Griseldi*, *Camilla*, and *Agnese*. He was among the few composers equally successful in serious and comic music. His pieces are distinguished by a lively and often deep expression and feeling, and a great knowledge of dramatic effect. His remains were borne to Pere la Chaise by Auber, Mayerbeer, Cherubini, and other eminent artists.

**DR. COOPER.**—Very few persons have attracted more attention in this country during the last half century than the late Dr. Thomas Cooper, of South Carolina. His learning was varied and profound, and there is scarcely any department of intellectual exertion with which his name is not connected. He wrote on political economy, medical jurisprudence, civil law, theology, and almost every great moral or political question agitated during his time; translated Broussais, Justinian, and other authors, and was distinguished for his acquaintance with contemporary literature. At one time he was Professor of Chemistry in the college at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and he subsequently filled the same chair in the University of South Carolina, of which institution he was made president on the death of Dr. Maxon, his immediate predecessor.

Dr. Cooper was a native of England. He was educated at Oxford, and left that university to unite with the party which supported the French revolution. In a controversy with Edmund Burke he displayed great enthusiasm and scholarship; and, on the decline of the Gallican party in England, came to America, with Dr. Priestly, with whom he associated until the close of the life of that eminent person. At the time of his death, which took place on the eleventh of May, he was engaged in the collection and digestion of the statutes of South Carolina, four volumes of which had been published. The predominant error of Dr. Cooper's life, was his too ardent zeal in the propagation of his anti-christian belief. Like Gibbon, he was hardly able to discuss any subject without interweaving into his argument some puerile slander, directed against the Christian religion; and this characteristic of its president well nigh ruined the university which his great attainments would otherwise have placed among the most successful in America.

**ROBERT MILLHOUSE.**—This "Poet of the Poor" died in Nottingham, England, on the twenty-first of April, in the fifty-second year of his age. He acquired the rudiments of his education in a Sunday-school, the poverty of his parents precluding other facilities, and at an early age was apprenticed to a weaver, whom he left when twenty-one years old, and enlisted in the militia of the county. While with his regiment he made his first essays in poetry, and on the expiration of his term of service devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits. "The Destinies of Man"

is his most important work, and it will preserve his name as one of the poets of England.

**THEODORE SEDGWICK.**—Among the many eminent persons who died during the last year, few were more generally or more deeply lamented than Theodore Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. For several years he followed the legal profession with distinguished success in Albany. In 1825 he retired to his native country, and, until his death, participated in the various political controversies of the period, always commanding a high degree of popularity by the purity of his life and his elevated patriotism. His reputation will be conveyed to posterity by his admirable works on public and private economy, in which he gave the result of much observation and thought, in a popular manner. He died on the seventh of November, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

**THE DUKE OF BASSANO.**—Hughes Bernard Maret, duke of Bassano, was the son of an apothecary of Dijon, where he was born in 1763. He was originally intended for the army, but circumstances of a domestic nature induced him to devote his attention to the study of the law, and he was sent to Paris to complete his education. Soon after his advent in that city, he commenced the publication of a periodical, similar in character to Woodfall's Parliamentary Register, which after a year or two, he discontinued, and established the *Moniteur*, which continues to be one of the leading journals of the continent, and has for more than forty years been the official gazette of France. As an editor, M. Maret was distinguished for his extraordinary industry and devotion, and he rapidly rose to eminence. His diplomatic career commenced in 1792, at Ham-burgh, as Secretary of Legation, and he afterward represented the French government at most of the European courts. In 1799 he was made secretary general to the consulate, and in the succeeding year, secretary of state. In 1811 he was created duke of Bassano, and succeeded Champagny as minister for foreign affairs. The Abbe de Pradt, after visiting him in his bureau, exclaimed, "Is this indeed the Maret whom we have seen in all the stages of the revolution, from the reporter's gallery in the first assembly, up to the highest dignities of the imperial ministry, and who puzzles mankind with the problem of what may be the intrinsic value of a newspaper editor turned minister of the state?" Maret stood high in confidence of the emperor, whom he served with energy and an entire devotion, till the night closed over the field of Waterloo. In that memorable battle he narrowly escaped capture by a party of Prussians. After a five years banishment, he received permission to end his days in his native country, and he resided on his estate in Burgundy, occasionally visiting Paris, until his death, which took place on the 10th of June last year.

**ROBERT BURTS.**—This gentleman died in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the twenty-second of November aged twenty-four years. He was author of a naval story, in two volumes, published last year, entitled "The Scourage of the Ocean;" of "Jack Marlinspike's Yarn," and of many creditable contributions to various literary journals. Few men of his age ever wrote more; and his

productions gave promise that in the maturity of his mind he would successfully rival his most popular competitors in the field he had chosen. He was a midshipman in the United States Navy.

**M. MICHAUD.**—This celebrated scholar and writer died at Paris on the first of October, at an advanced age. He was for a great many years editor of the *Quotodienne*, and he wrote a number of essays in almost every department of thinking. His "History of the Crusades" is a work of great popularity, and distinguished for originality and research.

## MISCELLANY.

### SINGULAR BEQUEST:

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR J. MACDONELL.

A FRIEND has related to us an anecdote illustrative not only of the high opinion entertained by his Grace of this distinguished General, but of the delicate generosity displayed by Sir James to a non-commissioned officer of his regiment. Some three years ago, the Duke of Wellington was waited upon at Apsley House, by two gentlemen, who announced to him that, as executors of the will of a deceased friend of eccentric habits, who had left £500 to the bravest man in the British army, they called for the purpose of handing to his Grace a check for that amount; being fully satisfied that in so doing they should religiously fulfil the duty imposed on them by the testator. The Duke thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, but resolutely declined to receive the money; alleging that the British army contained many as brave men as himself. After several pressing remonstrances, his Grace's visitors earnestly requested that he would consent to become arbitrator in the matter, and indicate the individual on whom the bequest should be conferred. To this appeal he acceded; promising, in the course of two or three days, to give the matter his consideration, and report to them the result. At the appointed time they again made their appearance at Apsley House. The Duke received them with great courtesy; but assured them that he had found the task a great deal more difficult than he had anticipated. After enumerating to them the various battles in which he had been engaged, and some of the most striking feats of heroism he had witnessed, he suggested that, if they had no objection, he would make his selection from the battle of Waterloo; that being the last, and greatest, and most important action of the war.

This point being adjusted, his Grace proceeded to state that Huguemont having been the key to his entire position, and that post having been defended not only with the most complete success, but with the most chivalrous bravery, by Major General Sir James Macdonell, who commanded there, he could point out no one so fully entitled to the legacy as that officer. The executors repaired accordingly to Sir James Macdonell, and having acquainted him with the decision of the Duke of Wellington, tendered him the money. Sir James expressed himself highly flattered by so distinguished a mark of his Grace's approval, and observed, that although he should not attempt to dispute altogether the propriety of his

decision, yet, as he knew a man who had conducted himself with at least equal gallantry in the same battle, he must insist on sharing the prize with him. He then went on to say, that at one period of the day the French troops rushed upon Huguemont with such irresistible force that the gates of the farm were burst open, and, for a moment, the fate of the position appeared doubtful, when a powerful sergeant-major of the Coldstream Guards, of the name of Frazer, assisted him in closing the gates, which they did by dint of sheer physical strength, upon the enemy. Shortly afterward, the French were driven back with great slaughter, and the fate of Huguemont was decided. Sir James added that the Duke of Wellington had evidently selected him because he was able to make good a post which was a key to his position; and he could not, on the same principle, withhold from the gallant soldier, who assisted him at so critical a moment in forcing out the enemy, his proper share of the reward. He would, therefore, accept £500, and divide it with Sergeant Major Frazer, to whom he accordingly paid £250 of the money.—*United Service Journal*.

### MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

No doubt it was a grand affair. Where a whole nation, powerful and wealthy, take pride in being taxed for all the gorgeous display of royalty, the queen should gratify that pride to its utmost extent. Besides, it was a lady; and a century and a half had elapsed since a female sovereign had reigned in England. It was undoubtedly a magnificent spectacle; the splendor of the dresses, the galaxy of beauty and chivalry present, the coronets of jewels, the massy gold plate on the altar, the marriage ceremony, always imposing, and the full swell of the chapel organ, the roar of artillery, and the shouts of the million, combined to render such an event of deep and abiding interest. Yet in our republic, what is all this to us beyond the gratification of a reasonable curiosity? Here all our ladies are queens—they reign in our hearts, all who deserve to reign; and all can deserve to reign if they so please. How much happier are they, if they knew it, than the royal maiden, who in such regal magnificence plighted her faith to the man of her heart! Can a crown, wealth, power, splendor bring ease of mind? She is the creature of art and etiquette. She neither thinks, speaks, eats nor sleeps, as any other woman; all are form and ceremony, immemorial usage and stern custom. How much happier is the rustic maid who, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, romps on the green with her companions, in all the glow of health and innocence, and goes to church with her bridegroom in her plain silk dress, and there vows to "love, honor and obey," without coronets, or a flourish of trumpets!

"Uneasy is the head that wears a crown."

When we look to the history of England and her queens, what a melancholy page it is to contemplate! What became of Anne Boleyn, the beautiful queen of the Eighth Harry? Go to the Tower, and pass your finger along the edge of the axe which cut off her fair head, and shudder while you contemplate it. Where is Lady Jane Grey,



whose youth, beauty, learning, and sweetness of temper, plead trumpet-tongued in her behalf, but which did not save her from the scaffold? Where is Mary of Scotland, the child of romance and the spirit of poetry—a headless trunk she lies in the Abbey! Such is the fate of those who have the misfortune to be born queens. Rebellious and factious subjects select them as the most conspicuous objects, and almost the first on whom real or imaginary wrongs are to be redressed. Watched, cheated, and betrayed; surrounded by intrigues and hollow-hearted courtiers and flatterers; no wonder the queen determines to wed, and thus attain what she has a right to expect, a true friend and protector. May she realize all her hopes and wishes, for she needs consolation and comfort amidst all the glory of her kingdom.—*New-York Mirror*.

### GOD'S PATIENCE.

LET us imitate God's patience in our own to others. He is unlike God that is hurried with an unruly impetus to punish others for wronging him. The consideration of Divine patience should make us square ourselves according to that pattern. God hath exercised a long-suffering from the fall of Adam to this minute on innumerable subjects, and shall we be transported with desire of revenge upon a single injury? If God were not slow to wrath, a sinful world had been long ago torn up from the foundation. And if revenge should be exercised by all men against their enemies, what man should have been alive, since there is not a man without an enemy? If every man were like Saul, breathing out threatenings, the world would not only be an Aeldama but a desert. How distant are they from the nature of God, who are in a flame upon every slight provocation from the sense of some feeble and imaginary honor, that must bloody their sword for a trifle, and write their revenge in wounds and death. When God hath his glory every day bespattered, yet he keeps his sword in his sheath: what a woe would it be to the world if he drew it upon every affront! This is to be like brutes, dogs, or tigers, that snarl, bite, and devour upon every slight occasion: but to be patient is to be Divine, and to show ourselves acquainted with the disposition of God.—“Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.”—*S. Charnock*.

### LOVE.

THE following eloquent passage is floating about without credit. It is too rich a prize to be passed over without notice. Hacknied as the subject is, it is one in which every body is interested.

“I have seen a bubble blown into its circular and indescribable beauty. On its brilliant surface were painted inimitable pictures of light and life. Graceful clouds floated in the bosom of its mimic sky, and a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and cast all the magic of light and shade over a landscape of the most bewitching splendor. A creation as bright as a poet could imagine, glowed before, but a wave of the air broke the shell of its transitory and beautiful existence, and it was gone. It was like the dream of love. If there is one happy being in creation, it is the lover, in the luxury

of his visionary aspirations—if there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovered a long nourished affection to be mutual. The moon as she rides on in the infinity of space has not a greater influence upon the ocean-tide, than the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down in a state of temporary tranquility—and now bidding it heave and swell by the magic of its viewless power. Without it what would be the world? As a creation without light. Yet possessing it as we do, how does it discompose the soberest plans of reason—how the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath! It is poetry of thought when reason slumbers on her stately throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarcely to be feigned, for it appears in a perpetual halo of soft and witching light, which dazzles while it fascinates the mind's eye. It is to the spirit what sunshine is to flowers, luring the fragrance from its bosom and bringing out all the energies of its young nature, or as the hand of beauty to the slumbering lute, passing over the silent chords till it doth discourse most eloquent music.”

### FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.

“FLORA—ah! dearest Flora—I am come—ah! Flora—I am come to—oh! you can decide my fate—I am come, my Flora—oh!”

“I see you, Malcom, perfectly. You are come you tell me. Interesting intelligence certainly. Well, what next?”

“Oh, Flora! I come to—to—”

“To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?”

“Yes.”

“Well do it like a man if you can, and not like a monkey.”

“Plague take your self possession! exclaimed I, suddenly starting up from my knee, upon which I had fallen in a attitude that might have won the approval of Madame de Maillard Fraser; you make me ashamed of myself.

“Proceed, sir,” said Flora.

“You like brevity, it would seem.”

“Yes,” replied Flora.

“Then—will you marry me?”

“Yes.”

“Will you give me a kiss?”

“You may take one.”

I took the proffered kiss.

“Now this is going to work rationally,” said Flora; “when a thing is to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stuttering and stammering two hours about it? Oh, how cordially do I hate all *nisieseries*! exclaimed the merry maiden, clasping her hands energetically.”

“Well, then,” said I, “humbug apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?”

### THE WINE-VESSEL.

AN Emperor's daughter once said to a sage, “What great abilities are possessed by thee,—and yet how ugly thou art! How great the wisdom in so mean a vessel!”

“Tell me,” answered the sage, “in what vessels do you preserve your wine?” “In earthen,” said she. “And you are so rich! Beg of your

father that he put his wine in silver vessels.”—She did so, and the wine became vinegar.

“Wherefore hast thou persuaded my daughter to such folly?” inquired the Emperor.—The sage explained to him the occasion, and maintained that in one and the same man—Beauty and Wisdom seldom dwell together.

“Ah,” said the Emperor, “still there are beautiful men, who are at the same time learned and wise.” “If they were not beautiful,” continued the sage, “they would probably be more learned and more wise. A handsome man is seldom humble; he thinks of himself, and by that means forgets to learn.”

### HAPPY REPLY.

WASHINGTON once called upon an elderly lady, whose little grand-daughter, at the close of his call, waited on him to the door, and opened it to let him out. The general, with his customary urbanity, thanked her, and laying his hand gently upon her head, said:—“My dear, I wish you a better office.” “Yes, sir—to let you in,” was the prompt and beautiful reply.

THE negroes of Congo affirm that the world was made by the hands of angels, excepting their own country, which the Supreme Being constructed himself; that he took great pains with the inhabitants, and made them very black and beautiful; and when he had finished the first man, he was well pleased with him, and smoothed him over the face; and hence his nose, and the noses of all his descendants; became flat.

WHEN we see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think we, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance: but in the winter of need, they leave us naked. He is a happy man who hath no need of his friends.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. A. C. Salisbury, Ct. \$1.00; S. B. S. Pembroke, N. Y. \$1.00; F. B. West Sand Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; L. C. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; D. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. W. Hartford, Ct. \$1.00; H. C. B. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. D. Plainfield, Ill. \$1.00; L. D. New Hampton, N. H. \$1.00; F. M. Blooming Grove, N. Y. \$1.00.

### Starred,

In this city, on the 5th inst. by William Gaul, Esquire, Dr. H. M. Sweet, of New-York, to Miss Hannah Risenburgh, of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Towner, Mr. William N. Van to Miss Eliza Maria Clapper, all of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Sylvester Macy to Miss Maria Anable all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by his honor the Mayor, Mr. Stephen I. Coffin to Miss Sarah R. Macy, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Langdon, Mr. John Kenyon to Miss Ann Allen, all of this city.

At Canaan, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. Anthony T. Huyck to Miss Emily Carpenter, both of Cummerville, Mass.

At Hilledale, on the 29th ult. by the same, Mr. John G. Terry to Miss Catharine Becker, all of that place.

### Filed,

In this city, on the 5th inst. of Tuberculous Consumption, Mr. Abraham H. Cook, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Clement Hubbell, aged 41 years.

On the 16th inst. Mary Clark, in her 54th year.

In Troy, on the 7th inst. William D. Kellogg, son of Robbins Kellogg, Esq. of West Stockbridge, aged 18 years.

At Cohoes Falls, on the 11th inst. Edward, son of Horace J. and Margaret Paine, in his 2d year.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## LINES.

Written after the death of a Brother at the Far West.

"BROTHER, say, what power impels thee  
Thus to leave thy native land?  
List to what thy sister tells thee,  
Stay and cheer this little band."

"Sister, no—I cannot listen,  
Angels beckon me away;  
I must follow, let me hasten—  
For your sake I cannot stay."

"Brother, think, while memory ranges  
Through the scenes of other years,  
How the many bitter changes  
Oped the fountains of our tears."

"Brother, throw thy arms around me,  
Press me closer to thy heart—  
Think what foes and fears surround me—  
Brother stay—we must not part."

"Sister, O, do not detain me,  
Let me leave this world of pain,  
O, let not thy love enchain me,  
Cease to tempt me back again."

"Farewell earth, thy scenes are vanished,  
On the wings of faith I rise—  
Farewell sorrow, thou art banished  
From the portals of the skies."

"Brother, ah, thy cheek has faded—  
Hushed and still, the stifled groan;  
All my fondest hopes are shaded,  
Thou hast left me here alone."

"Brother, hover round my pillow,  
Whisper comfort to my heart;  
And, beyond death's angry billow  
May we meet no more to part." S. B.

For the Rural Repository.

It is said Queen Elizabeth exclaimed on her death bed,  
"Millions, millions for one inch of time."

ELIZABETH was laid  
Upon a bed of pain,  
Sadly she mourned the moments fled  
That might not come again;  
Vain was the pomp and power—  
The diadem and throne—  
Could they recall one wasted hour,  
Or one brief moment flown?

Thus spake the dying one  
"Must I thus pass away!  
Have ye no spell the soul to bind  
Unto this dying clay!  
Oh! must I—must I, go  
Thus darkly stained with crime!  
Millions of gold, on millions now,  
For but one inch of time!"

Alas! thou hapless one  
Vain is thy bitter cry,  
Vain, thy regret for moments gone,  
No treasure, life can buy.  
Sad—sad it is to pass,  
Thus from the earth away;  
To yield the parting breath at last,  
In such deep misery.

Tears from the languid eye,  
Full oft and quick did start;  
And many a deep and bitter sigh,  
Broke from that fearful heart:  
Pale, was that marble brow,  
Cold was the trembling hand,  
And sadly, thus she passed away  
Unto the spirit land.

Oh! who would wear a crown,  
Thus to lie down and die!  
Woe to the throned, the sceptered one,  
When the pale king is nigh,  
If no bright angel band  
On wings of love are there,  
To bear her to the spirit land  
The peace of Heaven to share. M. E. W.  
May 1, 1840.

From the Lady's Book.

## THE NEEDLE.

"From trifling springs events arise  
Of vast importance," says the poet,  
A truth each day exemplifies,  
And even this little Tale may show it.

A bachelor who long had sought  
Among his neighbors fair a wife,  
With cash, and saving knowledge fraught,  
To gild his sombre day of life,

Was sometime puzzled to decide  
Among three sisters—perfect Graces!  
Which he should take to be his bride—  
Conceit will often make such cases.

It was not sentiment, or beauty,  
Could influence this wary lover,  
A housewife active in her duty,  
Was worth a beauty ten times over.

He liked to have his wrists and collar  
And nice silk stockings well seen after  
And thought a wife not worth a dollar,  
Who could look on with careless laughter,

And see her husband *minus* strings,  
Buttons, gloves, comforters, cigars,  
And twenty other minor things,  
Which being *minus* cause grand jars.

"Well, really this is very shocking,"  
He said, as looking down he spied,  
A failure in his new silk stocking,  
Just over where his shoe was tied.

"I'll see the belles," said he, "this day,  
Clara this recreant loop shall take up,  
And if 'tis well performed I may  
Perhaps this day the matter make up."

He went, and briefly then displayed  
The loop that had forsook its station,  
And softly sighing, begged the aid  
Of Clara's powers of reparation.

Clara smiled sweetly—could no doubt  
Soon rectify the flaw with ease,  
And to her sister Grace cried out,  
"Send me the needle, if you please."

"The needle! sister," cried Miss Grace,  
Coming in hurry from her chamber,  
And standing on the landing-place,  
"Why, Clara, I sure you must remember—"

When I had done with it, I gave it  
To Sister Bell to mend her shoe;  
I'm certain one of you must have it;  
Look well all around the parlor, do."

"One needle amongst three! by Jove  
The man must be a fool—that's clear,  
Or have his wits deranged by love,  
Who hopes to find a help-mate here,"  
Thought he, and drily cried "Don't mind it;  
It can't have vanished under ground,  
Before I call again you'll find it  
I'll wager you a thousand pound."  
Alas! he never called again,  
But led a lonely, single life,  
And frightened all the cautious men  
Who thought of Clara for a wife. M. P.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE

## Rural Repository,

17th Volume, [8th New Series.]

## EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

Devoted to *Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Travelling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.*

On Saturday, the 20th of June, 1840, will be issued the first number of the *Seventeenth Volume (Eighth New Series)* of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the *Rural Repository*, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

## CONDITIONS.

THE *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The *Seventeenth Volume (Eighth New Series)* will commence on the 20th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum, invariably in advance. Any person, who will remit us *Five Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us *Ten Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes.

No subscription received for less than one year. Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher,

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1840.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.—The following is an extract from the Regulations of the Post Office department:

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—"A Post Master may enclose money in a letter to the publishers of a newspaper to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself."

NOTE.—Some subscribers may not be aware of the above regulation. It will be seen that by requesting the Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing subscription money, he will do so upon being satisfied that the letter contains nothing but what refers to the subscription.—*National Intelligencer*.

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

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# RURAL REPOSITORY,

*A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;*

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1840.

NUMBER 26.

## SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies' Repository.

LILY DOUGLAS.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

SWEET Lily Douglas! How would thy soft snowy cheek be crimsoned at the sight of thy gentle name in a book—thyself a heroine! Nay Lily, far be it from me to make thee a heroine, for thy life has been a peaceful and silent, thyself as timid and as lowly as thy own sweet namesake by some valley-fountain; but thy very humility and gentleness have won for thee this tribute, and here shall thy name be registered as a memorial of goodness and beauty.

Ever when the church-bell sounded on a Sabbath morning, a little maiden might be seen gliding gracefully down the slope in front of an elegant little cottage, now and then pausing to pluck a wild geranium or purple foxglove from the pathway, and always stopping at the foot of the hill to break a twig of eglantine. She wore a close straw bonnet, braided by her own little hands, and encircled with a garland of small blush-roses, also wrought by her own taste and industry. Her cambric dress was very white, and her pink shawl always hung gracefully over her sloping shoulders, and about her slender form. She was a lovely little maiden, and her name was Lily Douglas.

In the village church of Elsinore, after the minister had read the Hymn, and the viol had sounded, ever above the green curtain of the gallery was seen a sweet face rising, pale at first as a young snow-drop, but soon softly tinged with a blush of modesty to find itself the center of a multitude of gazers. And in the melting blue eye was ever the light of love and truth, and around the rosy lips ever a quiet smile was resting, and from those lips stole sweet and thrilling tones that penetrated the hearts of the the listeners, and subdued them to the worship of God. That face, that eye, that smile, those tones, belonged to Lily Douglas.

Lily was the only child of a widowed mother—her pride, and joy, and only hope in life. They enjoyed all the elegancies of wealth without any of its ostentation and vanities. They cultivated their minds and hearts, and availed themselves of all the refinements of taste and literature. But dress, and equipage, and pomp of every kind was equally distasteful to both. It was pleasant to step into their parlor on a summer morning, and witness their employments at an hour when the fashionable world is frizzing, and curling, and *rouging* at the toilet. Mrs. Douglas would be found in her rocking chair with her cotton knitting, and Lily on an ottoman at her side, reading the sciences, copying poetry, or sewing

her mother's dress. Sometimes the sweet girl would be surrounded by a group of the village children, teaching them lessons of good, now from a flower, and now from a mineral—sometimes learning them simple hymns, and sometimes making them read poetry with feeling and emphasis. Often her pure brow would be shaded by wreaths of roses and pansies which the little creatures loved to twine for her, and often cherub arms would be found encircling her neck, and infantile carresses sealing themselves upon her lips.

Lily was loved every where and by every body. By the village maidens of her own age and condition, she was affectionately admired without being envied; by the young men her smiles were universally coveted; by the poor she was blessed and prayed for; by the ignorant, revered and consulted. Lily was kind and gentle to every thing—to man, and brute, and flower; to the young and the aged, the rich and the poor, the wise and the simple, the gay and the sorrowing, the good and the evil. She sought after opportunities of conferring blessings; she penetrated the meanest huts, and with her pleasant smiles and tender voice conveyed a beam of hope and feeling to the most abandoned heart. She entered the circles of the gay, and diffused a spirit of purity and piety even there. She joined the worshippers at the sanctuary, and every soul was hallowed by her sweet, devotional sympathy, and the beauty of her sanctified spirit.

And with all the good that Lily performed, wrought she no mischief? I fear she did a little; I fear she caused some hearts to ache which she could not heal—some spirits to sigh which she could not soothe. She went one night to watch over a sick friend—a young girl whom she tenderly loved. The unyielding hand of consumption was upon her life-cords; they were soon to break, and their earthly music to depart forever. Like Lily she was the only daughter of a widowed mother; but that mother, unlike Lily's had a son, and this night he was to share her vigils at his sister's bed.

For a few moments after the patient's mother had retired and left her alone with the brother and the sleeping girl, Lily felt herself painfully embarrassed. The idea of passing a long night in a situation so delicate, so unusual, brought a flush of crimson to her cheek, and her heart beat almost audibly. But the peculiar sanctity of the occasion, the faint, painful breathing of the young sufferer, the sacredness of the relation existing between brother and sister, the sorrow of that manly heart and her own tender grief, all brought their solemnity and reality upon her heart, and she forgot the restraints and timidity of feminine reserve, and spoke to her companion as calmly and frankly as though crowds had been around them.

"Caroline sleeps very painfully; were I not afraid of a relapse of those fearful agonies I would break her slumber. But you, James, must come away from her side; you are not accustomed as I am to scenes like this. Go sit by the window, and draw your thoughts away from sickness and death. Come, my friend, you are very pale—come with me to this window for a moment. There; is not all bright and beautiful above? Tears, and pain, and grief, are not there—sickness can never pass the stars, but Caroline can, and she will be at rest soon. The struggles of her spirit are nearly over—be patient, and we shall find her soon free."

How soft and heavenly sounded that gentle voice to the heart of James Alston. Overpowered by contending emotions, by grief, and struggling faith, and all-conquering love, he leaned his head upon her shoulder and wept—bitterly, yet sweetly wept! She moved not, spoke not, for she felt that his grief was holy; but her frail form shook with the emotion of her heart, and she sobbed—sobbed convulsively, though there were no tears. For a few moments they stood together thus in their grief and unspoken love; but a groan from the sick one aroused them. "Forgive me, Lily—love," half-murmured Alston, as he turned back to the bedside of his sister. She had awaked, and was in violent agonies.

For hours the two watchers hung almost breathless over the dying girl, using every exertion to alleviate her sufferings; but in vain were all their cares, all their kindnesses. Ere morning came, she was in peace; for she slept in the sheltering arms of death. The mother came from her restless bed to imprint a farewell kiss—James and Lily received a low-breathed blessing, and all was over with Caroline forever.

Months passed away, and James and Lily met not save at church, or when occasionally the sweet girl sought his humble home to carry consolation to his mother. He met her there, but it was as they had met in earlier days. He had called her "love" once, but he dared not, or cared not to repeat it. Sometimes his heart beat quick and violently when he met her soft eye fixed tenderly upon him; and when he observed the faint blush steal over her cheek while he addressed her, a gleam of sunshine would pass far down into his soul, and he almost suffered a timid hope to plant itself within his love.

Meanwhile Lily was silently and slowly forming a resolution upon whose results were to depend the happiness and peace of her after life. She resolved upon an interview with James Alston—upon an explanation of feelings and of hopes which lay amid the very fountains of her being. Judge her not harshly, gentle reader; Lily acted always upon the pure impulses of a pure heart, and though she sometimes passed heedlessly by

the rules and restrictions of female etiquette, yet never, on any occasion, did she cast a transient shadow upon the pure native delicacy which characterized all her thoughts and deeds.

She knew that she was beloved—she knew that she loved in return. She knew, also, that until that love was unequivocally revealed, James Alston would feel his own to be hopeless. Why, then, should she not cast aside that maidenly reserve which was the only interdict upon their happiness? Lily felt this to be her duty; and waited only for a favorable opportunity to execute it.

One day she tied on her bonnet with more than usual care, and directed her steps to Mrs. Alston's. The poor woman had been suffering from severe indisposition for several days, and having recovered sufficiently to leave her bed, had sent for Lily to come and sit with her. Lily was very grateful for the opportunity. It was a joy to her to be of comfort to others. James was absent, and did not return till evening; but the afternoon was pleasantly passed in reading and quiet conversation. Mrs. Alston's nerves were tranquilized by the soothing tones of Lily's voice, and the sentiments which it uttered were of peace and christian consolation.

"What a blessed friend you have been to me, Lily, since my darling Caroline died," said the invalid tenderly, to her gentle young nurse; you have been a sweet angel to watch over me, and to cheer me with pleasant words of hope. Heaven will bless you, and grant all your prayers."

"Do you think so, Mrs. Alston?"

"Yes, dear, I am sure of it. One so good must be favored by Heaven."

"Amen!" softly uttered a voice that went far into Lily's soul. She looked up and met the bright beams from a pair of soul-filled eyes—eyes that expressed the gladness which her presence instantly inspired.

"Good evening, James," she said timidly, a soft blush stealing over her cheeks.

"Good evening, Lily," he responded, a flood of joy and tenderness half bearing away his heart. "So it seems you have been acting the guardian angel in my absence. And I have been fortunate enough to return in season to feel the inspiration of the heavenly presence."

"You are complimentary to-night."

"No, I am merely serious, and—frank."

The conversation became less personal, and they gradually recovered from their mutual embarrassment. James was very entertaining—Lily very deeply interested—and Mrs. Alston quiet and thoughtful. Lily at length rose from her seat.

"I must return home, for mother is alone and will be watching for me."

"Not so soon, Lily; pray not quite so soon."

"Dear Mrs. Alston, it is past nine o'clock. But I will come again soon."

"Do, dear girl, and God bless you."

The evening was fine—the moon unwontedly radiant. James drew Lily's arm somewhat closely in his as they stepped from the door. They walked on a little distance in silence.

"It is a very lovely evening," said the maiden.

"Very."

"And is that all? Have you nothing more to say?"

"Much, very much. But I must not speak."

"Why?"

"Oh Lily! dear Lily. Would you could know what is in my heart."

"I do know, James."

"Do know! And speak so kindly? Dear girl, then you pity me, do you not?"

"Not at all."

"Oh Lily, why, why will you not pity me?"

"Because you do not need pity."

James stopped. "I know not whether I may hope or not. Say one word, Lily. If you will not pity me, will you, can you love me?"

"I can, James; I do."

"Then I am blest forever! Oh, my own Lily, heaven bless you for this love. How long, how hopelessly have I coveted it!"

"And yet would not ask for it! Indeed, James, I have half a mind to recall it now."

"Do not, dearest, I beseech you, for I have asked it of God with tears, and long, long prayers. But I am poor, and humble, and all unworthy so priceless a gift. I feared you would but despise me were I to make known my love."

"You should have understood me better, James. Love is not bought by gold, nor elevated by rank. It is the wealth and nobility of the soul, alone, that secures the homage of the affections. And may I say how peerless I deem my friend in this respect?"

"Say, nothing, dearest, but that you love me. I am satisfied—perfectly happy in knowing nothing more."

And the reader need know nothing more; for with hearts so good and so gentle, and with spirits so perfectly attuned, could they be otherwise than richly blessed? They were blest, temporally and spiritually blest; and Lily Alston was as sincerely and universally loved and respected as ever Lily Douglas had been.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

A SKETCH.

It was night—a dark and fearful night. The sun which had arisen in splendor, set in darkness, and gloom. The wild birds of ocean, screaming, winged their way, solitary and swiftly, over the surface of the darkened deep, seeking a place of shelter, from the impending storm. Not a star was to be seen in the firmament; but dark and murky clouds veiled the fair face of heaven, flitting hither and thither, as the fitful gusts of wind swept by, and gathering and breaking into a thousand fantastic shapes. The low rumbling of thunder, like the roar of distant artillery would ever and anon, break upon the ear, and the vivid flashes of lightning, darting across the sky, would light up for a moment the awful scene, and give—

"To pitchy darkness a still deeper hue."

One proud bark might be seen, during these threatenings of the elements, careering its course under bare poles, with fearful rapidity over the surface of the foaming, and agitated deep.

The tornado increased, and swept onward with more awful violence: Æolus and Neptune, seemed

to have conspired together to render this night the most awful which Earth had ever witnessed; the waves rolled mountain high, tossing the ship as if it were a feather upon the bosom of the mighty deep. It was impossible to guide her in her impetuous course. Onward she pressed to destruction. Her crew sent forth shrieks, heart-rending shrieks, but they were unheard amidst the mad raging of the waves, and the loud rushing of the hurricane. The ship and her gallant crew, were fast approaching the rocks on which they stranded. The loud murmurings of the tempest ceased for a moment, as if to be a witness of the dreadful spectacle. They struck—and the gallant ship which had sailed so proudly out of port was a wreck—a total wreck.

"Then rose from sea to sky, the wild farewell;  
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;  
And some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave."

The next swell borne on by the impetuosity of the waves, overwhelmed forever the H\*\*\*\*\*, and her brave crew.

Aurora on the morrow rose calmly, and serenely, shedding her effulgent rays upon the now calmed ocean, which but a few hours ago had been the scene of terror and death. H. B.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE WEDDED LIFE.

I MAY perhaps startle you, Effa, by saying that the first year of a young woman's wedded life, is generally the most unhappy, and the most trying one she experiences. However intensely we may have studied the character of our affianced, however well we may have imagined we know it in all its narrow windings, still shall we find, when we become wives, that we have yet something to learn. By sections is the affection on either side shown, and although it is in the power and nature of woman to manifest her devotedness by a thousand little attentions, she must not repine if she receives not the like.

The feelings of the other sex are not so soft and exquisite as those of our own—if they were we might possibly be happier, and we shall restrain so selfish a desire, if we reflect how much more unfit they would be by such constitution to bear the crosses and buffets of the world.

It is said that lover's quarrels are but the renewal of love, but it is not so in truth. Continued differences and bickerings will undermine the strongest affection, and a wife cannot be too careful to avoid disputes upon the most trivial subjects—indeed it is the every day occurrences which try the love and tempers of the married life—great occasions for quarrel seldom occur. Every wish, every prejudice, must meet with attention, and the first thought of a woman should be the pleasing and providing for her husband. It is impossible to enumerate all the little incidents, which may annoy married men. Or the little unobtrusive pleasures which it is in the power of a wife to give—but throughout her life in her employments she must ever bear his pleasures on her mind. She must act for him in preference to herself, and she will be amply

rewarded by witnessing his delight in her and his home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure not a task—and to make him happy she will never grudge any sacrifice of self.

The greatest misery a woman can experience is the changed heart, and the alienated affections of her husband, but even in that painful case she must not upbraid—she must bear with fortitude and patience her great disappointment—she must return good for evil to the utmost, and her consolation will be the consciousness that her trials have not their rise or continuance in any dereliction of affection or duty on her part.

Some women in order to win back the husband's wandering love, have recourse to attempts to rouse his jealousy—but they are much mistaken in pursuing such a method. A man, however debased his conduct, never entirely forgets the love he once bore to the bride of his youth—there are moments when feelings of tenderness for her will return with force to his heart, and to reap the benefit of such moments the injured forgiving wife must still be enshrined in the purity of former times. A husband will excuse his fault to himself and in some measure also stand exonerated to the world, if his wife relax in the propriety of her conduct, while on the contrary, the gentle forbearance, the uncomplaining patience, and unobtrusive rectitude of the woman he injures will deeply strike to his heart, and do much to win him back to his former love and to the observance of the vow she breathed at the altar when his heart was devoted to the being from whom it has wandered. A kind look, an affectionate expression half uttered, must bring his wife to his side and she must with smiles of tenderness encourage the returning affection, carefully avoiding all reference to her sufferings or the cause of them.

This will not be difficult, for virtuous women to prolong. Our love which before marriage is constrained by the modesty and reserve natural to our sex, increases in fervency and depth afterwards—it enables us to bear unfelt the world's scorn, all is swallowed up in it. An affectionate wife clings to her husband through poverty and riches; and firmly will she stand by him, she will be his friend when no others come near him, she will be his comforter when all other worldly comforts have slid from him. Her devotedness will be his rock, when he has no other support; she will smile at the frowns of the world—she will not heed its censures—he is her all, and in love are all other feelings forgotten or absorbed. No sacrifice will be too great, the faintest smile will not be a reward too little—quick at feeling tenderness, a very trifling circumstance is sufficient to awaken or to still the pain of our heart and bring us misery or happiness.—*Mrs. Stafford.*

#### BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

NEAR a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her love. As the sun's golden disk rose higher in the heaven, his rays fell on the tear and dew-drop, but glanced with a double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel, proud of its lustre, addressed its neighbor—"How darcest

thou appear thus solitary and lustreless?" The modest tear made no answer—but the zephyr that just then wanted near them, paused in its flight; brushed down with its wings the glittering dew-drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace, carried it up to heaven.

#### A REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

SOME time after the conclusion of the Revolution, a young American was present in a British theatre, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms and barefoot, the question was put to them severally—

"What was your trade before you entered the army?"

One answered "a tailor," another "a cobbler," &c. &c.

The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves in clothes and shoes; but before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed from the gallery—"Great Britain beaten by tailors and cobblers! huzza!"

Even the Prime Minister, who was present, could not help smiling, amidst the general peal of laughter.

#### EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

THERE is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how "to grow old gracefully," is perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to woman. And it must be confessed, it is the most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources.—However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire within itself, and if it find no entertainment at home will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth? Do we not educate them for a crowd, and not for themselves? for show and not for use? for time and not for eternity?

#### THE JEWS' LOVE OF JUDEA.

THE most interesting circumstance which presents itself to my mind, in recalling what I saw of the Hebrew nation of the East, is the universal diffusion of the love, the undying love of the Jews for their own Judea, the Canaan of their fathers.—Who could see, without emotion, thousands of poor Israelites, who from the remotest parts of Europe have made their way, by long and weary pilgrimage—through privations incalculable, and sufferings without end—often shoeless and almost clotheless—friendless, penniless, that they might see the city of David, and lay their bones in the bosom of Jerusalem. What multitudes are there among them who have sold their last possession—having gathered together their little, their insufficient all—and having started, marching toward the rising sun, from the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Danube, on a journey as long, as perilous.

How many have perished, exhausted on their way! How many have sunk in sight of the Mount of Olives! and how many have closed their eyes in peace and blessedness when the privilege has been vouchsafed to them of treading within the walls of Salem!—*Dr. Bowring.*

An Irishman, who was committed to Knatsford (England) tread-wheel for the space of a month, observed at the expiration of his task, "What a great deal of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor creatures if they had invented it to go by steam like all other water mills; for d—l burn me if I have not been going up stairs for this four weeks, but never could reach the chamber door at all, at all."

### Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1840.

**THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.**—This being the last number of the present volume, it becomes us to offer our grateful acknowledgments to all who have aided and encouraged us on our way through the past year. Those, who have by their contributions given interest to the pages of the Repository, are respectfully solicited to continue their favors, resting assured that they are duly appreciated. We would also ask of each one who feels friendly to our work, to endeavor to enlarge our list of true patrons; for, though we have no cause to complain of the success of the past exertions of our friends, we fear, from the pressure of the times, their redoubled efforts will be a source of encouragement we shall greatly need.

**ADVANCE PAY.**—As the Repository is a permanently established work, and we hope to make the forthcoming volume at least as interesting as any of its predecessors, subscribers can run no risk in paying one year in advance; we shall therefore, as being less trouble to all parties, adhere strictly to our rule of *payment in advance*, and would advise our agents and others to govern themselves accordingly; having found by the little experience we have had in such matters, which, thanks to the sagacity and promptitude of the generality of our agents, is not much, that those who cannot, or will not, pay the paltry sum of one dollar at the time of subscribing, are seldom more able or willing to pay at any other time.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. E. H. South Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; M. A. B. Tolland, Ms. \$1.00; R. S. Tolland, Ms. \$1.00; B. W. East Durham, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Shelby, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. M'L. New London, Ct. \$1.00; P. R. Macedon, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. E. Madison, O. \$1.00; H. D. Eagle, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. G. Parma Center, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. The Square, N. Y. \$1.00; M. C. Racket River, N. Y. \$1.00; L. A. Alfred, N. Y. \$1.00; A. I. H. Remington, Vt. \$1.00; D. R. Canal, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. E. Putnam, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. Glen's Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. R. Painesville, O. \$1.00; D. S. Fort Henry, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. Lexington, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### Articled,

At Claverack, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Le-grange, Mr. Rufus Richmond, of Hilldale, to Miss Ann Rosman, of the former place.

By the Rev. Mr. Willis, Mr. George M. Greenwood, to Miss Susan Ann Ransom.

#### Set,

In this city, on the 23d ult. Francis, son of Edgar H. and Charlotte Roberts, aged 1 year.  
On the 23d ult. Canine G. Smith, in his 32d year.





## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

O! WHAT has become of the stately oak tree,  
Which through tempest and whirlwind waved steady  
and free?

O! where is the school house that stood by its side,  
With its old broken windows and chimney so wide?  
And where are the children that merrily played,  
Or studied their lessons beneath its deep shade?

Ah, hushed are those voices that once used to charm,  
And chilled are those hearts that with pleasure were  
warm—

The axe-man has leveled that monarch of trees,  
No longer it bends to the cold northern breeze—  
That school house so shattered is low with the dead,  
And a new, and far better one, stands in its stead.

Oft fancy will wander to scenes that are gone,  
And sigh for the trees that once shaded the lawn,  
When the sports of my playmates enlivened the  
scene,

As we tripped with delight o'er the meadows so  
green;

Their memory will cheer me when sinking in gloom,  
Like the sweet scented flowers that grow over the  
tomb.

S. B.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE MERRY TIME OF MAY.

Come, glad zephyrs of the balmy west,  
Waft on thy wings our thoughts away—

Bid our sorrow-seeking breast  
Hail the happy morn of May.

The warblers of the grove  
Sing gaily o'er the green;

The red-breast and the dove  
Bask in gay nature's sheen.

I'll wander far o'er the wild,  
O'er hill and landscape gay—

Seek the gushing river's side,  
And list the wood-nymph's lay.

And as the stream doth run  
To its eternal home—

A mirror of the sun—  
I'll gaily sport along.

Avaunt! then, winter-time, away,  
I'll think no more on thee;

I will be meek and ever pray,  
Thy face no more to see.

Then, for the days of May  
And the merry songster's note,  
We'll rouse the slumbering lay,  
As we gaily sail our boat.

T.

Hudson, May 1, 1840.

From the Lady's Book.

## BEAUTY AND THE WAVE.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON, OF LONDON.

BEAUTY sat tracing with sportive finger,  
Names on the ocean's sand one day:  
Watching how long each wave should linger.  
Ere it had washed the print away.

First HOPE she sketched—the wave just kissed  
Then sank to ocean's breast again,  
As half grateful to have missed it,  
And with the maid let hope remain.

Next FRIENDSHIP's name, so fond, yet fleeting,

The maiden on the sand enshrined,  
The wave flowed on—but soon retreating,  
No trace of Friendship left behind.

Love then appeared, 'twas deeply graven  
On that frail page, by Beauty's hand:  
The wave returned; ah! silly maiden,  
Love's vows were ever writ on sand.

When one by one, each name had perished,  
Beauty grew wearied of her play;  
Finding that all most prized and cherished,  
Some passing wave will sweep away!

## THE SABBATH.

How sweet when weekly toils, are o'er  
And cumbering cares oppress no more,  
To welcome to this weary breast,  
This sweetest day of earthly rest.

How sweet to hear the Sabbath bell,  
As its music floats o'er hill and dell,  
The call to solemn sacred prayer,  
The soother of each earthly care.

How sweet to hear the man of God,  
Dispense the gospel's cheering word,  
And point to heaven, a home for all,  
Where sin, and death, can ne'er enthrall.

Sweet antepast of heavenly joys!  
Well may we quit our earthly toys,  
And all delight this day to spend,  
"In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

E. L. B.

## THE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A SOFTENING thought of other years,  
A feeling linked to hours  
When life was all too bright for tears,  
And hope sang, wreathed with flowers;

And memory of affections fled,  
Of voices heard no more,

Stirred in my spirit when I read  
That name of fondness o'er.

Oh, Mother!—In that magic word  
What loves and joys combine!

What hopes, too oft, alas, deferred!  
What watchings—griefs—are thine!

Yet never, till the hour we roam,  
By worldly thralls oppress,

Learn we to prize that holiest home,  
A living mother's breast.

The thousand prayers at midnight poured  
Beside our couch of woes;

The wasting weariness endured  
To soften our repose:

Whilst never murmur marked thy tongue,  
Nor toils relaxed thy care!

How Mother, is thy heart so strong,  
To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er repaid,  
Or could repay the past?

Alas, for gratitude decayed!—  
Regrets, that rarely last!

'Tis only when the dust is thrown,  
Thy blessed bosom o'er,

We muse on all thy kindness shown,  
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold  
We mourn—with late regret,

Mid myriad memories of old—  
The day forever set;

And not an act, nor look, nor thought,  
Against thy meek control,  
But, with sad remembrance fraught,  
Wakes anguish in the soul!

In every land, in every clime,  
True to her sacred cause;  
Filled by that influence sublime,  
From which her strength she draws;  
Still is the mother's heart the same,  
The mother's lot as tried;  
And, oh, may nations guard this name  
With filial power and pride.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1840.

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